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Mary B. Park.

J E R U S A L E M ;

And other Poems,

JUVENILE AND MISCELLANEOUS,

INCLUDING

"LIFE AND DEATH," "HERE AND HEREAFTER," AND
"THE MISSION OF THE GOSPEL."

WITH A BRIEF

Memoir of Mrs. Mary Brewster Park.

BY

REV. ROSWELL PARK, D. D.,

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, AND PRESIDENT OF RACINE
COLLEGE.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtæ;
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.
Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis; ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.

HOR. ART. POET.

NEW YORK:

THOMAS N. STANFORD.

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TO

THE MEMORY

OF

My Dear Departed Wife,

ONCE AN ANGEL ON EARTH, NOW A SAINT IN PARADISE ;

AND

THREE DARLING CHILDREN,

WHO NOW REST WITH HER IN OUR FATHER'S BLISSFUL MANSIONS,

WAITING FOR THE GREAT CONSUMMATION OF THE

RESURRECTION MORN ;

THESE PAGES ARE MOST AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED,

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A Brief Memoir

OF

MRS. MARY BREWSTER PARK.



It is with deeply mingled feelings of pleasant and painful emotion, that the author of this little volume attempts a brief sketch of the life and character of a departed, but more than ever beloved wife; to whose memory these pages are devoted. Pleasant are the reminiscences of her beauty, her loveliness, and her devoted affection:—but painful, inexpressibly painful, the consciousness of her loss, and of the loss of those dear children, who followed her so speedily to the grave, and to the gates of Paradise, leaving many friends to mourn. Although her own native modesty would have shrunk from a notice like this, as the violet seeks the shade; yet the writer feels that justice, alike to herself and to the world, requires that her many virtues should be commemorated, as an example and encouragement, both to the mothers and daughters of our highly favored land. The writer is aware of the delicacy of his task;

and will endeavor not to weary the reader's patience by long details or selfish display ; but simply to perform his duty, and bring his task to a close.

MARY BREWSTER BALDWIN was born in Woburn, Massachusetts, on the 16th of January, in the year of our Lord 1815. Her paternal grandfather, Loammi Baldwin, was the engineer who constructed the Middlesex canal, leading from the Merrimack river at Chelmsford, to Boston harbor ;—the first canal of any considerable length in the United States. It was completed in 1808 ; and was then regarded as a wonderful work of art though now superseded by the Boston and Lowell railroad. Her father, Benjamin Franklin Baldwin, was also a successful civil engineer ; and after serving as a militia officer in the last war with Great Britain, and assisting in fortifying and defending Dorchester Heights, he was engaged by the State of North Carolina, in improving the navigation of the Roanoke and other rivers, for some time previously to his death, which took place in 1822. Her uncle and guardian, Loammi Baldwin, Esq., became still more distinguished as a civil engineer ; and was entrusted by the United States Government with the construction of the Dry Docks in the Navy Yards at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and Gosport, Virginia ; which works he had satisfactorily completed before his death, in 1838. These works, at the time of their completion, were unsurpassed by any similar structures in the world. It may be permitted to add that Mrs. Park's surviving uncles have well sustained the honor of the family, in the same noble profession.

Her maternal grandfather was Benjamin Coolidge, Esq., a highly respectable merchant of Boston, who de-

parted long since to his rest;—but her mother, whose maiden name was Mary Carter Coolidge, still survives, to mourn her irreparable loss. Under such auspices Miss Baldwin passed her early years, enjoying the advantages of refined and intelligent society; and at a suitable age she attended, first, a popular young ladies' seminary in Groton, Massachusetts; after that, another in Medford; and finally completed her scholastic education in Boston, at the Masonic Temple, and in the Mount Vernon school, which then enjoyed the highest reputation, under the charge of Mr. Abbot. With such advantages, of course she acquired not only the rudiments of substantial learning, but the various accomplishments which adorn and distinguish the higher walks of life. Among these accomplishments, her skill in ornamental and needle-work was remarkable; and it enabled her, in after years, to gratify many friends by presents, of her own handiwork, which are now valued as precious mementos of the dear departed. Near the close of her school days, she was attacked by a most alarming fever, and was long in a very critical state; but her life was mercifully preserved.

Her character was easily and naturally developed into one of rare symmetry, truthfulness, and loveliness. It was remarked by her guardian, who was to her as a father, that by all the numerous attentions which she had received, she was never unduly excited nor elated;—and it was most appropriately said by her stepfather, Wyman B. Richardson, Esq., on the evening of her marriage, that “having watched her from her childhood, he had never known her to say any thing which he wished unsaid, or to do any thing which he wished un-

done." Well does the writer recall his first meeting with her, at a *soirée* given by Mrs. Governor Everett, in Charlestown; and feel how deeply he was impressed by her beauty and gracefulness, crowned by such intelligence, dignity, and modesty, as confer on beauty its highest charm. Perchance the uniform of a young officer of the United States Engineers may have helped to awaken a personal interest;—at least the acquaintance soon ripened to intimacy; and on the 28th of December, 1836, she was married by the Rev. Dr. William Crosswell, to the partner of her choice, who had then resigned his commission in the army, and become the Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, in the University of Pennsylvania.

Soon after her consequent removal to Philadelphia, Mrs. Park devoted herself unreservedly to the duties of religion; and received the rite of confirmation, in St. Peter's church, under the ministry of the Reverend Doctor, now Bishop, De Lancey. Here the first years of her wedded life were pleasantly passed, amid the luxuries of choice reading, and congenial society. The summer vacations were chiefly spent in journeying, and visiting relatives and friends; and the winter evenings in attending lectures and concerts, or in receiving and returning the civilities which belonged to her station:—nor was she then unmindful of charity and the poor. She highly esteemed the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Odenheimer, who succeeded to the rectorship of St. Peter's; and was ever ready, at all seasons, to attend the services of the church. Without aspiring to shine in fashionable life, she was nevertheless the light and the charm of a social circle who could well appreciate her worth. The

liberty is here taken of mentioning the names of Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Donmaldson, and the families of Mrs. Commodore Bainbridge, and James S. Smith, Esq., as among the kindest and most disinterested friends whose intimacy she was privileged to enjoy, while residing in Philadelphia. It was a remark made by a Christian lady, of habitual candor, that Mrs. Park, when a young bride, "was the loveliest person that she had ever seen."

When providential circumstances led the writer to resign his professorship, and to commence the study of theology, with a view to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, she cheerfully acquiesced in the change; and during a year's residence at Burlington, New Jersey, she gained many new friends, without losing any of those whom she had previously won. When her husband, declining the offer of a professorship in the University of Indiana, and other overtures, accepted the rectorship of Christ Church, Pomfret, Connecticut, his chief inducement to do so was, that she might once more enjoy the society of her mother and sisters, then residing there. How faithfully she devoted herself to the various duties of a pastor's wife; and how arduous her duties became after the founding of Christ Church Hall, in Pomfret, as a family boarding-school, many sad hearts can abundantly testify. In building the parsonage and school-house, the Ladies' Sewing Society contributed a large portion of the means; and in all their labors and efforts, she was confessedly the foremost. At the same time, she was ever ready to watch at the bed-side of the sick, and minister to their wants, not only in her own family, but in all the neighborhood around,

and in all ranks of society. To Mrs. Whistler, who came to reside in Pomfret for a season, after the death of her husband, Major Whistler, at St. Petersburg in Russia, the writer would acknowledge similar obligations, for her invaluable assistance during the very dangerous illness of his only surviving daughter. This trial was rendered the more severe, and its result the more grateful, by the previous loss of a darling babe, whose mortal remains still rest in the churchyard in Pomfret, beneath the "shadow of the cross."

To relieve Mrs. Park from her most onerous duties, and heaviest cares, was one of the motives which led her husband to resign his pleasant parish, and to accept the presidency of Racine College. On her consequent removal to a western home, in November, 1852, she carried with her the same missionary spirit which had already sent forward valuable offerings to several feeble parishes in the West. Here she was cordially welcomed by numerous friends, whose kind attentions soon showed how highly they esteemed her. Amid various trials, she faithfully sustained and encouraged her husband in striving to build up a new seminary of Christian education; until her strength rapidly gave way, during a very sultry and a very anxious summer; and she was soon summoned to her rest. This event she had evidently contemplated, as possible, if not probable; and for it she was calmly prepared. When roused, on the night of her death, by the startling announcement that she could not probably live till morning, her simple reply was, "Must I go so soon?" and to this she added, "Then I shall go to see little Clara!"—alluding to the

darling babe which she had laid in the grave, several years previously, in Pomfret. Her saddest exclamation was, "My poor children!" feeling that they were to be left motherless, and so young! When allusion was made to her passing the dark river, she observed, "I hope that my thread will be found bright!" an expression which those will best understand, who have read the little work referred to. When asked if she would receive the communion, she at first replied that "she was not worthy;" but on being assured and encouraged, she ate of that bread, and drank of that cup for the last time, until she should eat and drink of them anew, in our heavenly Father's kingdom. She left messages of love to various relatives and friends; and receiving a mother's parting blessing, she bestowed her own, with a parting kiss and embrace, on each of her dear children. Her last thoughts were more for her loved ones than for herself; and among her last words were expressions of trust in her Saviour. She requested that all might be quiet at the end; and her lips were heard whispering in earnest prayer, till the last brief struggle, which closed them, to open, on earth, no more forever. Though her sufferings had been great, her death was serene; "for so He giveth His beloved sleep." Hers was a martyr spirit, meet for a martyr's crown.

Mrs. Park died at her residence in Racine, on the morning of the 23d of October, 1854. She left four surviving children; the youngest being an infant son, which was only eight days old at her death, and was baptized at its mother's funeral. This precious babe, and a darling daughter have since been removed, possibly at her anxious intercession; and taken from this world of

sin and suffering, to the mansions of eternal rest, and to the bosom of their sainted mother; where "their angels do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven." Of three dear departed children, and of her who gave her own life for theirs, brief mementos will be found among the following poems. The daughter and son who are spared to a doubly bereaved husband and father, bear the names of their respective parents. An only paternal brother, Loammi Baldwin, Esq., of Naples, Illinois, soon followed Mrs. Park to the mansions of rest: but a dearly beloved sister, Clara Coolidge, is among the mourners; to whom, and to her husband, Dr. Lewis Williams, of Pomfret, Connecticut, the writer desires to pay the tribute of more than brotherly love, reciprocating more than brotherly kindness. Mrs. Park left also a younger maternal brother and sister; Mr. Wyman B. Richardson, of North Danvers, Mass.; and Mrs. Catharine C. Phinney, wife of Mr. George P. Phinney, of Columbus, Adams Co., Illinois. They also were very dear to her; and no less so was her aunt, Mrs. Catharine Baldwin, of Charlestown, Mass., now the widow of her guardian, to whom she was as a daughter, from childhood to life's latest hour. Nor should the kindness be forgotten of her surviving uncles, James F. Baldwin, Esq., of Boston, Mass.; and George R. Baldwin, Esq., now Chief Engineer of the City Water Works of Quebec, in Canada.

The writer will not trust to his own feelings nor to his judgment, in portraying the character of his lamented wife; but will close this brief memoir with a few extracts from letters, in which sympathizing friends have done no more than justice to one of the loveliest and purest of

mortal race ; of whom a husband and a mother can alike say, that she never caused them grief, save when she drooped and died. A dearly beloved aunt, in a letter of condolence on the death of Mrs. Park, writes : " Her purity of heart, and her affectionate disposition, made her a most lovely companion ; and it may truly be said of her that she was ' unspotted from the world.' Hers was a most perfect character ; and I loved her as my own child. She was ever ready to do all in her power to make me happy ; and to her noble nature selfishness was unknown. Loving and beloved, she passed the days of her youth in acquiring those useful and ornamental accomplishments which she so beautifully practiced, in later days, for the benefit of herself and her friends. I have several beautiful specimens of her handiwork, tokens of her kind remembrance, and affectionate regard, which I now cherish as sacred relics—the work of those dear hands that can work no more." A sister of the writer says, " I shall never forget her kindness to us as a family. Notwithstanding her superiority, she became as one of us, ever trying to do us good, and manifesting her love to us not only in word but in deed. Heaven has now another attraction for us, since our dear Mary is there." Another sister adds, " Was she not always one of us ? always doing something for our comfort or improvement ? not with her hands only, but with her heart ; which was full of love, as God is love ! I trust she is with Him, now, and has entered into the joy of her Lord !" A lady, whose acquaintance with Mrs. Park began in Pomfret, writes of her : " I, too, mourn the loss of a dearly loved and valued friend, whom I always thought to be too good for this world. And

though I must grieve for myself and others, yet I love to muse on her eternal gain in that spirit land, where, with her own dear little Clara, she now enjoys happiness, far, far beyond all earthly measure. I do not think she ever knew the extent of her influence over me, nor how I prized every expression of love and confidence so sweetly bestowed." Another lady writes from Pomfret: "The news of Mrs. Park's death was a sad blow to our little church; and we could scarcely believe that she who had so long cheered and assisted us, both by word and deed, had gone from earth, and left us lonely. Her many works of love, however, bring her constantly before us; and none more forcibly than the church yard which she took so much pleasure in beautifying, and where rests her little Clara." Says a brother clergyman: "It seems but yesterday, when I was at your home, in your old parish—your quiet Connecticut home. Your wife was there, with her silent energy, overlooking, arranging, and regulating, all the concerns of your then numerous household. I see her now, with the pleasant smile, the kindly word, and that graceful efficiency which so admirably characterized her; and I little thought that she and three dear children would so soon be sleeping, to wake no more until the resurrection morn. But, dear brother, they are all in heaven, now, or in its ante-chamber, paradise." And, finally, a young friend, once a pupil and inmate, writes: "Her kind and tender care I have felt when most needing them; and the impress of her example, and her deep-flowing love, have left their mark, never to be erased. In view of all this, and of that silent but fervent piety, which was only seen in its fullness by those who knew her best; though the surge of grief must

have way, yet, in heart, for her we cannot grieve : *ours* is the loss ; *hers*, the gain."

And now, best Beloved, once more farewell !—a sweet, though sad farewell ! And oh that I may be permitted to meet thee, and all our dear ones, in Paradise ; and be near thee at the last great day ; through the merits and mercy of our blessed Saviour ! "Many daughters have done virtuously ; but thou excellest them all !"



An Address

DELIVERED AT

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, RACINE, WIS., OCTOBER 25TH, 1854,
AT THE FUNERAL OF

MRS. MARY BREWSTER PARK.

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH H. NICHOLS, A. M.,
RECTOR OF THE PARISH.

WE all assemble this day, my brethren, as mourners. Not alone a husband bereaved of the beloved wife of his bosom, and an aged parent of a dutiful and most filial daughter, and a group of children of a tender and affectionate mother, not these alone, though the chief ones, are the mourners here present. You, people of my charge, have also your tears to shed. And I, your pastor, have mine. God in his wisdom has smitten us all in a tender place; and while we kiss the hand that sends the chastisement, we meet here in this sacred temple to mingle our sympathies together, to comfort each other, and to gather that strength and patience and submission which the blessed Gospel alone inspires; and to learn from her whose mortal form is before us;

where so much virtue, piety, and worth, were once insphered, ere we lay it in the tomb, how to live and how to die !

She whose premature and unexpected removal from her family and from society, we so deeply lament, I can say without fear of contradiction, was a true Christian lady. Of honorable parentage, well educated, gentle in manners, she added to a natural refinement of heart that higher and chaster delicacy which nothing but Christian principle and the performance of Christian duty can bestow. As a clergyman's wife, she knew what became her ; and though affable and courteous to all, she allowed no dictation as to what she should or should not do, but followed that line of conduct which her own native good sense, enlightened by the Holy Spirit, told her was best and right. As the wife of a parish priest, while she was ready to suggest or to carry out every good work, while she had an open heart and an open hand for the poor, while she did what she could for the far-distant missionary at his solitary post of duty in our own or in foreign lands, she felt that her own true sphere, like every woman's sphere, was her home. She felt that she was the helpmate of her husband, and that a sacred obligation was resting upon her to make his household hearth pleasant to him ; to render cheerfully the hospitalities of his mansion ; to study his comfort ; to more than divide with him the training up of their children, and by her own order and method at home, to conduce to the greater usefulness of her partner abroad ; and by being herself the faithful shepherd over her own little flock within the domestic fold, to strengthen the hands, to ease the burthens, to lighten the cares of him

who was the shepherd of that spiritual flock over which God had appointed him.

Such was she as a clergyman's wife in that distant village of New England which was her husband's first and only parish, which parish from a low and almost extinct condition he revived and built up; and in the successful raising of which with very small and feeble materials, she was an efficient, a judicious, a cheerful and an untiring handmaid and helper. There she was universally beloved and honored, there she will be ever tenderly remembered; and now that she is no more, will be fondly mourned over as one who combined in herself, to a rare degree, the gifts and graces that should adorn a woman.

And when in the ordering of God's Providence, her husband resigned his pastoral charge, and removed to these western shores, and entered upon the high and responsible office of President of Racine College, though her sphere became a new and wider one, she filled it well. As you all have seen and known, she shone in her orbit. She was the dignified mistress of her mansion, and gracefully performed the honors of her station. Kind to her neighbors, ever given to hospitality, glad to welcome the clerical brethren for their office and their Master's sake, ever doing good to somebody in a modest and quiet way; in the cold and inclemency of winter anxious to supply the poor with food, and raiment, and fuel; always showing a deep and maternal interest in the college student; literary in her tastes, and an ardent admirer of all that was sublime and beautiful in nature, and graceful in art, she grew more and more conspicuous in the new field of duty in which she moved.

In ceasing to be the pastor and the rector's wife, and becoming a simple parishioner, I found her a model, which would to God, every female of my charge would follow. Her piety was deep, and it was therefore cheerful, modest, and consistent. It was, too, always devising something good for the church, and was thoroughly practical. She did not *talk* much about what she was going to do, or what ought to be done, but she *acted*. Having her full share of domestic duties to occupy her, she ever found time for doing something for our Zion. But for her zeal when others were cold; but for her resolution when others were relaxing; but for her steady, undaunted perseverance when others were putting on discouraging looks and uttering discouraging words,—of which class there are too many who afflict and dishonor every congregation, and mortify every pastor,—but for these noble and generous qualities in this true daughter of the church, the recent graceful improvements in this holy temple would have scarcely been begun or matured, however long and earnestly your pastor might have demanded them. In coming to the west, she did not lay aside, as so many do, her eastern energy, promptness, and determination to carry through what her judgment told her was right, and what her church needed, whether its temporal or spiritual interests were concerned. Would that I had more like her! Ready to plan, ready to do, ready to give, ready to go on to the end, ready to strengthen her clergyman's hands and not weaken them, in every scheme and measure for the sure building up of God's kingdom here and wherever immortal souls are to be nurtured and saved!

So she lived. And how she died, I might tell you, with all the afflicting particulars. But they are too touching, too sacred for public recital. I will only say that when the painful task devolved upon her husband to announce to her, that she could live only a few hours more, the intelligence took her by surprise, but it did not alarm or discompose her. She was perfectly calm and serene. One by one, she tenderly bade farewell to those whom she most fondly loved, and tranquilly took her departure for the heavenly country.

The sudden removal of such a woman, so discreet and exemplary, so useful in her family, in society, and in the household of God, is a loss indeed. Her husband, her children, her surviving parent, her absent sisters and brothers, her church, her pastor, will miss her more and more. As one intent upon life's daily duties, or kneeling before this altar, we shall see her no longer. But she has gone to higher and holier enjoyments than earth bestows. She has entered upon that world where she will enjoy the new ministrations of the temple not made with hands. Disburdened of the flesh, her spirit is walking in the Paradise of the Saviour, blessed, yet waiting for the perfect consummation and bliss both of body and soul in God's eternal glory, through Christ Jesus her Lord. With the leaf of autumn fading and falling in hectic glory, has she faded in spiritual beauty away from our sight, to be gathered to the tomb. But as sure as that leaf will be renewed in another spring, after the chill, and torpor, and barrenness of winter, and as sure as the parent branch will put on, in a few more months, a new and fresher verdure in the resurrection of nature, so will her form in the resurrection of the

last day, rise up glorified from the dust, reunited to her spirit, never more to fade, but to bloom in grace and beauty forever in the everlasting spring of Heaven.

We have all then, brethren, much to comfort us in our sorrow. We have comfort in the pure and lovely example of her whom we mourn. We have comfort in the Holy Scriptures given for our learning; given to teach us that all who live and who die in the Lord, shall rise triumphant in Him; and washed in the blood of Him, the lamb slain upon the cross, yet conqueror over death, and victor over the tomb, shall reign with him forever.

Let us go through, then, the melancholy obsequies of this day, sorrowing as becomes us as men and Christians, but not despairing; bowed down, but not unnerved and unfitted for life's duties. In the weakness that may overcome us, God will doubtless, in due time, perfect his strength. And that strength we all need. For life has its imperative duties, and they must be discharged. We have all duties to our families, to our church, to society, to our professions and our country, and to perform all of them well, and in their due proportion, is religion. Whatever our hands find to do, in our several spheres of action, God himself requires that we shall do it with our might. We must not, therefore, any of us yield too much to our griefs. Let us honor the dead, let us lay them in the tomb with nature's involuntary tears, but let us not forget the living. St. Paul calls the Christian life a warfare. And so it is. It is one perpetual battle. We are all the time on the march, and our companions in arms are all the time falling at our side. We may miss them, and we may mourn for

them, as they drop one by one away, but we must not halt through exclusive sorrow for a moment. Till we ourselves are struck down, we must still advance onward, like good soldiers of the cross, looking unto Jesus, the great Captain of our salvation, the author and finisher of our faith. When there is so much to be done; when there are so many foes without and within to combat; when there are so many virtues and graces to be practised, and so many sins to be repented of and abjured; when there are so many demands upon our watchfulness, our self-denial, and our courage in the path of duty, we have scarcely time to weep abundantly over the most lovely and beloved. There will be a full opportunity for this when we are at rest. Then there will be time for tears; but they will not be the tears of sorrow, but of joy. Joy like that of the departed saint whose mortal remains we are about to surrender to earth. Joy that the warfare and the battle of human life are all over; that the conquest is won; that the crown, and the palm, and the white robe, are to be henceforth for ever worn, and the harp is to be for ever strung, through Him and to Him, the Lamb that died upon the cross, and rose from the tomb, and lives and reigns to ransom and to bless all who rely upon his precious blood for salvation!

P R E F A C E .

POETRY is conceived to be the language of feeling, addressed to the imagination and the heart. Its proper objects, therefore, are the grand and beautiful in nature or in morals, and the human affections in general; but especially those which most attach man to his Creator and to his fellow-man,—religion, patriotism, friendship, and love. It is with these ideas of Poetry that the following lines have been written, mostly as the amusement of leisure or lonely hours. They are now offered to the public, and particularly to the writer's personal friends, with diffidence; but not without hope that they may repay a perusal, and perhaps suggest some interesting train of reflection. Whatever may be their faults of style or deficiencies of subject, it is hoped that they contain nothing which can tarnish the mind, or win it from the ways of virtue and happiness. If they do not rather tend to warm and mend the heart, and to raise it above earth's cares and sorrows, they will have failed of their object. With this brief explanation of the spirit in which they were written, and are now published, the writer submits them to their fate.

Thus far this Preface was printed, as an introduction to a small volume of Poems, published in Philadelphia in 1836. Most of those Poems are here repeated; a few only having been rejected, which the author's more mature judgment would now deem too trivial, or too juvenile, to be worth retaining. If the additional Poems in the present volume do not greatly increase its value, their writer is sadly in error. It only remains to add that the Mission of the Gospel was written for "The Religious Offering," published in Philadelphia in 1840; The Two Dreams of Mohammed were composed for "The Memento," published in New York in 1844; and the poem on The Snow, was written for "The Evergreen," a New York Church Periodical, in 1848. Life and Death was composed, by special invitation, for the Jubilee Celebration, at Oxford Academy, New York, in 1854, but has since been expanded by that portion which relates to the great Battles of the civilized world, And the leading Poem of the volume, Jerusalem, was all written, save one page, in the month of January, 1856, without interrupting the author's collegiate duties; with the special object, and an earnest desire, to render this little work a more worthy tribute to the memory of her, who still lives more vividly than ever, in her husband's bleeding heart.

JERUSALEM.

[See the Notes at the end of the volume.]

“Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light ;
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy ;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.
Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, Book III., Stanza III.

I.

JERUSALEM ! Jerusalem !
Blest city of renown !
Of orient lands the brightest gem,
And Israel's ancient crown !—
O'erwhelmed, at last, by direst woes,
Downtrodden, long, by cruel foes,
And still no longer free,—
Yet bearest thou a matchless name ;
And, though unworthy of thy fame,
My song shall be of thee :—
A varied song, of nameless measure,
A mingled song, of pain and pleasure,
Exulting, now, in joy and gladness,
Then sinking low in tones of sadness.

II.

Thou who didst once, on Zion's hill,
In heavenly splendor shine,
My heart inspire, my spirit fill,
With rhapsodies divine;
That I may well perform my task,
Recounting Zion's wondrous story,—
This boon, dear Lord, I humbly ask;
Be thine the glory.

III.

When Abraham, of old,
Had listened to the flying tale,
Of captives borne from Siddim's vale
By Elam's monarch bold,
Chedorlaomer, with confederate bands;—
When he their armies had pursued,
And overthrown their multitude,
And rescued Siddim's captives from their hands;
The patriarch, returning with success,
Granting those captives sweet release,
'Twas thine, Melchizedek to bless;
Thine as the king of righteousness,
And king of Salem, that abode of peace:
And well might Abraham, on that joyful day,
To Salem's king a grateful tribute pay.
Those earliest tithes would rise
In incense to the skies,
Accepted as a willing sacrifice,
To be renewed at Salem's holy fane,
Till Christ, the true Melchizedek should come,
Himself to be the Lamb for sinners slain,

Then reascend to his celestial home,
At God's right hand, omnipotent to reign.

IV.

So Isaac, child of anxious care,
The Patriarch's long expected heir,
On Mount Moriah immolated,
Ere temple there was consecrated,
Was but another type appointed,
Of God's beloved and anointed
Eternal King of righteousness and peace ;
Whose precious life-blood should be spilt
To cleanse our souls from stains of guilt ;
And then the temple's desecration
Should end in speedy conflagration,
And bloody sacrifices there forever cease.

V.

Time winged its flight ;
Melchizedek and Abraham passed away ;
When, favored by the shades of night,
With stealthy step, the Jebusite
Assaulted Salem's peaceful walls,
And seized upon her palace halls,
Which, thus, in evil hour, became his prey.
Salem no more, but Jebus, then,
That place was named by godless men,
Who revelled there in lordly state :
There did the song of triumph ring,
Till Joshua slew its conquered king,
Adonizedek, doomed to shame,
Though lord of righteousness by name,
And made his palace desolate ;

Though Canaan's nobles still remained,
And Zion's citadel retained.
Even then, the Israelites around,
Viewed this as consecrated ground,
Linked it with glories nevermore to cease ;
And thus, it soon received from them
Its final name,—Jerusalem ;—
A name suggesting holiness and peace.

VI.

Hence, David, having borne
Goliath's head, a trophy proud,
In triumph through the gazing crowd,
Brought to Jerusalem the prize,
To be a votive sacrifice ;
But carried to his private tent
The armor by the giant worn,—
The helmet, spear, and coat of mail,
Memorials of that wondrous tale,—
All, save the ponderous sword,
Which, with Philistine gore besprent,
The youthful champion, grateful, sent
To God's high priest,—a trophy of the Lord.
Nor ended here
His high career,
Nor was the contest, nor the carnage done ;
Till Saul had met his hapless fate,
And David was enthroned in state,—
Till from the land
Each armed band
Of Canaan's race was sternly driven,
For victory having vainly striven,—

Till Zion's lofty citadel,
At length, by Jewish valor fell ;
And thus for Israel's king Jerusalem was won.

VII.

Then rose, on Zion's rocky steep,
Based on foundations broad and deep,
Fair palaces, and ramparts crowned with towers ;
Whose battlements looked boldly forth
On Acra's streets toward the north,
Commanding all the distant view
Of mount, and hill,
And vale, and rill,
Fading, till lost in dusky hue :—
And long, within that massive fort,
The monarch held his royal court,
Heard every cause,
Enforced the laws,
Attuned his harp, with joy, to sing
The praises of a greater king ;
And there, unbending, passed his social hours.

VIII.

And when, by pride misled,
He gave the word, in empty boast,
To number Israel's warlike host,
As trusting in an arm of flesh ;—
And, thus presuming, drew afresh
The wrath of Heaven upon his guilty head ;—
When, startled by the prophet's voice,
He made the wise and humble choice
To fall into the hands of Israel's God,
Meekly submitting to his chastening rod ;—

While yet the pestilence was raging,
The anger of the Lord assuaging ;—
Then, monished by the prophet still,
On Mount Moriah's sacred hill,—
Araunah cheerfully consenting
For this, at David's price, to yield
His loved ancestral threshing-field,—
The monarch, humbled and repenting,
An altar raised ;—and there,
With supplicating prayer,
The smoke ascended to the skies
Of an atoning sacrifice ;—
While God, relenting, with his presence blest
That chosen place where soon his ark should rest.

IX.

Moriah's favored seat,
The city's eastern crown,
O'erlooking every street
Of Acra's busy town,
Was crowned with higher glory now ;
The temple rising on its brow.
There David's chosen son,
The matchless Solomon,
Upreared, with marble walls, that splendid fane,
Whose gilded towers and turrets high,
And pinnacles, that pierced the sky,
Stood glittering in the morning light,
And burst upon the astonished sight
Of many a traveller from the distant plain.
The votaries of art,
From Tyre's unrivalled mart,—

King Hiram gladly furnishing his aid,—
 Their richest offerings brought,
 And wonderfully wrought,
To square the white and massive blocks
Of Lebanon's uprifting rocks;
 To hew the lofty fir and pine,
 Pride of the groves of Palestine;
To carve in forms of choicest mould,
And plate the cedar beams with gold;
And all were in the temple gorgeously displayed.
 No sound of axe, nor hammer's blow,
 On all its sacred walls is heard;
 The workmen, quiet, come and go,
 Obedient to the master's word,
Softly and still, as in the Christian's heart
The Spirit doth its gradual growth impart;
 Until, at length, its finished glories shine,
 And all admire the edifice divine.

X.

On every side are cloistered colonnades,
 Surrounding all that triple court,
 Thenceforth to be the glad resort
Of Israel's throng, her matrons and her maids,
 Her young men and her aged sires,
 And priests, who light the sacred fires
 Upon the altar, night and morn,
 And weekly blow the Sabbath horn;
While central stands the temple with its spires,
 And points the way to heaven, and, silent, tells
How God in glory there, as here in splendor
 dwells.

Within the temple's mystic gloom
 An outer and an inner room,
 The holy, and most holy, stand,
 Divided by a blue and scarlet veil;
 And furnished, by divine command,
 With emblems that his mercy shall not fail
 To those who recognize his guardian hand.
 The incense altar, with its fragrant breath,
 Sweetly the atmosphere perfuming,—
 Symbol, at once, of hope, and heaven, and death,
 Memorial of God the Father's love
 Exhaled upon his children from above;
 The table, spread
 With holy bread,
 Emblem of God the Son, by whom our souls are
 fed,
 Who, like the grains of wheat, uprose as from the
 dead;
 The candlestick, sevenfold,
 Of heaven-appointed mould,
 Sign of the Holy Ghost, our souls illuming;—
 These, all, of purest gold,
 Were manifestly formed to be
 Types of the Holy Trinity.
 Within the veil, mid shadows dim,
 Between the golden cherubim,
 Were placed the ark, and mercy seat,
 Where God with man vouchsafed to meet;
 And thence, as from a radiant throne
 A more than earthly glory shone,—
 The bright Shechinah of the Lord,
 The nation's sovereign, and its ward.

XI.

Who shall portray
The scenes of that eventful day,
When stood the temple furnished and complete;
While Israel's tribes thronged every street,
All hastening to that holy shrine,
Where Solomon, with more than regal splendor,
Assembled all his pomp of state,
With service high to consecrate
That House to God, their Helper and Defender!
When standing forth, his nation's boast,
Before the congregated host,
And stretching out his hands to heaven,
He prayed their sins might be forgiven;
Beseeching God to bless forever,
Their anxious toil and high endeavor,
To enter in that house and dwell,
The Guardian of Israel,
And sanctify their tribes, and David's royal line.
Then rose the harper's solemn strain,
While cheerful voices all around
Prolonged the full harmonic sound;
And myriads of victims slain
Were scarce sufficient for the feast,
Where he, the monarch and the priest,
Presided o'er the banquet rare,
And ministered with zealous care,—
All hearts their joy and gratitude expressing;
Then sent them to their homes again,
Both happier and wiser men,
Bearing their monarch's and their Maker's blessing.

XII.

Time still rolled on, with many a change,
And incidents both sad and strange ;
Relapse from God, and impious pleasures ;
Till Shishak, king of Egypt, first
The guilty land subdued, amerced,
And plundered Rehoboam of his treasures ;—
Vain king, who had already, to his cost,
Ten tribes of Israel by his folly lost.
Those tribes, thenceforth a rival state,
Exposed to jealousy and hate,
Challenged, at length, to deadly fight,
Gave proof of their superior might,
When Amaziah's craven forces failed,
And Joash, king of Ephraim, prevailed,—
Then led his troops to Salem's gate,
Broke down, with ease, the city's northern wall,
And plundered temple, citadel, and all.

XIII.

In good king Hezekiah's pious reign,
Sennacherib, the Assyrian, strove in vain
The royal counsellors to cower,
And plunder Salem's holy fane.
His armed power,
In one brief hour,
Were all, by angel's hands, together slain ;—
The mighty monarch fleeing, in despair,
To reach his palace, and to perish there.
But Hezekiah's son,
Manasseh, impious and presumptuous grown,
Was soon by Esarhaddon's force o'erthrown,

And borne, in chains, to Babylon ;—
Till humbled, pardoned, and restored,
He strove, at last, to serve the Lord.
So rash Josiah, waging needless war
With Neecho, king of Egypt, from afar,
Fell at Megiddo, in unequal strife,
And lost, at once, his kingdom and his life.

XIV.

At length approached those dark and fearful
times
When God would punish Judah for her crimes ;
When Ephraim's idol-worshippers had bled,
And Israel's daughters had been captive led,
And justice, now avenged of them,
Took vengeance on Jerusalem.
With awful pomp and mighty force,
With serried ranks of foot and horse,
With flags and pennons proudly streaming,
And spears and falchions brightly gleaming,
With measured tread and stately prance,
The troops of Babylon advance,—
Nebuchadnezzar, and his dread array :—
The earth is burdened, as it feels
The rolling of his chariot wheels ;
The city trembles, and its roofs
Are shaken by the horses' hoofs,
As onward, with unwearièd tramp,
They round Jerusalem encamp,
And hostile banners flauntingly display.
No parley now avails the Jews :—
Their pledge, twice broken,
Becomes the token

Of rage that would all terms refuse,
 Avenging violated faith
By conquest, plunder, flames and death.
Eliakim had first rebelled,
 Then found a hapless grave ;
Jehoiachin had been expelled,
 A captive and a slave :
Yet Zedekiah dared to draw the sword,
Traitor, alike, to heaven, and earthly lord.

xv.

And now Chaldea's might
Begins the furious flight,
With shout, and clang, and onset fierce and strong
While Olivet, and Gibeah's hill,
And Cedron's brook, and Gihon's rill
Resound with clash of arms, and contest close and
 long ;
And dying groans,
And dismal moans
Are heard amid the battle's mingled cry ;
And field and flood
Are stained with blood,
While, thickly strewn, the mangled corpses lie.
The Jews, in terror at their coming fate,
Behold their error when it is too late.
Without, the combat swells in mortal strife ;
Within, gaunt famine gnaws the cords of life.
Death stares, with more than double face,
On Judah's lost and hapless race :—
The city gates are broken through ;—
They fly,—but still their foes pursue ;

Their king is caught, his sons are slain,
The monarch feels a captive's chain,
Deprived of sight,
Bereft of might,
And owns his just desert, and now repents in vain.

XVI.

Avenging wrath
Still marks the path
Of Babylon's proud king and conquering host,
Whose threats no longer seem an empty boast.
Jerusalem awaits her doom,
A bloody and a fiery tomb.
Her treasures seized ; her people fled ;
Her warriors fallen, or captive led ;
The sledge and bar soon batter down her walls ;
The smoke rolls up from every part,
From gate, and street, and open mart ;
The red flame flashes,
Glowing in the night, spreads with the breeze ;
Until, at length, the foe-man sees
Her temple, palaces, and private halls
Reduced to ashes.
The besom of destruction sweeps
Her mouldering piles and crumbling heaps ;
Ruin runs riot :
Her desolation is complete ;
The restless town, the busy street
At length is quiet.
Her bravest sons are lowly sleeping ;
Her fairest daughters,
Mid servile toils, are sadly weeping
By Babel's waters.

XVII.

Thus, seventy tedious years
Of penitential tears,
By ancient prophets long foretold,
O'er Judah's captive remnant rolled,
Until Belshazzar fell, inglorious,
And Persia's royal son,
Cyrus, the pious, and victorious,
Ruled over Babylon.
From him the Jews compassion win ;
Of him the privilege obtain,
Under Zerubbabel's command,
Once more to seek their native land,
With golden gifts and earnest men ;
And there, rejoicing, they begin
To build Jerusalem again,
And there erect another fane,
Which, though inferior to the first, in glory,
Might well deserve a place in future story.

XVIII.

Thus was it seen, when Alexander,
Marching to conquest in the east,
Welcomed, as earth's ordained commander,
Was entertained by God's high priest.
A sacrifice he offered there,
With incense pure, and holy prayer ;
And while the great Jehovah he adored,
The Jewish chiefs acknowledged him their lord.
There he beheld their mysteries,
And understood the prophecies ;

With banquet rare they graced his stay,
Then sped the monarch on his way.

XIX.

Next, Ptolemy, lord of the Nile,
Entered Jerusalem with guile,
Seizing the city on the Sabbath morn :—
Thus was God's Holy Word
By colonists transferred,
And numerous copies into Egypt borne :
And Philadelphus, there,
By wise Demetrius' care,
Appointed seventy of the Jewish sages
To render into Greek its sacred pages ;
Whose version, now in print,
Known as the Septuagint,
The Hebrew oracles contains ;
And still in manuscript remains,
A witness of God's truth to endless ages.

XX.

Next, Syria's haughty king,
Antiochus Epiphanes,
Through treacherous confederates,
Who oped for him the city gates,
Entered Jerusalem with ease,
Plundered the temple of its wealth,
Oppressed the Jews, profaned their laws ;
Who, yet, in private, or by stealth,
Performed their rites, maintained their cause,
Till, headed by the Maccabees,
They drove the Syrian from their coasts,
Defied his fierce invading hosts,

Restored the daily offering ;—
And Syria's monarch, struck with awful death,
Confessed God's vengeance with his dying breath.

XXI.

Imperial Rome, at length,
In all her warlike strength,
Improves the heaven-appointed hour
For spreading her giantie power,
O'er Asia's fertile plains,
And Syria's wide domains,
Till on the hills of Palestine
Her ensigns fly, her eagles shine,
And Pompey's banner proudly floats
O'er Zion's walls and circling moats.
But when, in Pompey's stead,
Rome found another head,
And Julius Cæsar gained supreme command,
The Idumean race
Obtaining special grace,
Antipater ruled o'er the Holy Land.
And still, though Cæsar, slain,
Left Anthony to reign,
Antipater's proud line to splendor rose,
When Herod, widely famed,
Was openly proclaimed
King of the Jews, triumphant o'er his foes.
He built the temple walls anew,
And made them beautiful to view ;
Enlarged the city on the north,
Bezetha's streets extending forth ;
And much enriched the Jewish state,
By previous wars made desolate ;—

Yet lived a melancholy life,
Perplexed by cares, disturbed by strife,
And, filled with overweening pride,
Frantic with raving curses, died.

XXII.

Little thought Herod,—that bright morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,—
When angels sang the natal hymn,
While yet the sky was cold and dim,—
How glorious a diadem
Should crown the babe of Bethlehem.
And when the magi, from afar,
Led by the light of Judah's star,
Their choicest treasures came to bring,
And worship Israel's new-born king ;—
No mortal homage filled their thought,
No earthly potentate they sought ;
But bowed with reverence divine,
To One of more than mortal line.
Not to a Jewish prince alone
Those vows were given ;
But One who soon should fill the throne
Of earth and heaven.
No cause had Herod, then, to fear
One who would claim no kingdom here
Who wore the purple but in scorn,
And sought no crown but that of thorn.
And oh ! it was a murderous deed,
When Rachel's sons were doomed to bleed !
Yet bled for Him who came to die for them
Those martyred babes of Bethlehem.

XXIII.

In lowly guise,
To mortal eyes,
And veiled in flesh the great Immanuel comes !
No martial trumps, nor stirring drums
Announce his progress to the temple gate.
Yet, multitudes, around,
With garments deck the ground,
And singing festal psalms,
While bearing leafy palms,
Upon his steps in glad attendance wait.
“Hosanna! Hallelujah!” they exclaim,
“To him that cometh in Messiah’s name.”
And when he enters there,
To offer holy prayer,
That house is filled with a diviner glory
Than matchless Solomon,
Or good Josiah won
For that first fane so eminent in story,
Though decked with gold, and wreathed with mem-
ories hoary.
The Lord was in his temple, then ;
And well behooved it sinful men
To kneel in silence there before him,
And reverentially adore him.

XXIV.

But no !—The haughty priests and scribes
Insultingly refuse to obey him ;
O’erlook the miracles he wrought,
Contemn the doctrines which he taught,

And, madly scorning
His words of warning,
By secret arts and paltry bribes,
Engage Iscariot to betray him.
The great Sanhedrim hastily convene,
And urge his trial.
Their malice deep, and anger keen
Brook no denial ;
While He, with steadfast look and brow serene,
Answers the high priest's adjuration
With simple words of affirmation,
Confessing that he is the Son of God,
Ev'n while submitting to His chastening rod.
By Israel wrongfully accused,
By Herod taunted and abused,
By Pilate cruelly refused
Justice or pity,—
Behold him, suffering every wrong.
Surrounded by a furious throng,
Bearing his heavy cross along,
Without the city :
And there survey him, crucified,
Nailed to the accursed tree !
The blood and water from his side,
Behold them, flowing free !
'Twas thus, the blessed Saviour died,
Reader, for you and me !
For us his precious blood was spilt,
An expiation,
To cleanse our souls from sin and guilt,
And bring salvation
To all who seek his proffered grace ;

But shed in vain
For those who saw the Saviour bleed,
Yet, scoffing at his direst need,
And mocking, as he writhed in pain,
Invoked his vengeance on their hapless race.

XXV.

That awful doom
Is soon impending!
The King of glory quits the tomb,
Clothes his apostles with their high commission,
Then, while they view the glorious apparition,
To heaven in majesty ascending,
Angelic guards their Lord attending,
Resumes his mediatorial power;
And there, the wheels of time still onward wending,
Awaits the long appointed hour
To visit, with the vengeance of his ire,
And overwhelm Jerusalem in floods of fire.

XXVI.

Oh, then, what awful prodigies
On earth appeared, and in the skies,
Forewarning those who best could know,
Of that impending overthrow!
For lo! the temple's eastern gate,
Of solid brass, and ponderous weight,
Though bolted firm, and doubly barred,
By those who there kept watch and ward,
Self-moving, oped, ere morning rose,
As if to admit the nation's foes;
While twenty strong and daring men
Could scarcely close that gate again.

And lo ! anon, at dead of night,
A strange and supernatural light,
 Eclipsing both the stars and moon,
 Bright as the sun at highest noon,
Around the altar, fearful, gleamed,
And radiant from the temple streamed ;
 And while the inmost holy shrine
 Was shaken by the power divine,
An awful voice was heard from thence,
“ Let us go hence ! Let us go hence ! ”
 And lo ! another scene on high !
 An awful omen in the sky !
For there, amid the light of day,
Were armed bands in full array,
 With spears, and swords, and shining ranks,
 With horsemen wheeling on their flanks,
And eagle banners widely spread,
By mighty chiefs to combat led.
 Each ghostly foeman
 Appeared a Roman !
While those who fled, and quit their place,
Were visibly the Hebrew race ;
 Whose troops dispersed, and cities taken,
 Foretold a nation God-forsaken :
And thus was heralded for them
The conquest of Jerusalem.

XXVII.

At length a voice is heard
From street and forum in the distance calling.
 List to the warning word,
Which lingers on the ear, sad and appalling !

Almost it seems a superhuman cry,
Which utters thus its strain, then passes by.

XXVIII.

“They are gathered ! they are come !
See, the eagle flag appears,
And the warrior’s glittering spears,
With the waving crests
And mail-clad breasts
Of the panoplied chiefs of Rome !
Hark to the murmuring wail
That rises with the gale,
From Siloam’s fount,
From the Olive Mount,
And Hinnom’s bloody vale !
Lift up your heads on high !
Look up, ye believers, beware and behold
The prognostic in the sky !
The vengeance denounced by the prophets of old,
The doom, by our Master so plainly foretold,
Of Jerusalem draws nigh.
Look up to the flaming sword !
’Tis the warning sign
Of the wrath divine,
And the coming of our Lord !
Hark to the mingled shout
Of fear and exultation !
See Zion encompassed with armies about,
To overwhelm her in desolation !
Come forth, ye believers ;
Heed not the deceivers !
Delay not for life ! linger not in the walls ;

But hasten, and flee
To the desert with me,
Lest the gates close to-night,
Intercepting our flight,
To be opened no more till Jerusalem falls !”

XXIX.

Thus spake, amid those hurried scenes,
A deacon of the Nazarenes :
And quietly, with willing heart,
Retiring from the busy street,
From narrow lane and crowded mart,
In groups they gather, and depart.
They pass, unharmed, each hostile band,
Veiled by the evening's gloom ;
They traverse Judah's wasted land,
Deserted as the tomb ;
And Pella's calm and safe retreat
Affords them ample room,
Awaiting there,
With anxious prayer,
The city's final doom.

XXX.

Now Titus forms his serried lines
Circling Jerusalem around ;
And bright the glittering order shines
From holy and unholy ground.
On eastern Olivet
The double watch is set ;
The Potters' and the Fullers' field
Gleam, in the south, with many a shield ;

Gihon and Gareb, on the west,
Glitter with many a warrior's crest;
While Scopus' northern height,
Where Titus takes his post,
Looks proudly down, in conscious might,
And rules the assailing host.

XXXI.

Within the walls, a numerous throng,
Assembled for the paschal feast,—
The matron, and the timid maid,
The youth, in manly garb arrayed,
The sire, the soldier, and the priest,
Have hushed the dance, suppressed the song,
Have quit their merchandise and labor,
Each gazing, wistful, on his neighbor,
As conscious of their nation's wrong;
And there, in harrowing suspense,
They wait the current of events,
And bide the fearful consequence.
For them Christ's sacrifice has proved in vain;
Themselves, full soon, to be the victims slain.

XXXII.

To magnify their woes,
And seal their hapless fate,
Two stern and rival foes,
With diabolic hate,
In dire hostilities engage,
And mortal combat fiercely wage,
Even while the Roman thunders at the gate.

XXXIII.

On Mount Moriah's sacred height,
The fierce and haughty John,
The zealot and the robber chief,
Adulterer, murderer, and thief,
Hath armed his followers for the fight,
His sword hath girded on ;
And filled the temple's cloistered courts,
Converted now to warlike forts,
With troops of outlawed men,
With blood of victims, foul and red,
And heaps of grim and ghastly dead,
As in a lion's den :
While bitter sighs,
And piercing cries,
And direful curses,
In place of heavenly music rise,
Or chanted verses.
The brazen altar, as of yore,
Is streaming still with purple gore,
But not with grateful sacrifice :—
Alas ! it is the horrid stain
Of priests around the altar slain !
The darts are flying,
And yells of battle rend the air,
With shrieks of those in anguish lying,
And groans of reckless ruffians dying,
Instead of calm and holy prayer,

XXXIV.

Meanwhile, in Zion's lofty towers
Sustained by Idumean bands,

Proud Simon marshals all his powers,
And urges his commands.
Thence, like a torrent, issuing down,
To roam and ravage,
He scours the unprotected town,
Ruthless and savage;
Lays waste the streets for many a rood,
Robs the inhabitants of food;
Destroys, by fire, the treasured hoard
Of grain, for siege or famine stored;
Bursts every private door asunder,
Insults with cruelty and shame
The weak, who flee from sword or flame;
Assaults and kills, without remorse,
Trampling on many a mangled corse,
While bearing off his precious plunder;
Then, madly rushing,
Assails the temple gates in vain,
Where darts are falling like the rain,
And blood is gushing;
Till, baffled in the bold attack,
His bravest troops are driven back,
And, scarce escaping, he retires,
Mid clouds of smoke, and baleful fires.
'Twas thus, invited in for aid,
That he the citizens repaid.

xxxv.

But who shall tell
What awful famine then befell
That hapless nation!
When hunger, with relentless fangs,
Inflicted worse than dying pangs;

And naught was left, to appease the craving
That drove the hapless sufferers raving,
 So overpowering every feature
 Of cultivated human nature,
That brother snatched from pining brother,
And children from their starving mother,
 The morsel hidden,
 But seized, unbidden,
That left the victim to starvation !
 And last, and worse ;
 That awful curse
Foretold by Israel's legislator,
And uttered by the great Creator,
 Was then fulfilled ;
When that lone mother, once so mild,
But now, through misery, grown wild,
 Had seized, and killed,
 Wasted, and eat her only child !
Thus Judah's race, in countless numbers,
Were wrapped in death's enduring slumbers.

XXXVI.

And still the Roman arms,
 On every side arrayed,
Mid combats fierce and dire alarms,
 Are gloriously displayed.
 From many leagues around
They gather trunks of sturdy oaks,
 To build a long and level mound,
 A causeway high above the ground,
On which their battering rams they bring ;
And soon their iron hammers ring
Assailing, with redoubled strokes,

The massive walls, and turrets high,
Which tremble now beneath the blows,
And quail before their mighty foes,
And seem to feel destruction nigh.

XXXVII.

With many a sally,
The Jews assay, by fierce attack,
To drive the advancing foemen back.
But firmly as the eternal rock,
Those legions bear their heavy shock ;
Who vainly rally,
Till oft repulsed, and driven, at length,
By almost superhuman strength,
Across the valley,
They gladly to the gates repair,
And seek, once more, for shelter there.

XXXVIII.

With crash, and spasm,
The massive walls, at last, are broken through,
Leaving a wide and yawning chasm,
Exposing the interior to view :—
And onward dash,
Swift as a flash,
The Roman forces up the dangerous way ;
Smiting and shouting,
Fighting and routing,
The pent up Jews, in horrible affray :
And thus, in quick succession, fall
The outer and the inner wall,
Till every barrier is at length o'erthrown,
And Acra and Bezetha are their own.

XXXIX.

And now the Roman power
Assails Antonia's tower,—
The temple's bulwark, and its chief reliance ;
Whose battlements look down
On all the lower town,
And proudly to the foeman bid defiance.
Yet Rome's undaunted brave,
One dark and silent night,
Climb up the giddy height,
And, while the weary watchmen sleep,
They hurl them down the fatal steep,
Seizing the fort by swift surprise,
While throngs of Jews, with deafening cries
Rush on to death, and find a nameless grave.

XL.

Still, John, the impious chief,
Anticipates relief,
And in the temple holds his revels,
With men who seem incarnate devils,
Glutted with blood, and every crime
Of every land and every clime,
Yet fierce in fight, and reckless daring,
Whether presuming or despairing.

XLI.

And now, the temple is the goal
To which the waves of carnage roll.
There bursts the thunder-storm of war,
There missiles rattle,

And shouts of wrath are heard afar,
Amid the battle ;—
The Jews their cloistered walls defending,
The Romans to those walls ascending,
And both for victory contending.
Anon, the smoke is seen to curl
From the surrounding colonnade ;
Anon the flames in rapid whirl,
Burst on the Romans, undismayed,
Amid their daring escalade.
They clamber on the burning roof,
And, while the Hebrews stand aloof,
Rush down to them, in desperate strife,
And, fiercely fighting, yield their life,
Or, leaping headlong from the outer wall,
Are crushed upon the pavement by the fall.
But thou, Artorius, down that steep,
Didst safely take the fearful leap ;
Whilst he who welcomed thee, with arms outspread,
Whelmed by the blow, was numbered with the dead.

XLII.

Louder, those sacred courts within,
Are heard the combat's roaring din,
The clash of swords, the furious yell,
Befitting more the imps of hell
Than place so holy ;
And still the Jews are kept at bay,
And still the Romans force their way,
Advancing slowly ;
Till, in amaze,
All eyes, aghast,

Behold the temple in a blaze !
The fire spreads fast !
With baleful flames, the sparkling brand,
Thrown by an impious soldier's hand,
Wraps in resistless conflagration,
The pride and glory of a nation.
The Jews, at last,
Startled with terror,
Or stupefied, with saddening gaze,
Perceive their error ;
Then fall in heaps, or idly rave,
And rush into a flaming grave,
In vain from heaven fresh aid imploring,
While havoc's din is round them roaring.
Titus in vain essays to save
The temple's golden covered nave ;
His stern commands cannot avail,
His earnest exhortations fail :
It falls ;—and with it falls forever
The hope of God's redeeming favor,
To those who dared, with awful blindness,
Abuse, so far, his loving-kindness.

XLIII.

But David's hill,
Mount Zion, still,
In Simon's hands, opposes brief defence,
Till lofty mounds are there erected ;
And soon the tyrant, unprotected,
Flies to the caves, and hopes to escape from thence ;
Yet soon submits, in coward mood,
And seals his treason with his blood ;

While those whom clement Titus saves
Are doomed to be a race of slaves ;
And haughty John no more disdains
A servile lot, in captive chains.

XLIV.

The fight is done,
The victory won ;—
The work of ruin but begun.
The dead lie thick as autumn leaves,
Festering and mouldering ;
The torch is set to many a pile,
In spacious street, and dark defile,
Where none obstructs, and no one grieves ;
The city seems a sea of fire ;
Each house becomes a funeral pyre,
Blazing and smouldering ;
Till vengeance, satiate, sheathes her glaive,
And myriads find a common grave.
Lastly proceeds the demolition
Of tower, and wall, and strong munition.
With pick, and bar, and piercing wedge,
With battering ram, and ponderous sledge,
They tear the massive rocks asunder,
And hurl them down with noise of thunder ;
Break up the streets, clear off the alleys,
And with the rubbish fill the valleys ;
While brother soldier vies with brother,
Till naught is seen but desolation,
And not one stone upon another
Betrays the work of devastation ;
But over all, both street and wall,

The mantle of oblivion is spread ;
 Destruction's dark and gloomy pall
 Burying alike the city and the dead :
 And thus the Roman engines and their swords
 Sadly fulfil our Lord's prophetic words.

XLV.

Three towers alone,
 Of wondrous height,
 By Herod built, by Titus spared,
 Served to make known
 The former site,
 Where Zion's walls had once been reared.
 Yet even those,—
 In course of time, the Jews designing
 To build Jerusalem again,
 And gradually their force combining,
 Led on by bold and artful men ;—
 Those towers, at Adrian's stern decree,
 Were crumbled down by potent blows,
 And all the Jews compelled to flee ;
 While slowly o'er the ruins rose
 A new-built city, grand and gay,
 Where Roman nobles long held sway,—
 Ælia Capitolina, then—
 Since conquered by the Saracen.

XLVI.

There pious Helena erected
 The church so reverently prized,
 Above the Holy Sepulchre ;
 There Constantine the Great protected

The Christian name, so much despised,
Out of his filial love to her.
There Julian the apostate vainly durst
Attempt the Jewish temple to restore,
And thus depreciate the Christian name.
Forth from the ground the blazing fireballs burst;
With ruined heaps the earth was covered o'er,
And soon those works were wrapped in quenchless
flame.

XLVII.

Thus, onward, as the city grew,
'Twas for the Christian, not the Jew.
And though proud Chosroes, Persia's lord,
Besieged and won it by the sword,
Its Christian monuments demolished,
Its Christian institutes abolished,
And myriads were doomed to bleed
For clinging to the Christian creed;
The storm soon ended:—
Heraclius the brave,
The monarch of Byzantium,
And noblest prince of Christendom,
Drove the invader from the field,
Forced him reluctantly to yield,
Rescued the holy grave,
And thus the Christian cause defended.

XLVIII.

But now Mohammed's baleful star
Uprose, resplendent;
His conquering arms, both near and far,
Gained the ascendant.

Arabia's deserts, Persia's plains,
And Syria's populous domains,
Their spirits quelled, their forces cowered,
Were soon by Arab troops o'erpowered ;
And thus, in turn, by long blockade,
With help of many a renegade,
By martial skill, and toils incessant,
The Moslem lion,
The Caliph Omar, plants the crescent
Upon Mount Zion ;
Yet spares the Christian name and rites,
When good Sophronius invites ;
But builds the mosque which bears his name
On Mount Moriah's sacred heights ;
And there, emblazoned still with fame,
The Mosque of Omar holds its place,
The glory of the Moslem race.
Thenceforth, Jerusalem, arrayed
In captive fetters, long obeyed
The Caliphs who in Bagdad reigned ;
But though by Moslem power oppressed,
And, oft, by tyranny distressed,
Her former churches still remained,
And, oft, the pilgrims of the west
Wended their way to Palestine,
To worship at the holy shrine ;
Though Egypt's sultan, Ahmed bold,
Brief time, its destinies controlled.

XLIX.

But when the furious Turcoman
The Bagdad caliphate o'erran,

With rapine, fire, and sword ;—
When Togrul Beg, the Seljook khan,
Became Judea's lord ;—
The Christian name, the Christian race,
Were doomed to shame, and deep disgrace ;
The pilgrim's long and holy yearning
Was met by insolence, and spurning,
By cruel threats, and haughty boasts ;
And many a palmer, home returning,
Brought tidings back to Europe's hosts,
Of wrongs, to weary wanderers done,
Would stir the blood of age,
Would rouse the young to rage,
And stimulate alike the wrath of sire and son.

L.

Then rose the startling call ;
Then spread the general cry ;
"To arms, ye heroes ; Christians all !
To arms, and on to Palestine ;
Hasten to free the holy shrine !
Banish amusement, quit your work !
Away, to fight the impious Turk ;
Resolved, by Providence divine,
Beneath the symbol of the cross,
Your guarantee from every loss,
To conquer, or to die !"

LI.

'Twas Peter's voice, which thus was heard,—
The hermit monk of France :
Pope Urban seized the echoed word,
His projects to advance :

And, soon, a wild and motley throng,
 The layman and the priest,
 The young, and old,
 Timid, and bold,
 A rabble, eighty thousand strong,
 Were marching to the East.
 They scathed the country like a storm,
 And deluged it with vice;
 They passed, like locusts in a swarm,
 On to the plains of Nice;
 And there, by Solyman, were met:
 With Christian blood the field was wet;
 And there instead of stones,
 The conqueror, so insolent,
 A broad and lofty monument
 Erected with their bones.

LII.

But noble Godfrey of Bouillon
 Another host is leading on,
 To glory, or the grave;
 And with him to the rescue ride
 His brother Baldwin by his side,
 Robert the bold, of Normandy,
 And all the flower of chivalry,
 The pious and the brave.
 No rabble, theirs,—but men of might,
 Equipped and marshalled for the fight,
 Led by a splendid cavalcade,
 All eager for the first crusade.

LIII.

Each right shoulder bears the appointed
 Symbol of the Lord's Anointed;

Each is shriven, cheered, and blest:
Thus, the red cross proudly wearing,
And their sacred banners bearing,
At the Church's high behest,
On they march, all dangers daring,—
Onward, from the mighty west.
Through Germany,
And Hungary,
And o'er Roumelia's plains,
They force their way to Asia,
And the sultan's wide domains :
Nice surrenders
Its defenders ;
Solyman resists in vain ;
And they hasten through Galatia,
Leaving heaps of Moslem slain.
Antioch, their next obstruction,
Holds them longer time at bay ;
Till, effecting its reduction,
They at length resume their way.
Syrian valleys soon are past,
And the mountains hanging o'er them :
And the warriors at last,
See Jerusalem before them !
Tears bedewing every eye ;
“ Vengeance ! ” is their battle cry.

LIV.

Then begins the bloody siege,
With its daring labors ;
Each brave soldier, and his liege,
Vying with their neighbors.

Again the mountain tops around,
With armed warriors are crowned ;
Again the valleys rage and roar
With fierce alarms,
And clash of arms,
And shouts of warriors fighting, flying,
And groans of wounded soldiers, lying
Mid streams of gore ;
And yells of fallen Paynims dying.
The walls once more,
By ponderous engines fiercely battered,
Are gradually pierced and shattered,
Until a deadly breach is made ;
Then, without parleying, or halt,
Each red-cross knight
Armed for the fight,
With lance, and shield, and flashing blade ;
The Christians march to the assault,
Mount the wide breach, a countless swarm,
And take Jerusalem by storm.
Then, Paynim blood flows like a river,
With none to rescue, or deliver ;
For thus the conquering crusaders
Take vengeance on those fierce invaders,
With shouts that make the welkin ring ;
And Godfrey is saluted king.

LV.

The goal is won ; but oh, the cost !
What myriads of heroes lost !
Even those who conquer and survive,
With difficulty live and thrive ;

While Turk and Saracen alike
Await their turn, a blow to strike,
And fresh recruits alone sustain
The Christian forces that remain ;
Till sore oppressed, and half dismayed,
To Europe they appeal for aid.

LVI.

Their cry is heard with deep regard,
And echoed back by Saint Bernard ;
The pope Eugene his influence lending,
To aid the Christians there contending.
Then Conrad, lord of Germany,
And Louis, king of France,
Lead on their choicest chivalry,
With bannerol and lance ;
They pass Constantinople's gates,
Are ferried o'er its narrow straits,
Pursue their march, in eager haste,
O'er Asia's half-deserted waste,
Until the Paynim foe they meet,
In mountain pass, and dark defile ;
And there experience sad defeat,
Through treachery and guile.
The monarchs mourn their armies slain,
And visit Palestine in vain.

LVII.

But now, illustrious Saladin,
A Syrian officer, by right,
But Egypt's sultan, by his might,
Extends his conquests far ;

Subdues Damascus, and at length,
Exulting in his growing strength,
Attempts, perforce, to overwhelm
The newly founded Christian realm,
Beneath the storm of war.
Each noble hearted paladin
Girds his sword, and grasps his shield,
Mounts his steed, and seeks the field,
To meet the furious fray :
Royal Guy of Lusignan,
King and hero, leads the van,
On that hapless day.
Near the banks of Jordan's flood
The battle is begun ;
Jordan's waters stream with blood,
When the fight is done ;
But the scanty phalanx fails,
And the Saracen prevails,
Ere the set of sun.

LVIII.

Soon the Egyptian forces swarm,
Void of fear or pity ;
Soon a threatening line they form,
Round the holy city.
Again the walls are battered,
And the ramparts pierced and shattered,
Until the palmers ope the gates,
The garrison capitulates ;
Jerusalem, once more forlorn
From Christian hands is rudely torn ;
And where the cross at morn was gleaming,
The crescent flag at eve is streaming.

LIX.

Sad the news, which swiftly flies,
And fills the nations with surprise.
But, arousing from despair,
Clement, in the papal chair,
Summons forth immediate aid,
Urging on the third crusade.
Europe's mightiest monarchs, then,
Lament the loss,
Assume the cross,
And band to fight the Saracen.
Red-beard Frederick leads his hosts,
Lords of many a German castle,
Lofty knight, and lowly vassal,
Landward through Natolia's coasts ;
At Iconium meets a foe,
Quells its sultan at a blow ;
Presses on, from fields of slaughter,
Over mountains capped with snow ;
Bathes in Cydnus' chilling water,
And in death is soon laid low.
But his army, from Cilicia,—
Though deprived of his command,
Still advances, through Phenicia,
And attains the Holy Land.

LX.

Thither come the Gallic forces,
Led by Philip the August ;
Volunteers from various sources,
The romantic, and robust ;
But, avoiding well known dangers,

From the wiles of eastern strangers,
They the seaward pass assay ;
Genoa's fleet for this is chartered,
And for gold its service bartered,
To assist them on the way.
Meantime Richard, lion-hearted,
With his army has departed,—
Bravest king of England's line ;
And, embarking at Marseilles,
Notwithstanding adverse gales,
He arrives in Palestine.

LXI.

All the Christian forces, eager,
Mighty Saladin beleaguer,
Cooped in Ptolemais' walls :
Long and bravely he maintains them
Till the Christian army gains them,
And the leaguered city falls ;
Saladin perforce retreating,
To await another meeting,
On a more successful day,
When the Christian forces, meagre,
Shall become an easy prey.
Philip, then, no longer zealous,
But of Richard's valor jealous,
Quits the strife without delay ;
And the English hero, glorious,
Though at Ascalon victorious,
Sees his army melt away ;
Finds the Moslem growing stronger,
Till his feeble troops no longer
Need protract his useless stay ;

Then, retiring, disaffected,
Leaves the land, by truce protected,
To the Sultan's generous sway.

LXII.

Other heroes tried in vain
Zion's fortress to regain;
Other efforts were put forth,
But they proved of little worth.
Baldwin, Count of Flanders, next,
Weak Constantinople vexed,
And, with dubious renown,
Gained an empire and a crown :
But, with such a prize content,
To the East no farther went ;
Neglected what he came to save,
And rescued not the Saviour's grave.
After him, upstarted then,
John, the daring, of Brienne.
With a formidable force,
He to Egypt steered his course,
And advancing past Rosetta,
Seized the town of Damietta :—
But by famine sore oppressed,
And by foe and flood distressed,
All his plans were soon defeated,
And his followers retreated.
Not a tithe of his command
Ever reached the Holy Land.

LXIII.

Frederick Second, Hohenstaufen,
Who had long in splendor reigned,

From Al Camel, Egypt's sultan,
Next Jerusalem regained ;
Which beneath the German sceptre
For a season brief remained,
Till the roving Tartars seized it,
And a longer time retained.
Last of all, the good Saint Louis,
France's champion and king,
Sailed to Egypt, with his armies,
Thence deliverance to bring.
But the pestilence pursued him,
Many followers were slain ;
And the Mussulman subdued him,
That his efforts were in vain.
He appeared in Palestine,
After this disaster,
Kneeling at the holy shrine,
Not its lord and master.
To his kingdom then returning,
Ruled he wisely there and well,
Till, with pious ardor burning,
He in Tunis, warring fell.

LXIV.

Still the Christians of Judea
Strive their conquests to regain ;
On the coast of Cæsarea
Struggling bravely, but in vain.
One by one, their towns are taken ;
Ptolemais is the last ;
And, by Christendom forsaken,
Hopes of rescue now are past.

Vain the efforts of the knights
Of the Temple, and St. John ;
Egypt's sultan fiercely fights,
Till the victory is won.

LXV.

And thus, in gloomy sadness, fades
The glory of the wild Crusades.
Though Europe's choicest blood and treasure
Were lavished without stint or measure,
And millions of the strong and brave
Perished, the Holy Land to save ;
Unblest of heaven, their efforts failed,
And still the Saracen prevailed.
Jerusalem must meet her doom,
A living tenant of the tomb,
To each invading foe a prey,
Until her cup shall pass away.

LXVI.

Although the conquering Tamerlane,
Mongolia's potent lord,
Swept o'er Damascus' fertile plain,
With all his Tartar horde,
And vanquished, as in arms they met,
The Turkish sultan, Bajazet ;
Yet Egypt's sultan kept his throne,
And Palestine remained his own.
But when the Tartar storm had past,
And death had laid the conqueror low ;
The Turkish empire spreading fast,
And rescued from that fearful blow ;—

Stern Selim then put forth his might,
Confiding in his prosperous star ;
And bravest warriors quailed, in fight,
Before his flashing cimetar.
Aleppo saw the bloody fray,
When Egypt's sultan, Tuman Bey,
Fled from the fatal field ;
When Syria and Egypt fell ;
And many a lofty citadel,
In turn, was forced to yield ;
And then, Jerusalem, for aye,
Until the curse shall pass away,
Thy destiny was sealed !

LXVII.

No consecrated temple, now,
Adorns Moriah's sacred brow ;
No gilded cross is beaming ;
But on the circling parapet,
And over many a minaret,
The crescent flag is streaming.
No joyous peal of Christian bells,
With notes harmonic richly swells,
To cheer the Lord's Day morning,
But the muezzin's evening call
Is faintly heard from turret wall,
To Moslem worship warning.
Church of the Holy Sepulchre,
What sacrilegious massacre,
And scenes of fierce contention
Between the Greek and Latin priests,
Are witnessed at thy holy feasts,

As proofs of sad declension !
Although the Armenian convent still
Extends its walls on Zion's hill ;
And Greek and Latin monks beside
Have each their station,
And pilgrims meet, at holy tide,
From every nation ;—
The turbaned Turk is ruler there ;
His word is law, his frown, despair ;
His purpose rarely foiled ;
His will is stern ; his passions, keen ;
His nature, sensual and mean,
By gross indulgence spoiled.
No rising walls attest the growth
Of streets where all is stagnant sloth ;
No busy marts appear ;
The arts are palsied ; science, dead ;
While apathy and slavish dread,
Betray the tyrant near.

LXVIII.

And shall it ever thus remain
Till time is ended ?
Must Zion hopelessly complain,
Still unbefriended ?
No !—If the fancy's quickened sight
Interpret prophecy aright,—
Her woes and pains shall soon be o'er,
Her foes shall fall to rise no more ;
Her night of grief shall pass away,
And usher in a glorious day !

The Lord shall build Jerusalem,
And comfort her waste places ;
Her brow shall bear a diadem
Of brightest Christian graces.
Her streets and gates shall he renew,
And make them beautiful to view ;
Her stately palaces shall stand
In long array on either hand ;
Her open courts and busy marts,
Shall teem with wonders of the arts ;
Her walls shall rise, with lofty towers,
Safe from surprise by mortal powers ;
Her temple shall be renovated,
And on Moriah consecrated,
In architecture far more splendid,
By larger audience attended,
With richer gifts and rarer store,
Than temple ever had before.
Her manly sons no more shall roam
In foreign lands to seek a home ;
No longer shall her lovely daughters
Desponding mourn by distant waters ;
But homeward they shall gladly hie,
As dovelets to their windows fly ;
And strangers freely join with them,
To ornament Jerusalem.

LXIX.

Nations from afar shall nourish,
And maintain her realm secure ;
Her domain shall ever flourish,
While the sun and moon endure.

Justice, there, and candid truth,
Shall abide in blooming youth ;
 Cheerfulness and sanctity
 Ever dwell in harmony ;
God shall be her sure defence,
Guardian of her innocence.
 In her shall be no more distress ;
 All violence shall cease ;
Her rulers shall be righteousness,
 Her officers be peace ;
And in songs of gratulation
 They shall pass their happy days ;
For her walls shall be salvation,
 And her gates shall all be praise.

LXX.

Nor ends the glorious vision here,
Nor owns the bounds of time ;
But soars beyond earth's dull career,
 To wonders more sublime. .
For lo ! in radiant renown,
 Before our startled eyes, .
The New Jerusalem comes down,
 Resplendent from the skies.
The holy city of our God .
 Stands, admirably fair,
As measured by the angel's rod,
 Twelve thousand furlongs square.
Its jasper walls, of matchless height,
On gemmed foundations glittering bright,
 Uphold the apostles' names ;
And each pearl gate, though never barred,

Attended by an angel guard,
A tribe of Israel claims.
Its streets are laid with shining gold ;
Its mansions, glorious to behold,
Of adamantine stone ;
And, redolent with balmy air,
It needs no other temple there
But God's eternal throne.
Thence flows a fount of boundless love,
And waters all those courts above,
With streams of ceaseless joy ;
While trees of life, on either side,
Their fruits ambrosial still provide,
A feast without alloy.
No storm is there, nor gloomy night ;
No sun, nor moon, nor borrowed light,
Revolves the hours away ;
The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain,
Illumines that celestial plain
With everlasting day.
No fraud, nor falsehood, craft nor guile,
No evil spirit, shall defile
Those bright, supernal bowers ;
But countless hosts of angels blest
Shall there enjoy eternal rest,
And pass their blissful hours.
The saints shall there in glory stand,
With harps and palms in either hand,
And view their Saviour's face.
There, robed and crowned, a shining throng
Shall sing the glad and grateful song
Of God's redeeming grace.

Almighty Father, be it mine,—
And, gentle Reader, be it thine,—
 To choose the heavenly road ;
That when to earth we bid farewell,
Our souls may rise, and ever dwell
 In that divine abode !
There may we meet, by heaven approved,
The dear departed, still beloved,—
 Not lost, but gone before ;
And there, together, may we raise
Loud anthems of immortal praise,
 When time shall be no more !

FINIS.

LAUS DEO, SEMPITERNA.

LIFE AND DEATH.

[*This Poem was written, by special invitation, for the Jubilee Celebration, at Oxford Academy, N. Y., August 2d, 1854, but has since been expanded.*]

“So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”—BRYANT.

I.

AWAKE, my Harp, to hail this happy day !
Awake, and summon forth thy noblest lay !
Attune thy numbers to a lofty theme ;
For such alone becomes the Poet's dream :
Ring out thy tones, the sweetest and the best,
Then sink, rejoicing, to thy final rest.

II.

Great Fount of Life, and source of endless love ;
Be Thou my Life ! Inspire me from above !
Thou who dost still prolong my feeble breath,
Thou who canst save from everlasting death,
Be Thine the humble tribute which I bring,
And Life, and Death, the themes of which I sing.

III.

But where begin? How shall we comprehend
That which hath neither origin nor end?
Shall we, with infidels, ignore a cause?
Disown the Sovereign, while we own his laws?
Shall we make Chance a God? and argue still
That all things happen blindly at its will?

IV.

Or shall we deem there is a latent force,
Some Power creative, from an unknown source,
Which, self-impellent, acts, with vigor rife,
And thus hath brought a universe to life?
Some plastic Æon, ever on the wing,
Whence nascent forms of primal beauty spring?

V.

No! be it ours to judge, in better wise,
That "out of nothing, nothing can arise:"
No! be it ours, who feel His chastening rod,
To "look from nature up to nature's God;"
While nature's book, in every page and line,
Reveals the print of majesty Divine.

VI.

He is the source of life, in all its forms;
In plants or reptiles, winged things or worms;
In men and angels, earth, and air, and ocean;
In stars and planets, whose sole life is motion:
All life is but the flatus of His breath;
And where He breathes not, there is darkening death.

VII.

That effluent Life a threefold life became ;
Mysterious, glorious, Trinity by name ;
As from the Father sprang the eternal Son,
Ere yet creation's work had been begun ;
As issued from these twain the Holy Ghost,
Ere earth was born, or sang the starry host.

VIII.

How wonderful the mystery, to find
Such perfect union in the Essential mind !
What radiant majesty and beauty beam
Around the tri-united Elohim,
As the dim roll, to ancient ages sealed,
Is by the Gospel's glorious light revealed !

IX.

Yet not in heaven would God reside alone,
With clouds and darkness round His awful throne.
Amid the darkness broods the Holy Dove,
And even the thunders echo, "God is love."
Love seeks an object: true love never dies,
But multiplies its image in the skies.

X.

There first, to serve Him, mid celestial day,
He formed the angels, in their bright array ;
Dominions, principalities, and powers,
In upper Eden's amaranthine bowers,
With cherubim, and seraphim, to wait,
In shining ranks, around his heavenly state.

XI.

That secondary life, beneath His light,
How rich, and pure, harmonious and bright !
But when, eccentric, from its sphere it burst,
How dark and baleful, horrid and accursed !
Thus, life itself, to vice become a slave,
Results in death, more dreadful than the grave.

XII.

When Satan sought to usurp the Almighty's seat,
And force his God to worship at his feet,
Well might the arrows of Jehovah fly,
To drive that haughty spirit from the sky ;
Till rebel angels found, with endless cost,
That first for them, a Paradise was lost.

XIII.

But what, had all the hosts of heaven rebelled ;
And from those beauteous mansions been expelled ;
Could not Creative power, to fill their place,
Replenish heaven with a more numerous race ?
To this great end the eternal mandate ran ;
And thus a universe its life began.

XIV.

For this, that realm of dark and smouldering fire,
Of empty horror, and chimæras dire,
Where dismal Chaos held his primal reign,
Beyond the crystal walls of heaven's domain,
God chose, to be His theatre sublime,—
Infinitude, alike, of space, and time.

XV.

Then came the dread fiat, "Let there be light,"
Then shrank, aghast, the empty shades of night,
Then, passive matter felt attractive force ;
Then kindred atoms sought a mutual course ;
While those remote in different circles whirled,
And each dense vortex formed its proper world.

XVI.

Each cloud-like nebula, the more compressed,
Became, thereby, more distant from the rest ;
Turning, as water through the funnel flows,
Or in a spiral the swift whirlwind blows ;
Yet tending thence, centrifugal to spring,
As flies the stone from the revolving sling.

XVII.

At length, a circling mass, suspense, remained,
An annulus, self-balanced and sustained ;
And while the nucleus still denser grew,
That outer ring became condensed anew,
Till thus the planet farthest from the sun
Was left, in endless orb, its course to run.

XVIII.

Meantime new planets in succession sprung,
And equipollent, on their axes hung ;
Or, segregating, left successive coils ;
And satellites were moulded from the spoils ;
All, except Saturn, planet of renown,
Which saved one ring, to form a starry crown,

XIX.

Thus, in its turn, our fair and genial earth
Sprang, with its lunar coronet, to birth;
Not then, as now, with life and verdure teeming,
But one red, molten mass, candescent gleaming;
A fount of fire, now cooled, and crusted o'er,
Whence the volcano still its flood doth pour.

XX.

Dense clouds of vapor wrapped our igneous globe
In the dim mantle of their aqueous robe,
Ere rose the firmament, set to divide
The clouds on high from ocean's gathered tide,
Till earth, reprieved from elemental strife,
Was clothed, at length, with vegetable life.

XXI.

Thus, a new era here had been commenced,
And the last planet in its orb condensed,
Ere yet the sun in glory stood alone,
Ere yet the moon in radiant splendor shone,
And each concentered nebula, afar,
Became, at last, a bright peculiar star.

XXII.

Then, Power divine a life instinctive gave
To moving forms beneath the rolling wave.
The little nautilus there spread his sail;
There plunged the dolphin, and the mighty whale;
And there the saurian reptiles fiercely strove,
Or basked and revelled in their palmy grove.

XXIII.

Once more, as Life had seized on death's domain,
Death struggled to resume his ancient reign.
And death prevailed : that era passed away ;
A buried world became his ravaged prey ;
Yet so prevailed, that still his foe remained,
And higher life a nobler victory gained.

XXIV.

For soon the lark upsoared, on rapid wing,
At early morn, near heaven's gate to sing ;
And soon the lion shook his tawny mane,
Roaming and roaring o'er the torrid plain ;
While all the birds of air, and beasts of earth,
In this great period received their birth.

XXV.

Thus, living creatures o'er the globe were spread,
A numerous body, but without a head.
Another link was wanting, to unite
The world of matter with the realms of light ;
Till man was formed, with heaven-directed face,
In nature's scale to hold the highest place.

XXVI.

Nor yet the work was done, till by his side,
Stood beauteous Eve, his heaven-appointed bride.
Then rang the skies with bliss beyond alloy ;
Then, all the morning-stars proclaimed their joy :
The universe in finished glory stood ;
And God surveyed, "and saw that it was good."

XXVII.

In a bright vale, bestrown with fragrant flowers,
Beneath the shade of Eden's vernal bowers,
Dwelt our first Parents, in their morning prime,
Devoid of fear, and innocent of crime :
In happy mood their moments sped away,
And God was with them at the cool of day.

XXVIII.

Oh happy life, to those fair creatures given, —
In which they might prepare themselves for heaven,
Like blest Elijah, never to expire,
But rise to bliss, in chariots of fire, —
Had not a vengeful and insidious foe
“Brought death into the world, and all our woe !”

XXIX.

But Satan came, and plied his wily art,
Deceiving thus an unsuspecting heart ;
And gained his end, — yet double vengeance drew
Upon himself, and all his guilty crew ;
While hope, expiring, “bad the world farewell,”
When Eve was tempted, and when Adam fell.

XXX.

Forth from his glory came the Lord of light ;
And Adam shrank in terror from his sight.
But lo ! the gracious Saviour intercedes,
And for our ruined race in mercy pleads ;
“Behold, I come, with promise to fulfil
The awful mandate of Thy sovereign will !

XXXI.

The gracious Father, good as He is just,
Pronounces the dread sentence, "Dust to dust!"
Expels the guilty pair from that sweet home,
As exiles on the earth awhile to roam;
Yet leaves a cheering hope, all conflicts past,
That they shall rest in Paradise at last.

XXXII.

Thus sprang the poison root of death anew,
And bitter fruits upon its branches grew,
When Abel, to the altar having given
A lamb, the type of Christ, the Lamb of heaven,
Himself a bloody sacrifice, was slain
By jealous fury of his brother Cain.

XXXIII.

And need there was, that death should shorten life,
When all the earth was fraught with guilt and strife;
When faith, and love, and every virtue failed,
While violence and every vice prevailed,
And in that world, of innocence bereft,
One righteous family alone was left.

XXXIV.

Then Noah, warned of God, nor warned in vain;
Upreared the Ark, on Shinar's fertile plain;
Type of the Church, our refuge, here below,
From sin and shame, and wickedness and woe;
And type of Heaven, that blessed Ark above,
Where all is peace, and everlasting love.

XXXV.

Then oped the fountains of the mighty deep ;
Then poured the torrents down the mountains steep ;
And all of those gigantic men of blood,
An impious throng, were buried in the flood ;
Presaging that more awful flood of fire,
When time shall kindle nature's funeral pyre.

XXXVI.

So, when the Sodomites again renewed
Those horrid scenes of moral turpitude,
Once more the punitory torrents fell,
With torments such as haunt the fiends of hell ;
And each detested city found a grave,
Beneath the Dead Sea's dark and briny wave.

XXXVII.

But now, to serve him with a faith more pure,
Which should for many centuries endure,
God's favor was to Abraham displayed,
With him an everlasting covenant made ;
And thus the mantle of salvation fell
Upon the chosen tribes of Israel.

XXXVIII.

Of that defence, how wondrous was the sign,
How dread the tokens of the wrath divine,
When, in the Red Sea, Pharaoh's marshalled host,
O'erwhelmed, discomfited, gave up the ghost !
And Moses' song, on that triumphant shore,
Shall ring in heaven, when time shall be no more.

XXXIX.

So Jordan's waters shrank from Jacob's God,
When Israel's armies passed the stream dry-shod;
And Canaan's guilty hosts before them quailed,
While Joshua's forces mid the storm prevailed;
The moon was stayed, and motionless the sun
O'er Gibeon stood, till victory was won.

XL.

Not so, dark Saul, at Endor's cave alarmed,
Escaped Philistia's banded host unharmed.
He, who had trusted but in mortal might,
Was feebly armed for that disastrous fight,
When, God-forsaken, he but strove in vain,
And Mount Gilboa mourned a monarch slain.

XLI.

But when fair David ventured forth alone,
Trusting in God, with naught but sling and stone,
The giant champion soon to earth he brought,
And thus, again, the solemn lesson taught,
Obedience is more than sacrifice;—
Devotion lives; while vain presumption dies.

XLII.

While David reigned in Salem's lofty walls,
And tuned his harp in Zion's palace halls;
While Solomon with wisdom linked his name,
And God's fair temple rose to crown his fame;
A nobler life the Hebrew state impelled,
Than mortal eye had ever yet beheld.

XLIII.

And not till royal David's lineal race
Became depraved, degenerate, and base,
Not till they worshipped idols, and their priests
Profaned the temple and its solemn feasts,
Did God desert them, lay their glory low
And leave them at the mercy of their foe.

XLIV.

Then Babylon's proud king in vengeance came,
And sacked Jerusalem with sword and flame.
Her helpless captives mourned, with silent tongue;
Their harps, neglected, on the willows hung;
And while they toiled, by Babel's sullen wave,
They learned how sad it is to be a slave.

XLV.

When thus, repentant, they bewailed their fate,
God had compassion, and restored their state.
Jerusalem again was girt with strength;
A second temple rose, complete at length,
More glorious far than Solomon's;—for here
The Lord of glory shortly would appear.

XLVI.

It came at last;—that long-expected time,
Foretold, of old, by chronicles sublime!
God sent his Son, obedient to fulfil
The awful mandate of his sovereign will;
And herald angels ushered in the morn,
When Christ, our Lord, in Bethlehem was born.

XLVII.

Rich music rose from that exultant train,
And "Gloria in Excelsis" was the strain :
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace ;
Good will to men begin, and never cease !"
Well might the shepherds holy vigils keep,
When the Great Shepherd came to save his sheep.

XLVIII.

Full soon was seen, in Eastern lands afar,
The guiding light of Jacob's radiant star,
Presaging that a glorious light divine
Henceforth upon the Gentile world would shine ;
While princely magi costly treasures bring,
To welcome down their heaven-descended King.

XLIX.

He was the Light,—before whose noontide beam,
All other light is but a fitful gleam.
He was the Life ;—for He alone could give
Eternal life to all in Him who live.
For this He came ;—and all who seek His grace,
Shall yet behold their Saviour, face to face.

L.

He came to teach benighted souls the Way
That leads to mansions of eternal day :
He came to be the pattern of that Truth
Which guards the heart in everlasting youth ;
And thus mid anguish, envy, toil and strife,
To ope the gates of everlasting Life.

LI.

And yet, on earth, how lowly was His lot!
When His own chosen flock received Him not.
He shunned the proud philosopher's renown;
He wore no shining robe, nor jewelled crown:
The birds have nests; the beasts, their quiet bed;
But Jesus had not where to lay His head.

LII.

On this, the Fiend who rifled Eden's bower
Assailed our Saviour with temptation's power.
All earthly treasures, glittering gold and gems,
All worldly pleasures, thrones, and diadems,
He vainly offered,—and at last confessed
A higher power in that complacent breast.

LIII.

Mount Tabor viewed a still more glorious sight,
When the Redeemer, robed in heavenly light,
With Moses and Elias converse held,
And his transcendent glory so excelled,
That even the apostles, sore amazed,
His Godhead owned, and worshipped as they gazed.

LIV.

And yet, Gethsemane's dark foliage shed
A gloomy shadow on that sacred head;
When, in an agony of prayer, he wept,
While those apostles all unconscious slept;
When beamed the full moon on the Paschal feast,
And he was both the victim and the priest.

LV.

Betrayed, arrested, and, with curses loud,
Condemned to death by an insulting crowd,
He meekly bore the scourging and the scorn,
The mocking robe, and piercing crown of thorn;
Meekly beneath the heavy cross he bent,
As on the way to Calvary he went.

LVI.

And when he faltered on the dolorous road,
And sank, exhausted, with his heavy load;
When, on the cross suspended, sad and faint,
He to his Father breathed his last complaint;
When the bright sun, in that unclouded sky,
Darkened to see his mighty Maker die;—

LVII.

Oh, what a signal and triumphant shout
From hell's dark host exultantly rang out!
How Satan revelled, gloating o'er his spoil,
As if success had crowned his impious toil!
How flushed the foe, and hailed the happy day,
That heaven was foiled, and earth become his prey!

LVIII.

But no! The great Messiah only waits
The appointed hour, to burst his prison gates,
To rise, and reign, omnipotent to save,
Triumphant over Satan and the grave,—
Victorious, even at his expiring breath;
While life immortal thus springs forth from death.

LIX.

Behold him, upward borne, on viewless wing,
While heaven, rejoicing, welcomes back its king !
Lo ! choirs of angels swell the anthem's tone,
As blest Immanuel resumes his throne ;
And thus, that life, which veiled itself in love,
Opens for us the blissful courts above.

LX.

His name shall last, his kingdom shall extend,
To latest time, and earth's remotest end.
His praise shall be prolonged, from shore to shore,
Till, at his summons, time shall be no more :
And then, how blest will that existence be,
His voice to hear, his face forever see !

LXI.

Oh who would not rejoice, and swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb that once was slain ;
Who left the pomp of his celestial halls,
To rescue us from Satan's deadly thralls,
And gained for us, in brighter worlds than this,
A life entranced, of everlasting bliss !

LXII.

And what is Life ?—'Tis not a formal round
Of useless motion and of empty sound ;
'Tis not the thirst for pleasure which incites
To guilty joys, and riotous delights :
'Tis action, noble feeling, soul and sense ;
And that most real, which is most intense.

LXIII.

There is a life of plants ; a change of state,
Wherein they bud, and bloom, and vegetate,
Furnish their fruit our senses to regale,
And fill their place in nature's ample scale,
Then, scattered on the ground, neglected lie ;
And men there are, more uselessly who die.

LXIV.

There is a life of animals : which roam
Over the plain, or mid the ocean's foam,
Or skim the air, or crawl beneath the earth,
Fulfilling, thus, the object of their birth,—
Yet seek no higher end, or nobler aim ;
And oh ! how many mortals do the same !

LXV.

There is a social life, of varied ties,
Whence all the bonds of brotherhood arise ;
Where each, in turn, kind offices fulfils,
And charity like morning dew distils,
While each in his appointed circle moves,
And reason sanctions it, and heaven approves.

LXVI.

It is a life of industry and toil,
Reclaiming wastes, and mellowing the soil ;
It drives the plough, the loom, the rapid train,
Rears the rich fabric, and the golden grain ;
It builds the mansion, throngs the busy street,
And lays the wealth of India at its feet.

LXVII.

It fills the school, it wields the press and pen ;
It rears the college,—nursery of men !
Erects asylums, where the deaf, the blind,
And lunatics, a safe retreat may find ;
It crowns the church, to lead our thoughts on high,
With spires and turrets, pointing to the sky.

LXVIII.

Thus, linking all in one harmonious band,
It scatters countless blessings o'er the land ;
Yet seeks its centre,—there more strongly acts,
As gravity, when nearest, most attracts ;
And wearied, o'er the circling earth to roam,
Finds, in the family, its happy home.

LXIX.

The family,—sole ark of earthly rest,
Of peace the nucleus, and of love the nest,
Home of our dearest friends and richest treasures,
Scene of our purest joys, and highest pleasures,
The family, to mortal cares was given,
By Love divine, to train our hearts for heaven.

LXX.

There is a life of nations :—it imbibes
Its early nourishment from feeble tribes,
Which spread abroad, with open arms to clasp,
Whatever comes within their widening grasp,
Absorbing all around them, by degrees ;
As rivers spring from rills, and run to seas.

LXXI.

While nations thus advance to riper years,
Each with its own marked character appears,
Graved by the passing finger of events,
Stamping their very form and lineaments;
And each development from youth to age,
Is pictured forth in History's glowing page.

LXXII.

'Tis thus we read of Egypt's servile fate,
And the decline of Persia's royal state;
Thus speak of Greece with all her classic charms,
And lordly Rome, omnipotent in arms;
Thus cherish England, cradle of the free,
And thus, our country, fondly turn to thee!

LXXIII.

Nations, like men, may pass their vigorous prime,
Become diseased by vice, depraved by crime;
May lose their rank, betray their noble trust,
Then sink in blood, or crumble into dust;
And many a buried city is the tomb
Which marks a recreant people's fatal doom.

LXXIV.

Where now is Memphis?—Egypt's ancient pride?
Whelmed in the waves of time's resistless tide!
What now is Thebes?—the glorious and grand?
A lonely waste, amid the desert sand;
Where Memnon's vocal statue, voiceless, lies,
And sculptured walls in solemn ruin rise.

LXXV.

On Susa's plain the timid jackals prowl,
And nightly hoots the solitary owl :
The mighty stream of ruin overwhelms
Persepolis, that queen of ancient realms ;
And bold the traveller, who, from afar,
Would seek for Shushan, or for Istakhar.

LXXVI.

Palmyra, with its stately groves of palms,
Whose name, the fame of Solomon embalms,
Great Tadmor in the desert,—is become
Itself, at last, the wandering Arab's home :
And Balbec, which once shared its glorious state,
Now shares, alike, its melancholy fate.

LXXVII.

Petra yet stands, mysterious, and alone,
A city petrified, in living stone.
But Tyre's proud walls are sunk, to rise no more,
Her massive columns scattered on the shore ;
And Troy, which once achieved a deathless fame,
"Troy was," but is no longer, save in name.

LXXVIII.

Great Babylon, seat of imperial power,
And erst the site of Babel's impious tower,
Whose walls were once the wonder of the world,
Down from her pinnacle of splendor hurled,
Is fallen ;—so that scarce yon grassy heaps
Mark where Judea's mighty conqueror sleeps.

LXXIX.

And Nineveh, so populous and dread,
So long the buried city of the dead,
Exhumed, at last, by British skill and gold,
What wondrous tales does Nineveh unfold !
Though stranger things hereafter shall be shown,
When we shall know, as also we are known.

LXXX.

My country, shall it ever be thy lot
Thus to decay, and almost be forgot ?
Shall future pilgrims, groping o'er the plain,
Seek for the site of WASHINGTON in vain,
Till some deep shaft, beneath some lofty mound,
Reveal the fact that WASHINGTON is found ?

LXXXI.

Not while the Bible sheds its sacred light,
To guard the truth, and guide our minds aright ;
Not while the Church and Sabbath do their part,
To chain the passions, and to mend the heart ;
Not till the spirit which has waked the earth,
Shall perish in the land that gave it birth.

LXXXII.

Almighty Father, by whose fostering hand
We yet united and securely stand,
Protect us still from jealousy and strife,
Preserve our Union, and renew its life :
Always, and everywhere, grant this to be,
For every race, the country of the free !

LXXXIII.

While cities thus have sunk by sword and flame,
What streams of blood have flowed in freedom's name!
What fierce and cruel wars have long been waged;
What furious battles oftentimes have raged;
While tyranny has dealt the fatal blow,
Or Liberty has laid the tyrant low!

LXXXIV.

Thus Greece her early laurels nobly won,
Battling for right at bloody Marathon.
Thus fell her heroes at Thermopylæ;
Thus Salamis proclaimed her people free;
Thus at Platea fell the invading host;
And Persia's troops were driven from her coast.

LXXXV.

But when, with arms against each other turned,
Athens and Sparta in fierce contest burned,
When Ægos Potamos, with distant roar,
Echoed her victory back to Sparta's shore;
When Athens fell, and Sparta, wild with sway,
Sent thirty tyrants to devour her prey;

LXXXVI.

And when proud Sparta, more presumptuous grown,
'Gainst Thebes and Athens sought to rule alone.
But all her high pretence was forced to yield,
At Leuctra, and on Mantinea's field,—
The way was then prepared for Greece to fall,
And one stern chief to triumph over all.

LXXXVII.

Thus, Alexander, autocrat at home,
For conquest was inspired abroad to roam ;
Thus, daring, plunged in the Granicus' flood ;
And conquered, still, at Issus' field of blood ;
Thus, at Arbela, seized on Persia's crown ;
Then died, a victim, thirsting for renown.

LXXXVIII.

So Rome, her eagle banners once unfurled,
With force united, mastered all the world.
Pyrrhus, who at Pandosia prevailed,
At Asculum and Beneventum failed :
Back to Epirus, then, his force he led ;
And Italy acknowledged Rome its head.

LXXXIX.

And Hannibal, such prodigies who wrought,
At the Ticinus and the Trebia fought,
Who conquered, still, beside Lake Thrasymene,
And smiled, at Cannæ, o'er the bloody scene,
Yet, dallying with pleasure, at the last,
Was swept away, like leaves before the blast.

XC.

His brother, at Metaurus nobly slain,
Left him to seek auxiliaries in vain ;
Till, summoned back, his cuntry to defend,
At Zama his successes found an end.
An exile, then, he met his hapless fate ;
And Carthage soon became a Roman state.

XCI.

Next, Macedonia was made to feel
The force of Roman troops, and Roman steel,
At Cynocephalæ, where heroes bled,
And Pydna, whence king Perseus basely fled;
Till the Achæan League to fragments broke,
And Greece submitted to the Roman yoke.

XCII.

Thus Rome's proud arms to Asia forced their way,
And, at Magnesia, gained a bloody day.
Thus Syria, in its turn, subdued in war,
Yielded to Pompey's culminating star;
While Gaul, o'erpowered by Cæsar's skill, at length,
Enlarged the empire, but reduced its strength.

XCIII.

And not till patriotic zeal was gone,
Not until Cæsar crossed the Rubicon;
Till, at Pharsalia, Rome 'gainst Roman stood,
And Actium's bay was red with kindred blood,
Did Roman glory wing her eagle flight
To the deep shades of everlasting night.

XCIV.

Then tyranny its ancient power regained,
And vice, progressive, o'er the empire reigned.
Then Roman prowess in oblivion slept,
And fatal weakness o'er her members crept,
Till Rome experienced, with expiring breath,
Freedom is life, and tyranny is death.

XCV.

The work of ruin, by the Goths begun,
Was stayed by Attila, the dreaded Hun,
Whose piety the helpless city spared,
Though Ætius at Chalons, his forces dared :
Yet, Rome's chief monuments, for ages stored,
Were swept to ruin by the Vandal horde.

XCVI.

Oh! who shall tell how many a contest dire,
Far deadlier than earthquake, flood, or fire,
In modern times has laid its victims low,
And filled the earth with wickedness and woe;
While thus the wrath of man, in wondrous ways,
Hath wrought God's will, or ended to His praise !

XCVII.

What numbers fell on Xeres' fatal plain,
When base Don Roderic lost the crown of Spain !
What heroes perished on the field of Tours,
When Charles Martel drove back the invading Moor !
At Fontenay how many a bloody lance,
Where brothers struggled for the throne of France !

XCVIII.

On Hastings' field what heaps of dead were strown,
When Norman William gained the English throne !
What hosts of warriors drew their shining blades,
And rushed to glory in the fierce Crusades !
Of all those hosts, how few the favored men
Who ever saw their native land again !

XCIX.

How fierce the shock, when Scotland, in her turn,
Repelled the English hosts at Bannockburn !
How sank the French at Cressy and Poitiers !
From Agincourt how many a bloody bier !
And what rejoicing, when, upon their track
The Maid of Orleans drove the English back !

C.

What fierce contention, and disastrous fight
Sprang up between the Red rose and the White !
Towton and Hexham, saw the White rose bloom ;
Barnet and Tewksb'ry gave it ample room :
Yet, stained with blood, it soon was forced to yield,
When cruel Richard fell at Bosworth field.

CI.

What havoc dire in Flodden's fatal fray,
When Scotland's king among the slaughtered lay !
How shuddered Europe at the awful news,
The massacre of St. Bartholomew's !
And how rejoiced, when Philip's naval pride
The grand Armada, sank beneath the tide !

CII.

How Germany was marked by many a scar,
In Thirty Years of fierce religious war !
And though, at Lutzen, great Adolphus bled,
And Nordlingen was heaped with Swedish dead,
Yet Prague was by the Protestants regained,
And thus the Reformation was sustained.

CIII.

How slept the brave on Blenheim's meadows green,
Slaughtered by Marlborough and Prince Eugene!
How the young life of France was thrown away,
At Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet!
And, at Poltava, how did thousands bleed,
Through vain presumption of the royal Swede!

CIV.

At Dettingen, what waste of human life,
At Fontenoy and Val, what bloody strife;
All to decide, what justice might have shown,
Who should be seated on the German throne!
And at Quebec, what daring deeds were done,
Where French America was lost and won!

CV.

But Britain met a heavier loss than this,
Through selfish aims, and policy amiss,
When Freedom's flag at Lexington was raised,
When Bunker Hill mid Freedom's thunder blazed;
When Saratoga pledged her full redress,
And Yorktown crowned her efforts with success.

CVI.

Yet bloodier fires o'er Europe's valleys swept,
While orphan throngs, and widowed myriads wept,
When, at Marengo, France to victory rushed.
And Austria's power at Austerlitz was crushed;
Though on the sea shone England's conquering star,
At Aboukir, and glorious Trafalgar.

CVII.

Nor ended thus the strife for power supreme,
At Jena's field, or Moskwa's fatal stream,
Till Leipsic's plain had shared the slaughter too,
And hosts had bled at gory Waterloo,
Where he, whose name was haloed with renown,
Forever lost an empire and a crown.

CVIII.

So Mexico was sternly forced to yield
On Buena Vista's well remembered field;
So fell her soldiers, trampled like the grass,
At Vera Cruz, and Cerro Gordo's pass;
And her vain army crumbled, like a wreck,
At Churubusco, and Chapultepec.

CIX.

So fell the crest of Russia's towering pride,
When driven from the Alma's frowning side.
Her wounded eagle fluttered from the plain,
O'er ghastly heaps at Balaklava slain;
Her highest hopes at Inkermann were crossed;
And thus, at length, Sebastople was lost.

CX.

Oh, swiftly come the heaven-appointed day,
When war and tumult shall have passed away!
When men no more shall raise the cry, "To arms,"
Nor the loud tocsin ring with dire alarms;
When crime and discord evermore shall cease,
And nations cultivate the arts of peace!

CXI.

Lastly, there is a life,—how deep, intense,
Incomprehensible to outward sense,
Which each must feel, yet cannot all control,
Within the hidden chambers of the soul!
A life, which, be it reprobate or pure,
The good enjoy, the wicked must endure.

CXII.

It holds communings with the world around,
Sees every object, lists to every sound;
Chooses its course, trims to the passing gale,
As ships, at sea, unfurl or reef the sail,
Yet oft makes wreck of all it holds most dear,
Even when the storm is past, the haven near.

CXIII.

Then, reminiscent, often it looks back,
And marks the mazes of its devious track,
Or sees, with joy, its courses rightly steered,
Its distance gained, and every danger cleared,
And confident in Him who gave it strength,
Looks forward to a happy goal at length.

CXIV.

How blest that life, which, conscious of no ill,
Has ever striven its duty to fulfil;
Has marked its way by many a kindly deed,
As some fair stream with verdure fills the mead;
And when its destined work on earth is done,
Shall fade in glory, as the setting sun!

CXV.

How different, a life in folly spent,
Without one noble aim, or great intent !
Selfish and frivolous, deformed and base,
Leaving no lasting good, no lovely trace,
Such life is but a living death below,
A death to peace, a birth to endless woe.

CXVI.

There is a death, how terrible and grim !
Which dwells mid lurid lights, and spectres dim ;
Where conscience bars the sufferer from sleep ;
And the lost spirit can but wail and weep ;
Where feeds the vampyre worm, and gluts his ire,
Amid the torments of devouring fire.

CXVII.

Lord of all power and might ! be Thou our shield ;
And may we never to the tempter yield !
Through life's brief pilgrimage our footsteps guide,
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side ;
And when the light of time shall fade away,
Raise us, at last, to everlasting day !

CXVIII.

Oh, glorious life, to saints immortal given !
Mid all the bliss and majesty of heaven !
Oh, blest abode, where every care shall cease,
And every murmur shall be hushed to peace !
Oh, happy hour, blest bridal of the soul,
When we, at last, shall reach that final goal !

CXIX.

And lo ! it comes !—the resurrection morn !
Great day, for which all other days were born !
Behold the Judge, from heaven's high arch descending !
Behold the angel bands, their Lord attending !
List to the trump, that shakes creation round,
And wakes the myriads slumbering underground !

CXX.

The sea gives up its dead ; the rending tomb
Proclaims the universal day of doom !
They rise to life, waked by His powerful voice,
Some to deplore, and many to rejoice ;
They meet, to part, on time's remotest shore ;
Eternity shall see them meet no more !

CXXI.

Now, wrapped in flames of purgatorial fire,
Exhausted nature sinks upon its pyre.
Devouring flames surround the solid globe,
Vapors and clouds the dreadful scene enrobe ;
And while the elements in fury burn.
Primeval chaos threatens to return.

CXXII.

But see !—another and more glorious earth,
Formed from the ruin, springing into birth !
Of sin and woe it bears no stain, nor trace ;
The home, perchance, of yet another race,
Whom Satan, chained, shall never more enthrall,
Who ne'er shall suffer, and can never fall.

CXXIII.

And lo ! with radiant light, of gorgeous hue,
The new Jerusalem descends to view !
With walls of jasper, glorious to behold,
With gates of pearl, and streets of shining gold,
Its mansions fair are built by God's own hand,
Firm as the sky, eternally to stand.

CXXIV.

There shall the saints in endless glory meet,
And ever worship at the Saviour's feet.
Arrayed in glittering robes of spotless white,
And crowned with diadems of sparkling light,
With victor palms, and harps of tuneful joy,
His praises shall their grateful hearts employ.

CXXV.

No sun, for them, with feeble beams shall shine,
The Lamb of God shall be their light divine :
No waning moon shall speed their nights away,
Amid the radiance of eternal day ;
No summer's heat, nor winter's cold shall sting
Nor blast the verdure of perennial spring.

CXXVI.

There shall the fount of life unceasing flow :
There shall the tree of life unfading grow,
There the Good Shepherd his blest flock shall lead,
And there, on fruits celestial they shall feed ;
There shall his saints behold him face to face,
And rest forever in his loved embrace.

CXXVII.

No mortal want shall ever reach their breast,
No fear disturb them, and no care molest ;
But with the holy angels they shall throng,
And join, anew, in that immortal song,
“ Worthy the Lamb, that once for us was slain,
At God’s right hand omnipotent to reign !”

CXXVIII.

Who would not leave a changing world like this,
For such a world, of pure, ecstatic bliss ?
Who would not soar, on wings of faith and love,
To join that blessed company above ;
And realize, with life’s expiring breath,
That Love divine hath triumphed over death !

RACINE, WIS., *July*, 1854.

JUVENILE
AND
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOME.

These lines were written at the age of sixteen, during a long absence from the paternal roof; and are preserved only as a memento of the sentiment which inspired them—

“Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.”

WHEN far from our friends, to the bosom of strangers,
In search of some fancied enjoyment we roam,
Surrounded by trials, encompassed with dangers,
How oft we look back on our far distant home :
And whether success or misfortune befall us,
Our path intermingled with pleasure or pain,
To what scenes soever life's pathway may call us,
We think of our home and our kindred again.

If Providence smile, and our toil be rewarded,
Success crown our labors and banish our fear,
If pure be our hearts, and our duty regarded,
The home of our childhood is still counted dear.

Though new friends engage us with cheering attention,
And time shade the images drawn in the mind,
No subject is ever more pleasing to mention
Than home and the kindred we left far behind.

When storms are uplifting the waves of the ocean,
Or when the bright sunbeams enliven the day,
When nature inspires us with warmest emotion,
We still think of loved ones and friends far away.
When time has fled by, and our absence is finished,
To scenes of enjoyment we cheerfully come,
And still our affection remains undiminished
For much beloved kindred and thrice welcome home.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *Sept.*, 1828.



MOUNT HOLYOKE.

WRITTEN IN COMMEMORATION OF A VISIT TO MOUNT HOLYOKE, WITH
A PARTY OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN FROM SPRINGFIELD.

OH! who can view from Holyoke's height
The varied scene below,
Nor yield to feelings of delight,
And rapture's deepest glow!
If there be aught upon the earth
Of beautiful and fair,
In all the freshness of its birth
It dwells unrivall'd there.

Grand is the rugged mountain's form
Beneath the sunbeam's glow,
Whose rocky brow has faced the storm
While thunders rolled below ;
And bright the summer-house uprears
Its pinnacle on high,
Whose beaming lamp at eve appears
The watch-tower of the sky.

Mount Tom, in endless verdure crowned,
Adorns the lovely view,
While lofty mountains, rising round,
Grow dim in distant blue ;
And rolling on, with swelling tide,
Majestic to the main,
Connecticut, thy waters glide
Along the extended plain.

Fair meadows, crowned with vernal flowers,
The bushy banks adorn,
Where morning suns and evening showers
Mature the yellow corn ;
And gaily spread beneath the eye
Are rising village spires,
And far and near is curling high
The smoke of village fires.

Here Hadley's long and ancient street
In loveliness is dressed,
And there Northampton's mansions greet
The gazer and the guest ;

And Amherst, with its college walls,
In distance melts away,
Where science lights her lofty halls
With reason's brightest ray.

Then who can view from Holyoke's height
The varied scenes below,
Nor yield to feelings of delight
And rapture's deepest glow !
If there be aught upon the earth
Of beautiful and fair,
In all the freshness of its birth
It dwells unrivalled there.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *Nov.*, 1823.



CONSTANT DEVOTION.

There are moments when the mind, disenthralled from earthly things, anticipates the vast future which is to dawn beyond the grave, and realizes how feeble and uncertain is the tie which binds it to the material world, the sunshine and the storm.

WHEN the sun in splendor shines
From the eastern mountain,
When the shepherd's flock reclines
By the crystal fountain ;
When the sun has crossed the sky,
Sinking in the ocean,
When the silver moon rides high,
Creating soft emotion,—

Fill my spirit, God of love,
With thy boundless favor ;
Turn my heart to thoughts above,
And be my guide forever !

When the clouds, extended wide,
Hide the face of heaven ;
When the furious whirlwinds ride
On the tempest driven ;
When the lightning flashes bright,
Bursting rocks asunder,
When the hills, at dead of night,
Are shaken by the thunder ;
Guard me, Lord, from danger near,—
Nature quakes before thee,—
Fill my heart with holy fear,
And let my soul adore thee.

When are past my brightest days,
Into age declining ;
When this wondrous frame decays,
Every sense resigning ;
When the close of life appears,
Worlds unknown before me ;
When I leave this vale of tears,
And waves of death roll o'er me,
Fill my spirit, God of Love,
With thy boundless favor ;
May I rise to realms above,
And dwell with thee forever !

THE DEATH SONG OF LOGAN.

“For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!”

LOGAN'S SPEECH TO LORD DUNMORE.

Oh, bright are the skies in the land of the sun,
Where brave-hearted warriors to glory have gone!
My heart throbs exultant, that glory to see;
And soar to the land of the great and the free.

Oh, fleet are the deer in those mountains of light;
And swift are the buffaloes bounding in flight!
But the arrow of Logan more swiftly shall fly
When he hunts the wild elk in the land of the sky.

Oh, the chiefs never tire, in those evergreen woods,
As they follow the chase, over hills, vales, and floods;
And the sharp-sighted hunter ne'er misses his aim,
When resting in ambush, awaiting his game!

Oh, fierce is the battle, and dire is the sight,
When warrior spirits rush on to the fight,
Where groans in the war-song of triumph are drowned,
And victors with glory immortal are crowned!

Then where is the coward, on earth who would stay,
When pleasures unceasing invite him away!
To those blessed regions my spirit shall flee;
Then weep not for Logan, the brave and the free.

PLAINFIELD, N. Y., *Jan.*, 1825.

THE VISION OF LIFE.

"Thoughtful, on the solemn, silent shore
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

DR. YOUNG.

SOFTLY wrapt in bliss elysian,
On a downy bed of rest,
An instructive, wondrous vision
Swiftly passed across my breast;
And the mazy paths of mortals
Was before my fancy spread,
From its dim, mysterious portals
To the mansions of the dead.

I observed the infant clinging
To its joyful mother's arms.
And with every moment springing
Into youth's attractive charms,
Till the smiling youth ascending,
Strove the rugged mount to climb,
Where the rays of hope were blending
With the light of truth sublime.

Manhood next, with endless passions,
In the path before me came,
Ruled by habits, led by fashions,
Seeking pleasure, wealth, or fame;
And he toiled or sported nigh me,
Pleased with bubbles light as air,
Till at length he tottered by me,
With his staff and silvery hair.

There was careless, headstrong folly
 Making laughter for the gay,
There was lonely melancholy
 Sadly pining life away ;
There were pride and fortune's minions
 Ever seeking rank and power ;
There was love, with golden pinions,
 Lulled in beauty's rosy bower.

Genius there, with art and science,
 Strove the rugged path to cheer ;
Cautious reason bade defiance
 To the wiles of hope and fear ;
Cheerful wisdom was inspecting
 Numerous objects on the road,
And religion was directing
 To a happier abode. .

Still was time by far the fleetest
 Of the mystic ones in view,
And his presence was the sweetest
 As he bade a last adieu ;
For the king of terrors nigh them
 Ever stood, their watchful foe,
And as soon as time past by them
 He destroyed them at a blow.

I beheld him strike the youngest one,
 And life with him was o'er ;
I beheld him strike the strongest one,
 The strong appeared no more ;

I beheld him strike the boldest one,
 Who fell beneath his dart ;
 I beheld him strike the oldest one,
 And pierce his withered heart.

But the funeral procession
 My impressive vision broke,
 As, aroused by its progression,
 From my slumber I awoke :
 There were relatives condoling
 For the beauteous and the brave,
 And the solemn bell was tolling,
 As the lost one pressed the grave.

PLAINFIELD, N. Y., *March*, 1825.



THE SOCIAL CUP OF TEA.

“ But tea, that enlivener of wit and of soul,
 Is sweeter by far than the bacchanal’s bowl.”

OLD SONG.

WHEN day is done, and fades the sun
 O’er landscapes rich and gay ;
 While twilight’s gloom, with sweet perfume,
 Succeeds a summer day ;—

When darkness spreads her deepest shades,
 And clouds obscure the sky,
 While torrents tumble through the glades,
 And winds are raging high ;—

When snows appear, and all is drear,
A bleak and barren waste ;
While lofty woods and mighty floods
Are roaring in the blast ;

When spring comes on, and storms are gone,
And earth in verdure dressed ;
While songs of birds, and cheerful words
Enliven every breast ;—

'Tis sweet to sit in pleasure's bower,
From care and sorrow free,
And taste, at evening's pensive hour,
The social cup of tea.

BURLINGTON, N. Y., *April*, 1825.



THE FLOWER OF SPRING.

As the Irish Bard has so beautifully sung "The Last Rose of Summer," perhaps the subject of the following lines, suggested by it, will be excusable, however simple and unassuming.

How sweet was the flowret
First blooming in spring,
When zephyrs breathed o'er it
With warm, balmy wing,
When the humming-bird hasted
Its sweetness to share,
And the butterfly tasted
Its treasure so rare.

Its leaves were extended,
Bright hues to disclose,
Where sweetly were blended
The lily and rose :
While young buds around it
Their fragrancy shed,
And verdant leaves crowned it,
Adorning its bed.

But ah ! sadly changed
Was that flowret to view,
As lately I ranged
In the grove where it grew ;
The cold wind was beating
Its withering form,
The dark clouds were meeting,
And boded a storm.

The humming-bird left it
When drooping its head,
The bee had bereft it
Of sweetness, and fled ;
The sunbeams were shaded
Which first gave it birth,
Its bright leaves had faded,
And sunk to the earth.

Thus life's early promise,
The first buds of bloom,
Perchance are torn from us
And wrapped in the tomb.

Thus transient their semblance,
Thus swift their decay ;
And sweet their remembrance,
When passing away !

BURLINGTON, N. Y., *April*, 1825.

SOLITUDE AND CHEERFULNESS.

“Solitude is sweet ; but how much sweeter, when there is
some friend to whom we can say, How sweet is solitude !”

WHEN deep distress, and gloomy care
Upon my heart intrude,
I oft, with pensive steps, repair,
To breathe alone the balmy air,
And seek the bower of solitude.

And, while, unseen, I freely rove,
By bitter thoughts subdued,
I think with calmness, in the grove,
Of foes I shun, and friends I love,
And own the power of solitude.

But when the form of hope is nigh,
My waking dreams to bless ;
And when my heart with joy beats high,
On wings of rapture then I fly,
To seek the bower of cheerfulness.

And while, within the calm retreat,
Dear friends around me press,
Oh, what, on earth, can be more sweet,
Than answering smiles of love to meet,
Beneath the bower of cheerfulness.

BURLINGTON, N. Y., *April*, 1825.

THE CREATION.

These stanzas were an academic exercise, not intended to broach any particular philosophical theory. It seems to be now generally conceded, that the six days of the creation were so many geological periods, indicating the successive stages through which our planet has passed; but not the less wonderful and mysterious is the mighty agency by which these changes were produced.

WHEN silence o'er the universe
Her realm extended far,
Before the raging elements
Maintained destructive war;
When chaos through unbounded space
Gave universal sleep,
While yet the earth was void of form,
“And darkness veiled the deep;”

Jehovah thundered from his throne
And silence owned his sway;
Dread chaos then dissolved its charm,
And darkness fled away.

“Let there be light,” the Almighty said,—
Light instantly appeared:
The lofty pillars of the sky
In majesty were reared.

The new-created sun arose
To gild the vault of heaven,
And all the glorious orbs of night
Were through the ether driven.
The waters parted from the earth,
The land appeared in view,
And mountains swelled, and rivers flowed,
And fruits luxuriant grew.

Then teemed the earth with living forms,
The terrible and fair;
And fishes cleft the crystal sea,
And songsters winged the air.
And countless beings, bright and good,
The universe contained;
Yet 'mid the brute and angel race
A chasm still remained.

Then man was formed by skill divine,
At God's creating word,
The ruler of the peopled earth,
The image of his Lord;
And blissful choirs of angels sang
Their hymns before the throne,
As woman smiled, and God proclaimed
Creation's labor done.

THE DELUGE.

That a Universal Deluge once existed, is proved by the concurrent tradition of all the ancient nations, as well as by the most indisputable evidences of geology. This fact, therefore, so prominent in Scripture history, is unimpeachable; and even the pre-existence of the human race is maintained by the same traditions.

WHEN virtue, peace and righteousness
From Adam's race had fled,
When folly, vice and wickedness
Had filled the world with dread;
The hour of vengeance had arrived,
Jehovah's anger rose,
And justice called the mighty flood
To overwhelm his foes.

Then Noah formed the sacred ark,
Ordained by Heaven to save
A remnant of all living forms
From nature's watery grave.
The bird of air, the beast of earth,
Its spacious rooms contain;
While all the sons of vice and guilt
In thoughtless mirth remain.

Then rushed the torrents of the sky,
And o'er the mountains spread;
The waters of the raging deep
Then rose above its bed;

And shrieks of woe—and sights of fear
Were mingled with the storm,
While o'er them rushed the foaming wave
In death's terrific form.

The ark upon the water rides,
And every tempest braves,
Nor heeds the driving of the winds,
Or rolling of the waves,
Till on the mountain's top it stands,
Secure from every harm,
Protected in its devious path
By God's almighty arm.

His sacred word Jehovah gives
To drown the earth no more,
While ages roll or time remains,
Till time itself be o'er.
Upon the cloud he sets his bow,
A token of his grace,
And still his boundless favors flow
To all the human race.

LAFAYETTE.

“I saw the marshals of Napoleon, gorged with the plunder of Europe, and stained with its blood, borne on their flashing chariot wheels through the streets of Paris. I saw the ministers of Napoleon filling the highest posts of trust and honor under Louis XVIII.; and I saw the friend of Washington, glorious in his noble poverty, looking down from the dazzling height of his consistency and his principles, on their paltry ambition and its more paltry rewards.”—EVERETT’S EULOGY OF LAFAYETTE.

HAIL to the chief who, in war’s deadly slaughter,
Joined in the struggle, our country to save;
Hail to the hero that o’er the wide water
Comes to revisit the land of the brave!
Hail to our nation’s guest!
Joy to his noble breast!
Wide be his fame, till the last sun is set.
Hail! freedom’s champion,
Brother of Washington,
Welcome, thrice welcome, the brave Lafayette!

Lone from the host of those warriors and sages
Who guided the tempest of war’s dread alarm,
He has survived the departure of ages,
Firm as the oak which has weathered the storm.
Planets have glided by,
Gilding fame’s canopy;—
Never shall freemen their glory forget;—
Still, while they shine afar,
Hail to the evening star,
Welcome, thrice welcome, the brave Lafayette!

Bright be the days of our gallant defender,
Long may the green laurel twine round his brow,
Ever surrounded with verdure and splendor,
Pure as the radiance of heav'n's evening bow.
When his immortal mind
Leaves the dull earth behind,
Filling a nation with tears of regret,
Then ardent fancy's eye
Sees, in the starry sky,
Washington's spirit rejoin Lafayette.

OXFORD, N. Y., *Sept.*, 1825.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

It may be necessary, in avoidance of the imputation of plagiarism, to state that these lines were composed, and published in a Boston paper by a friend to whom they were sent, before the writer had seen Mrs. Heman's spirited poem, "The Pilgrim Fathers," or was aware of its existence.

THE breeze is high on the lonely shores
Of Massachusetts Bay ;
The storm-swept ocean loudly roars,
And foams with dashing spray.

The coast is clad with drifted snow,
The forest stripped of bloom,
And the sky above and earth below
Are wrapped in winter's gloom.

The panther springs from his secret lair,
The wolves at midnight howl ;
And the frightened deer quails in despair,
As she flies at their horrid growl.

Away from the shore is a cabin of bark,
Where the Indian hunter dwells :
But a shout comes over the breezes ; hark !
'Tis the Indian warrior's yells !

Those hostile tribes, in their deadly hate,
Have drenched the earth with blood,
And the valley now is desolate
Where once the wigwam stood.

The wind is high on the lonely shores
Of Massachusetts Bay,
The skies are dark and the ocean roars
Mid foaming heaps of spray.

But whence is that vessel now heaving in sight,
On the distant Eastern waves ?
Have her crew come hither to join in the fight,
And to find their lonely graves ?

Or seek they for fame, or dominion, or gold,
In ambition's mad career ?
Say whence are those strangers, so venturous and bold,
And what is their object here ?

That vessel is come from a distant land,
By stormy passions riven ;

And her crew are a holy, pilgrim band,
In the special care of Heaven.

They came not to join in the savage fight,
Nor hither for fame did they flee ;
But they came to build, in their Maker's might,
An empire of the free.

They came to seek for an humble abode,
And erect a peaceful home,
Where a martyr's blood had never flowed,
Nor persecution come.

They came for a refuge from vice and crime ;
They came to escape from death,
As the ark was preserved, in the olden time,
From the drowning world beneath.

And now their boat, by tempest tossed,
Approached the dreary strand,
Till the storm-beaten rock of Plymouth's coast
Received them safe on land.

The sun is rising on the shores
Of Massachusetts Bay,
And o'er the verdant landscape pours
The radiant beams of day.

But throughout its course from east to west,
O'er all the nations borne,
It shines on no country more happy and blest
Than here salutes the morn.

And long in ten thousand hearts of bliss,
May the blood of the pilgrims flow,
Who fled to this dreary wilderness
Two hundred years ago.

OXFORD, N. Y., *Oct.*, 1825.



IN FOREST AND WILDWOOD.

"The lily that bends to the breeze of the morning,
And yields its perfumes to the light passing gale,
May vie with the wild-briar rose in adorning
The moss-covered cottage that stands in the vale.
But the lily must wither, and soon fade away,
And the rose of the wilderness die on its stem;
All the flowers of the forest shall sink to decay,
While the dew-drops of nature are weeping for them."
OLD SONG.

In forest and wildwood sweet flowers are blooming,
When spring is advancing, or summer is nigh;
How fragrant their perfume when evening is coming,
How lovely and modest their tints to the eye!
How pleasant to meet them, when daylight is burning,
While wandering alone in the cool, shady grove;
How pleasant to bring them, when homeward returning,
To deck with their beauty the form that we love!

The gardens of art brighter flowers may nourish,
When spring's gentle rays their rich petals adorn;
Where the tulip, the pink, and the hyacinth flourish,
And the rose, newly blown, meets the blush of the
morn.

Yet sweeter by far than the gems of the alley,
Though gay as the iris their colors may seem,
And dearer, to me, is the pride of the valley,
The pale, modest lily, that blooms by the stream.

But the lily will fall, and the rose will be faded,
The buds of the forest must die on their stem ;
The earth's fairest blossoms may soonest be shaded,
While nature's bright dew-drops are weeping for them.

Yet Eden's perfume, and the amaranth bowers
And beauties of Paradise ne'er shall decay.
May the loveliest and sweetest of earth's smiling flowers
Be brightest and purest in regions of day !

WINDSOR, N. Y., *Jan.* 1826.



A VERNAL EVENING.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears ;—soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE wintry storms have past,
Which swept along the skies,
No longer howls the blast,
But gentle zephyrs rise ;
And nature smiles, in beauty drest,
And pleasure reigns in every breast.

The noon-day's heat is gone,
And twilight veils the bowers ;
The evening shade comes on,
And dew-drops gem the flowers ;
Like crystal tears from pity's eye,
Or glitt'ring stars which deck the sky.

Hark ! hear the serenade
Which steals along the plains ;
Now, soft its accents fade,
Then flow in bolder strains,
Like those of angels' harps sublime,
Resounding through the starry clime.

The shining queen of night
Rides on the vernal sky,
And sheds her silver light
From azure realms on high :
Till mounts the sun in golden car,
And shines majestic from afar.

Thus may our moments glide,
In calmness, love, and peace,
And wisdom be our guide
Till life's brief night shall cease :
Then may our spirits wing their way
To brighter realms of endless day.

OXFORD, N. Y., *April*, 1826.

THE SAGACIOUS HIBERNIAN.

The tale on which this scrap is founded, was repeated to the writer by an aged relative, and, without aiming at satire, embodies a lesson of human nature which is deemed worth preserving.

As Yankee legends tell, in days of yore,
Ere liberty had blessed our happy states,
An Irishman, impelled by kinder fates,
His native country left for wild New England's shore.
Upon the coast where Patrick came
An ancient maiden happened to reside,
Who might be called a very worthy dame,
And owned a cot, near Narragansett's tide.
For her our Pat conceived a predilection,
Or for her lands!
And as she had no serious objection,
To wedlock's bands,
A parson therefore came, by Pat's direction,
And joined their hands.
Then to the church next Sabbath fair
This happy couple did repair,
To see the folks, make complimentary speeches,
"And hear," said Pat, "how well the parson preaches."
The parson chose the following text;
"He that hath pity on the poor
Doth lend his substance to the Lord,
And from his never-failing store
In this world shall have rich reward,
And endless glory in the next."*

* Proverbs, xix. 17.

The preacher then, with eloquence, confessed
That ministers were those the text referred to,
(Meaning, of course, himself among the rest,)
For they were always poor; and he averred too,
That they who gave to him should ne'er be sorry,
For God would grant them riches here, and endless glory.
Pat was well pleased to think that he could gain
Rewards on earth, as well as future life;
And thus, returning home, in merry strain,
Addressed his wife:

“My dearest spouse,
We very soon
Shall have ten cows,
Instead of one:

For the parson, you know, is a very good man,
And he put me in mind of an excellent plan:
I will drive him my cow, dear, and then, do you see,
A whole drove of cows will the Lord give to me.”

In vain his wife tried to dissuade him,
And almost ventured to upbraid him.

He took his cow and gave her to the priest,
Who very gratefully his thanks expressed,
And turned her in a field of blooming clover,
Which all his cattle then were grazing over.

Patrick returned, with bosom light

And hopes raised high;
Although his wife heaved many a sigh:
But round his house the following night,

A noise was heard.

“My dear,” said Pat, “you now will trust my word;
I told you that our cow would shortly come,”
Then rose. and found her.

It seems, uneasy when confined from home,
She jumped the fence, at liberty to roam,
And several oxen following, stood around her.

"I thank the Lord," said Pat;

"And, though, they're oxen, I will not refuse them;
But see, my dear, they are so very fat,
I cannot use them."

His wife exclaims, "Pray, how then will you work it?"

"I'll tell you, honey;

I'll drive them down to Providence to market,
And get the money,"

So, merrily, without delay,

Along the road he sped his way.

The priest next morning oped his eyes

At early dawn,

And shortly found, with much surprise,

His oxen gone.

He traced their steps along the road,

And found the cow at Pat's abode.

When Pat returned, our minister,

With visage long,

(And feelings doubtless somewhat sinister,)

Told him *'Twas wrong*

To drive his oxen off without permission;

And that unless he rendered satisfaction,

His soul would be in danger of perdition,

For such an action.

But Pat with confidence and reverence due,

These words retorted:

"Sir, you asserted

That they who gave to priests would be rewarded,

And go to heaven.

Your sermon, sir, was doubtless very true ;
And now, sir, if your text has been regarded,
And those fine oxen God to me has given,
What's that to you ?"

The priest denied that this was what he meant

The last Lord's day ;

Declaring that the oxen were *not sent*,

But *ran away*.

"To come to case in hand, Pat, you must settle,
And pay me well for driving off my cattle.

But, seeing lawsuits are a great vexation,

We'll settle it by friendly arbitration.

So, Patrick, you may choose the men,

To hear the question and decide it ;

Whate'er be their decision then,

You must abide it."

"I thank you, sir," said Pat, "and since 'tis fair,

That honest men should judge a case so rare ;

And since you do not wish to make a bustle, sir,

About the place,

I think that I will choose the twelve apostles, sir,

To judge the case."

"The twelve apostles !—Patrick !—they

Can never hear us till the judgment day !"

"Why that," said Pat,

"Is just the very time and place I pitched upon.

They'll then determine

Exactly what you meant and what you preached upon

In your last sermon."

AN ENIGMA.

“ They bid me seek in other scenes
The *charm* that others see.”

OLD SONG.

THERE'S a word of five letters, oft used to express
The pleasure which mortals combine
In a flatterer's tongue, in a lover's caress,
In a wager at cards, in a hazard at chess,
Or a glass overflowing with wine.

Omit its initial, it then is allied
To injustice, oppression, and care ;
Drop one letter more, and it hangs by your side,
As true as a servant, as dear as a bride ;
Wheresoever you go, it is there.

Transpose its three last and it glitters above,
Or quietly grazes the heath ;
Transpose it throughout, it enlivens the grove,
Or in battle's warm strife it commands you to move
'Mid carnage, destruction and death.

Take three of its letters, and such is its fame,
A Turk will eschew it as evil ;
Transpose its first four and it then will proclaim
The high vault of heaven, and a part of the name
Which Milton bestowed on the Devil.

ODE FOR THE NATIONAL JUBILEE.

“Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound . . . and ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you.”—LEVITICUS XXV. 9, 10.

HAIL to the morn, when a nation arising,
Sprang to existence, unaided, alone;
When Liberty's champions, thralldom despising,
Burst from the bonds which around them were thrown!
Swift let the cannon's roar
Spread to our farthest shore,
Loud sound the trump to the ends of the earth!
High o'er oppression's grave,
Proud let our banners wave,
Welcome this jubilee day of our birth!

Sad was the time when our sky was o'erclouded;
Liberty, weeping, her wrongs did deplore;
When tyrants prevailed and our country was crowded
With lawless invaders polluting our shore.
Then first our sires arose,
Firmly attacked their foes,
Freedom or death did our sages declare;
Fleet was the warrior's dart,
Brave was the hero's heart,
Valiant the hosts which advanced to the war.

Dark was the hour when, our forces surrounding,
Britain's proud foemen exultingly came,

When the fierce savage, the war-whoop resounding,
Mothers and orphans consigned to the flame.

Swift burst the battle's storm,
Dire was its awful form,
Far did the echo extend o'er the plain :
Loud was the dying groan,
Sad rose the widow's moan,
Crimson with gore was the field of the slain.

"Charge for our country and nobly defend her!"
Rang through our forces by land and by sea,—
Soon was the foeman compelled to surrender,
And warriors and sages were rescued and free.
Praised be the bravery
That saved us from slavery,
Fame to our chiefs till the last sun is set!
Stark, Putnam, Gates and Greene,
Wayne, Sumpter, Sullivan,
Warren, Montgomery, and brave Lafayette!

Wide as the world be our WASHINGTON's glory,
Fadeless his wisdom and virtue will shine;
When princes and thrones shall remain but in story,
The patriot's heart shall be WASHINGTON's shrine.
First on the field of blood,
Firm as a rock he stood,
Leading his host like the pillar of flame;
Pure was his noble breast,
Peace was his constant guest.
Bright and immortal be WASHINGTON's name.

"Praise to Jehovah!" his mandate is spoken;
Liberty's banners his power has unfurled!

"He the strong fetters of slavery has broken,
 And freedom and science illumine the world.
 Humbly before him fall,
 Own him the Lord of all ;
 He o'er the universe ruleth alone :
 Loud let your voices raise
 Anthems of joyful praise ;
 Glory to God, who our foes hath o'erthrown !

HAMILTON, N. Y., *July 4, 1826.*



THE DISSIPATED COLLEGIAN.

"Our fellow-men, how shockingly they treat us !
 All are tormentors, every mother's son :
 When boys at school, our masters pinch and beat us,
 And thus it is, until life's race is run.
 The preachers scold us, and the lawyers cheat us ;
 The doctors pull our teeth out one by one,
 Till we, at last worn out, from life withdraw ;
 Our heirs then bury us, and go to law."

COUSIN LUCY.

'Tis said there was a certain wight,
 Whose mother-wit was very bright,
 An arrant rogue, and even bolder
 Than many rogues a great deal older ;
 An aged father's only child,
 Who laughed at all his actions wild,
 And wished to have him famed for knowledge,
 And therefore brought him up for college.
 This wight of ours disdained to study,
 And hated books in soul and body ;

His lessons, therefore, were neglected,
Though he as often was corrected ;
But when there was a chance to play,
He always chose to run away.
Yet, had he given due attention,
So powerful was his comprehension,
He might have been the first of all
In science, as in playing ball ;
He might have done as great exploits
In study, as in pitching quoits ;
But not an idler boy than he
Was found in the academy.
His anxious father oft advised him,
And his preceptor oft chastised him ;
Yet would he seize each opportunity
To cut his capers with impunity.
At length the appointed time drew near
When he at college must appear.
With very little preparation,
He underwent examination ;
And though it seemed that more than once
They might have set him down a dunce,
Yet, hoping that his tricks would quit him,
The Faculty thought best to admit him.
But even there his books were slighted,
And he in mischief still delighted.
'Twould waste more time than I can spare
To tell of half his frolics there ;
But, since 'tis fit to give a sample,
I mention this for an example.

One summer evening, when the moon
Among the clouds in splendor shone,

A gentleman, more kind than prudent,
Had called to see a certain student,
And tied his horse beneath a shade,
Until his visit should be made.
At length, returning to the spot,
He sought his horse, but found him not;
His milk-white steed, through some disaster,
Had gone away, and left his master.
He met a man upon the green,
And asked if he the horse had seen.
"I saw," said he, "some time ago,
About a half a mile below,
A gentleman ride by with speed,
Upon a handsome milk-white steed."
A dozen men now volunteered,
A dozen horses were prepared,
And soon they galloped out of sight,
To catch the thief and stop his flight.
At length they saw the milk-white horse,
Which still went on with rapid course;
And clouds obscured the moon and sky,
But still the trampling sounded nigh,
Until the thief had turned aside,
Within the gloomy woods to hide.
They darted on, they gathered round him,
And in the forest shortly found him.
"You rascal," said the first, advancing,
"Is this your horse that you were prancing?
Come back! the jail shall be your home
Till the state's prison is your doom;
The judge will soon pronounce your sentence,
And leave you leisure for repentance."

The thief, confounded, never stirred
Nor deigned to answer them a word ;
Till suddenly the moon shone bright,
And placed the rogue in open light.
But such a thief as this, I ween,
No mortal since has ever seen.
For, with astonishment, they saw
A handsome scarecrow made of straw,
All dressed in black, and set astraddle,
And firmly fastened to the saddle.
It seems this roguish wight of ours
Had thus exerted all his pow'rs,
Had placed the scarecrow on the steed,
And sent him off with wondrous speed,
To crack a joke and gain renown,
And raise the laughter of the town.

But time on rapid pinions glides,
Nor waits for scholars, winds or tides.
And now the fourth commencement came,
Since he at college gave his name,
When each received the "gradum aureum,
Omnium artium Baccalaureum."
Our wight, of course, took his degree,
As Mr. Reynard Rogue, A. B.
And now inspired with wild ambition,
Our college wit turned politician ;
Was entertained with welcome hearty,
And joined, of course, the strongest party.
He oft engaged in warm debate
To recommend his candidate ;
Declaimed, in many a florid speech,
On topics far beyond his reach ;

Or held his neighbor by the coat,
To plead his cause or gain his vote.
The election came, his side succeeded ;
His service was no longer needed.
No loaves or fishes could he gain,
And all his labors were in vain.
But still he tried his best endeavors,
To merit fortune's golden favors.
The Lotteries now engaged his dreams ;
He purchased tickets in the schemes,
And tried the various combinations,
Arranged from modern calculations ;
But notwithstanding all his pranks,
His tickets only brought him blanks.
At last, as more substantial sporting,
He thought to try his luck in courting.
He tied his new cravat with care,
Perfumed his dress, and combed his hair ;
He learned to walk with due uprightness,
To dance a figure with politeness ;
To enter drawing-rooms with grace,
To screw the dimples on his face ;
To make his bow, and then sit down,
As well as any beau in town.
Accomplished thus, he tried his arts,
To captivate the ladies' hearts.
But though he sought the bloom of health :
His chief inquiry was for wealth :
On this he opened all his battery,
With stores of wit and stores of flattery.
Yet every lady he selected
Refused his hand, his love rejected,

And he was doomed to pass his life,
Without the blessing of a wife.

Thus driven on by desperation,
At length he plunged in dissipation;
With wine and gaming spent his hours,
Degrading, wasting all his powers,
Till cash was spent and health was gone,
And even death seemed hastening on.
Hope had departed, joy had fled,
And sorrow hovered o'er his bed;
When sleep and care his eyes oppressed,
And youthful visions warmed his breast.
He thought the sun was beaming o'er him,
He saw his early home before him:
The well known pine, beneath whose shade
He oft had in his childhood played;
The gentle stream which glided by,
And all the landscape caught his eye.
He saw his father bent with years,
His furrowed cheek suffused with tears,
Lamenting oft, in accents wild,
His prodigal but darling child;
And oft his weeping mother mourned
"Oh why has not my son returned!"
The dream was o'er, the morn had come,
And soon the wanderer sought his home.
With weary steps, o'er hill and dale,
He safely reached his native vale;
His father's arms, his mother's kiss,
Soon realized his fancied bliss;
And well-known voices soothed his mind,
Of friends he long had left behind.

Now free from heart-corroding care,
He breathes with joy the balmy air;
He wanders through his native groves,
And peace returns, and health improves :
And labor brings him sweet repose,
Which wild ambition never knows ;
And all his sorrows fade away,
Like shadows at the dawn of day.
At length, more wise and modest grown,
The prodigal is brought to own,
That prudence is the road to wealth,
And industry the friend of health ;
That study is the way to knowledge,
At home, or in the walls of college ;
That virtue is the purest pleasure,
And calm content the greatest treasure ;
That splendid wit is all a fallacy,
And honesty the safest policy.

HAMILTON, N. Y., *July*, 1856.



THE PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

“In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came ;
Ten thousand celestials illumined her way,
And *order* conducted the Dame.”

MASONIC MINSTREL.

Long had the East, in weary slumber bound,
Reclined in mental solitude profound,

When ignorance her boundless empire spread,
And dire oppression filled mankind with dread,
While papal mandates trampled on the law,
And nations bowed with unresisting awe.
The lamp of science faded in the gloom,
And all was dark and dreary as the tomb,—
Save when the bloody steel of war shone bright,
Like meteors glittering in the depths of night.
But a glorious morning began to appear,
When the day star, adorning the heavens, drew near ;
When the press and the pen their importance displayed,
And knowledge and truth were diffused by their aid ;
When the *Bible* no longer from men was concealed,
And spotless Religion its beauty revealed ;
When Newton unfolded the wonders of heaven,
And the course of the stars in their wide circle driven,
When the magnet was found to be true to the pole,
Though the tempest should rage and the mad billows roll ;
When daring Columbus his genius had shown,
And discovered a world and a people unknown.
Then, bright as the ray which illumines the earth,
When the author of day in his glory shines forth,
From the regions of bliss, in a chariot of light,
Did the Goddess of Liberty burst on the sight.
Arrayed in her robes of perpetual youth,
Attended by wisdom, and justice, and truth,
Protected by virtue and guided by love,
She had left her bright home in the mansions above,
And descended to earth, a new dwelling to find,
With the wisest, the bravest, and best of mankind.
At first she paused on Afric's burning shore,
It various climes and people to explore.

Here rolled the Nile through Egypt's fertile clime,
Here towered the pond'rous pyramids sublime;
There lofty Atlas rose above the plain,
And drear Sahara stretched his wide domain;
But stained with sensuality and lust,
The human mind lay prostrate in the dust.
The lions roared on Ethiopia's waste,
And tigers' yells were mingled with the blast;
While the dark heathen, fleeing from distress,
Fled not to knowledge or to happiness.
There slave-ships ploughed the Gambia's golden flood,
Whose dismal dungeons smoked with human blood,
While frantic negroes, prostrate on the strand,
Now bade farewell to Guinea's wretched land;
Then, bound in chains, were wafted o'er the wave,
Or closed their suff'rings in a watery grave.

The Goddess, weeping, saw her labor lost,
Then winged her way to Asia's verdant coast.
She viewed the vast variety of man,
The dark Malay, the savage Tartar clan,
In northern climes, Siberia's frozen isles,
Or southern shores where fragrant India smiles;
Where sacred Ganges rolls his purple tide,
Or deep Hoangho's winding waters glide;
Where Himmaleh is crowned with endless snow,
Or bright Arabia's spicy breezes blow.
Here luxury had wove her silken bands,
And sordid nations followed her commands;
A race effeminate, a sensual crowd,
To idol gods in adoration bowed;
And bloody Juggernaut was rolled along,
While death and carnage hovered o'er the throng.

The Goddess paused, oppressed with growing cares,
Then turned away her eyes suffused with tears ;
Mourned for a race degraded by their crimes,
Then swiftly soared to Europe's brighter climes.
In classic lands she sought to find a home,
And fondly turned to visit Greece and Rome.
But Greece no longer fed the sacred fires
Which beamed around her patriotic sires ;
No Homer's harp in lofty numbers rung,
The fame of no Achilles could be sung ;
Her marble temples crumbled on the plain,
And Greece submitted to the Turkish chain.
Imperial Rome, once mistress of the East,
Had sunk in vice, degraded and oppressed ;
Her palaces, with age and moss grown gray,
And lofty walls were hastening to decay.
Vesuvius, raging, poured his fiery streams,
And angry Etna belched his liquid flames,
While father Tiber rolled his yellow waves,
Mournful and silent in a land of slaves.

The Goddess, turning, bade those realms adieu ;
Then o'er the Alps on rapid pinions flew,
Explored the wilds of Europe's farthest space,
To seek and bless a more congenial race.
Here Spain exulted in her balmy bowers,
Where happy lovers passed their blissful hours ;
Here France, luxuriant, tilled the fruitful vine ;
And heedless life was drowned with mirth and wine.
There, in a narrow hut, oppressed and poor,
Joyless and wretched, dwelt the German boor !
While princely halls, magnificent and wide,
Contrasted poverty with wealth and pride.

There Russian peasants, doomed to bootless toil,
Were bought and sold together with the soil ;
And Swedish hordes were sunk in dreamless sleep,
Where stormy Baltic rolled his mighty deep.
Here Britain's fairer isle in prospect lay,
Queen of the earth, and mistress of the sea.
The silver Thames, upon his bosom, bore
A thousand ships from Europe's farthest shore,
And gentle Avon slowly moved along,
Where sages listened to the poet's song.
Here infant knowledge, driven by savage foes,
From tedious flight had dared to seek repose.
But genius sung, and science strove in vain,
While Europe bowed beneath the tyrant's chain :
Her haughty nobles seized the reigns of might,
And wealth and grandeur triumphed over right ;
While lawless kings were sceptred on their thrones,
And tears were mingled with the people's groans.
The heavenly stranger, overwhelmed with care,
Now paused awhile, convulsed in mute despair,
Then spread her glitt'ring wings, prepared to fly,
And seek her native mansions in the sky.
She had turned with regret to bid mortals adieu,
When the bark of the Pilgrims appeared in her view :
Their white canvas courted the prosperous gale,
From the land of oppression and discord to sail ;
As they sought a retreat in a region afar,
Beneath the pale beams of Hesperia's star.
Fair Liberty, smiling, advanced by their side,
And the Pilgrims received her, their guardian and guide ;
And the fleet spurned the sea as it sailed o'er the wave,
To the land of the free and the home of the brave ;

Till they reached the blue shore of Atlantic's vast flood,
Where the Goddess of Liberty chose her abode.
Now the blows of the axe in the wild wood resound,
And the oak of the forest is felled to the ground :
The meadows enrobed in rich verdure appear,
Where the shaft of the savage pursued the wild deer ;
The fields lately barren are covered with grain,
And villages rise in the midst of the plain.

But hark ! the loud yell sounds to war's dread alarms,
And the heroes of liberty fly to their arms.
Now the savages rush from the depth of the wood,
Imbued with fresh slaughter, and reeking in blood ;—
In night's awful gloom the red firebrands they hurl,
While the volumes of smoke in the dark ether curl,
And the victims, o'erwhelmed in the ruins expire,
Or escape from the flames by the light of the fire.
Anon see the champions of freedom advance,
With tears on their cheeks and revenge in their glance.
As the rock meets the torrents around it that flow,
Unmoved they sustain the attack of the foe ;
As the torrents, impetuous, break over their banks,
They crush and discomfit the enemy's ranks ;
Till weary and weak, their hostilities cease,
And they bury the axe 'neath the broad tree of peace.
Now Britain, insatiate, from freemen demands
The blood of their bosoms, the work of their hands ;
And baffled in plunder, her forces prepare
To crush the fair realm by the Hydra of war.
But armies and navies advance o'er the main,
And Britain's proud Lion growls fiercely in vain ;
For the strong arm of truth is the patriot's guard,
And the sword of the just, is the sword of the Lord.

Attended by wisdom, and virtue, and peace,
Columbia's wide regions in glory increase ;
The spirit of knowledge revisits the West,
By slumber and darkness no longer oppressed ;
And the bright sun of science diffuses its rays,
Till Europe receives a new light from the blaze.
On swift waving pinions fair Liberty rides,
To extend her dominions o'er Amazon's tides ;
And the heights of the Andes acknowledge her power,
For the climes of the south are in slavery no more.

From the slumber of ages the Grecians have sprung,
And heroes and sages the clangor have rung ;
To freedom and light they are seeking the way,
And the Ottoman throne hastens on to decay.
Saw ye the lightning flash dart from the sky ?
Heard ye the thunder crash roaring on high ?*
'Tis the vengeance of heaven on the head of the foe,
And the impious crescent lies harmless and low.
Fast break the clouds away, fading in air,
Bright shines the lord of day, splendid and fair ;
And the morning breaks forth, when the multitude see
"The land of the bard and the warrior free!"
Now swift as the march of mind light shall extend,
Knowledge and justice in harmony blend,
Till science illumines the terrestrial ball,
And the Goddess of Liberty rules over all,

HAMILTON, N. Y., *August*, 1826.

* These lines were written shortly after the fall of Missolonghi was announced.

SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

“ The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine ;
Its calm blue sky is o’er thee,
Thy bosom pleasure’s shrine.”

MAY Heaven’s constant blessing,
Preserve thy heart from woe ;
And dearest friends caressing,
Their kindest smiles bestow ;
And brightly may
The passing day,
Its pleasures round thee strew,
And purest joy,
Without alloy,
Thy peaceful cup o’erflow !

Thy beaming eye of beauty
Be free from sorrow’s tear ;
The radiant path of duty
Be still thy calm career ;
A light divine
Around thee shine,
Thy sky be ever clear ;
And seen afar,
Hope’s vesper star
Thy blissful bosom cheer !

But when on wings of fleetness,
Thy years have glided by ;

When life has lost its sweetness,
 And age has dimmed thine eye ;
 Released from clay,
 Serenely may
 Thy gentle spirit fly,
 To welcome rest,
 Among the blest,
 In realms beyond the sky !

HAMILTON, N. Y., *August*, 1826.



ACADEMIC ADDRESS,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF HAMILTON ACADEMY.

" Oh ! not as autumn birds forsake their nest,
 But to return when summer decks the plain ;
 Not as the sun that slumbers in the west,
 To wake to-morrow in the east again ;
 Not as the tone of harps, by winds carest,
 Which, lost awhile, swells forth in sweeter strain ;
 But like a spirit, from its home of woe,
 That parts, unknowing whither,—thus ye go !"

HARP OF THE ISLE.

THE day declines ; the hour is near,
 Which calls affection's warmest tear ;
 When he who speaks must bid adieu
 To hands so warm, and hearts so true ;
 When each dear friend shall leave this dome,
 To greet once more a distant home ;
 When we, who loved so much, must sever,
 Perhaps to meet no more forever !

Comrades ! another morn will rise,
Again the sun will light the skies ;
Another moon shall wax and wane,
Young flowers once more will grace the plain ;
New seasons still coming rolling on ;
But where ! oh, where shall we be gone !
Though fancy's scenes with joy be crowned,
And hope's bright garlands bloom around ;
Yet varied as the raging sea
Remains the tide of destiny.
Oh ! some will smile in pleasure's bower,
Perhaps with honor, wealth, and power ;
And some will trim the midnight lamp,
And some will seek the warrior's camp ;
And some to distant lands may hie,
Away to live, unknown to die ;
And some true hearts perchance will sleep
Beneath the bosom of the deep !
Yet long shall faithful memory tell
How friends have sighed to bid farewell ;
And oft affection shall remind us
Of scenes and pleasures left behind us ;—
Of sunny prospects, cooling shades,
And moonlight walks in verdant glades,
Of study's ardent meditation,
And summer-evening's recreation ;—
Of former days of joy and gladness,
And parting hours of grief and sadness,
For ours has been the early lesson,
To expand the mind and form the reason ;
To move the pen with ease and grace,
The rules of language to retrace ;

The depth of numbers to explore,
And comprehend their boundless power,
Where figures, variously designed,
And symbols aid the wearied mind;
The earth's vast surface to compare,
By map and chart, or rolling sphere;
To learn the state of mighty nations,
With all their various relations;
Their arts and laws to ascertain,
Their numerous customs to explain:
To know, from history's ponderous pages,
The glorious deeds of former ages;
What famous men have passed away,
Or empires fallen to decay;
To trace the planets as they fly,
Along the blue ethereal sky;
To find the cause of nature's changes,
As through the elements she ranges;
Why heavy bodies seek the ground,
Or lightning spreads destruction round;
To speak with force and eloquence,
And write with purity and sense,
In ancient authors to explore
The mysteries of classic lore;
In modern tongues our thoughts to frame,
And spread afar our country's fame;
'Twas ours to climb truth's lofty mountain,
And drink at learning's deepest fountain.

But "know yourselves," your nature scan,
And study well the mind of man.
To be respected, good and wise
Beyond the power of learning lies;

Virtue alone can make us great,
In this and in a future state :
On that depends our solid worth,
Whate'er our fortune, rank or birth ;
A constant guide, a sure defence,
Its pleasure is its recompense.
Then may our minds, in early youth,
Imbibe the principles of truth ;
May virtue's precepts guide our ways
Through life's untrodden, thorny maze ;
So shall we walk the path of peace ;
So shall prosperity increase ;
Thus shall our days be happy here,
And pass away without a tear !

Though rude the winds of winter blow,
On endless heaps of drifted snow ;
Spring quick returns, with gentle showers,
And vernal landscapes decked with flowers,
Till cancer's sun pours down his rays,
And summer burns beneath his blaze.
Then Ceres leads her welcome train,
And waves the fields of golden grain,
Till winter comes, with aspect drear,
And ends the swift revolving year.
Such is the fleeting life of man ;
His moments few, his days a span.
Soon as the sun of knowledge shines,
His verdant spring of life declines ;
And should he pass a summer hour,
Of pleasure, honor, wealth or power,
That summer soon will pass away,
The fruits of autumn soon decay,

And wintry age, with gasping breath,
Will close the solemn scene in death !
Like bubbles on the ocean's shore,
Which rise, and straight are seen no more ;
Or like the track upon the sand,
When whirlwinds blow on Guinea's strand ;
His name is blotted from the earth,
Nor fame prevails, nor noble birth ;
His spirit hastens to the bourne,
From which no traveller can return !
But there's a blissful world above,
The mansion of a Saviour's love,
Where care and sorrow ever cease,
And happy spirits rest in peace.
And there's a power that aids the soul
To gain that high and shining goal ;
And there's a book that points the way
To that fair realm of endless day ;
Make this your guide, and yours shall be
The pleasures of eternity !

HAMILTON, N. Y., *Sept*, 1826.

THE FIRE AT SEA.

Few scenes can be more awful than such an one as a student's pen has here attempted to portray.

THE wind swelled our sails, as it swiftly sped by,
And swept o'er the wide waters drear ;
The billows around tossed their white caps on high,
The sun had descended, and dark was the sky,
Portending a storm to be near.

When, breaking the silence so gloomy and dread,
A gun loudly roared o'er the sea :—
“ A ship is on fire,” cried the man at mast-head ;
The flames seize the rigging, and rapidly spread,
“ A full league away on our lee !”

All hands then were summoned, to set every sail,
And onward we dashed o'er the wave,
Unheeding the threats of the sky and the gale,
While boldly advancing, to come within hail,
The hands of that vessel to save.

Now bright were the flashes of cinders which flew,
And glared on the white foaming tide ;
Till striving to meet us, the sad-hearted crew,
Informed by our signal, appeared in our view,
And soon they were safe by our side :

When, sharp as the thunders of midnight resound,
And loud as the hurricane's roar,
That vessel blew up, spread destruction around,
Then sunk in the ocean, mid horrors profound ;
And all was as dark as before.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, *Nov.*, 1826.

THE RAINBOW.

COMPOSED FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

THRONED on a dark, majestic cloud,
Far away,
Heaven's radiant arc, serenely bowed,
Smiling lay,
Lit by the splendor of the proud
Lord of day.

Shortly the sun withdrew from sight,
In the west ;
Soon sank the cloud, beneath the night,
To its rest ;
Soon died the rainbow's vivid light
On its breast.

Thus, hope's resplendent magic car
Fleeted on,
Whilst its illuminating star
Brightly shone ;—
Soon shall it vanish, when afar
Thou art gone !

HAMILTON COLLEGE, *Dec.*, 1826.

NEW YEAR'S ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE PHœNICIAN SOCIETY OF HAMILTON COLLEGE.

HAIL to the lovers of music and mystery !

Hail, fellow-students, both sober and gay !
Science and Politics, Grammar and History,
Reason and Logic are crazy to-day :

My rhyme is ill-chosen, my ink is nigh frozen,
And blots by the dozen around me appear ;
But still in the issue, before they dismiss you,
Permit me to wish you a happy new year.

Now in the time of the festival holidays,
Christmas, Thanksgiving, and New Year's and all,
When Freshmen and Seniors together keep jolly days,
Down Clinton Street, or up Hamilton Hall ;
When books are neglected, and study rejected,
And pleasure expected by all ranks of men ;
In this merry season, it cannot be treason
That rhyme without reason should govern the pen.

Sing then of peace and continued prosperity,
Raise the glad anthem abroad and at home ;
Trumpet our nation's renown to posterity,
Tell of her glory in ages to come :
Our internal ditches, the wonder of witches,
Will add to our riches and cherish our trade,
While steam and canal boats, large ships and sail-boats,
And packets and mail-boats our commerce will aid.

Sing of our Congress and President's message,
Talk upon politics much as you will ;
May every good law have a speedier passage,
And every *dull* speech-making member be still ;
May truth be regarded, and merit rewarded,
And error retarded, while vices are few ;
That every vile faction, or wicked transaction,
May meet with detection and punishment due.

Sing of uncommon escapes and recoveries,
Steam-boilers bursting, or stages upset ;
Sing of inventions and noted discoveries,
Since the last visit of good La Fayette ;
Of Reynolds's lectures, and Mitchell's conjectures,
With spider-web textures of arguments thin,
On Captain Symmes' notions of internal oceans,
And wonderful motions of regions within.

Sing of our maidens, so lively and pretty,
With cheeks of the rose and the lily combined,
With red lips, and bright eyes, and ringlets so jetty,
Adorned with all graces of person and mind.
Still may they inherit the beauty and merit,
And well-tempered spirit, which lovers revere ;
And each be surrounded with pleasure unbounded,
While joy's trump is sounded, this happy New Year.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, *Jan. 1.*, 1827.

SOUTH AMERICA.

IN MEMORY OF THE BATTLE OF AYACUCHO, WHICH WAS FOUGHT DEC.
9, 1825, AND SECURED THE INDEPENDENCE OF PERU.

WHEN tyranny and foreign foes
Columbia's realm oppressed,
Enkindled, then, by numerous woes,
The heavenly flame of freedom rose,
In each Peruvian breast :

And every patriot soldier brave
To heaven's high court appealed,
And swore to live no more a slave,
But rather seek a glorious grave,
Upon the bloody field.

Beneath the Andes' towering height,
Of everlasting snow,
They armed for freedom and the right,
They met the fierce and eager fight,
And vanquished every foe.

The clouds of ignorance have fled,
Which dimmed those southern shores ;
The light of truth is widely spread,
Where patriots fought, and tyrants bled,
And freedom's eagle soars.

Where Spain has shorn the golden fleece,
And war's red firebrands hurled,

Her reign is o'er, her power must cease,
And nations greet immortal peace,
Throughout the western world.

•
And soon shall freedom claim the day,
In earth's remotest clime ;
And countless hosts shall own its sway,
While monarchs fall, and thrones decay,
By heaven's decree sublime.

HAMILTON COLLEGE, *Jan.*, 1827.



THE REQUIEM.

ON THE DEATH OF A CLASSMATE, CADET MARKS J. B. WOOD OF GEORGIA, AT WEST POINT, MARCH 19, 1828.

WHY rolls the solemn muffled drum,
And peal the notes of woe ?
As on the breeze their accents float,
So mournfully and slow :
Why stoops yon spangled banner
From its glorious seat above ?
And why does yon procession
In funeral silence move ?

From its frail abode of sorrow
Has a noble spirit fled ;
A young and gallant soldier sleeps
Among the silent dead ;

And yonder are his weeping friends,
The generous and the brave,
To bid a long, a last farewell,
And lay him in the grave.

He fell ;—not in the battle-field,
Where war's loud thunders sound,
Where heaps of slain and wounded lie
Along the bloody ground ;
But darker was his hapless fate,
By grim disease to fall,
Than have the flag of triumph
Overspread his funeral pall.

He died ;—not in his early home,
So dear to fancy's view,
Where once among the scenes of youth
His rapturous moments flew :
No loving parent at his side
Received his parting breath ;
An orphan, in a distant land,
He closed his eyes in death.

But bitterly was shed for him
Affection's warmest tear ;
And many youthful cheeks were wet
Around his lonely bier ;
And the hearts of his companions
Shall be his sacred urn,
Till all the friends who weep for him
To dust again return.

His mortal frame is mouldering
Beneath the dreary clod ;
His spirit has returned
To its Creator and its God :
Then rest thee, brother soldier,
In thy lone but peaceful tomb,
Till the angel's trump shall call thee,
In the final day of doom !

May'st thou, at that dread moment,
In immortal glory rise,
Robed in the spotless uniform
Of saints beyond the skies ;
And there may we all meet thee,
On that celestial shore,
Where sorrow turns to gladness,
And where friends shall part no more !

WEST POINT, N. Y., *March*, 1828.



TO A GOLDFINCH.

WHICH, AFTER HAVING ESCAPED FROM ITS CAGE, RETURNED TO ITS FAIR
OWNER.

BIRD of the gentle wing,
Songster of air,
Home from thy wandering,
Dost thou repair ?
Art thou deserted, then,
Wildered and lone ?
Come to my breast again,
Beautiful one.

Here in the rosy beds
 Hover anew ;
Eating the garden seeds,
 Sipping the dew :
Then in my bower
 The fragrance inhale
Of each lovely flower
 That waves in the gale.

When the bright morning star,
 Rising on high,
Day's early harbinger,
 Shines in the sky,
Then shall thy numbers,
 So lively and gay,
Rouse me from slumbers,
 To welcome the day.

When the still evening comes,
 Tranquil and clear ;
When the dull beetle roams
 Drumming the air ;
Then, on the willow-trees
 Shading the door,
Sing me thy melodies
 Over once more.

Thus shall the moments fly
 Sweetly along,
Tuned to thy minstrelsy,
 Cheered by thy song ;

'Till as the light declines
 Far in the west,
 Thou, 'mid the trellised vines,
 Hush thee to rest.

WEST POINT, N. Y., *May*, 1828.



NIAGARA FALLS.

"Niagara rolls on. The faithless wave,
 That tore the Indian from his gentle cove,
 Is smooth and bright as silver. Nothing speaks
 Of last night's rain: and now the rainbow smiles,
 And the white gull flaps through its orange light;
 And the eternal roaring of the Falls
 Goes on the same. Wild Indian, farewell!
 Thou wert a brother, and thy dying bed
 Was the white lashing spray;—thy only knell
 The rapid's thunder;—and the deep, deep gulf
 Thy sunless sepulchre!" J. R. ORTON.

THE sun shone brightly o'er me as I stood
 And gazed upon Niagara's swelling flood;
 Whose waters, springing from a distant source,
 Through ages past have sped their solemn course;
 Then rushing downward, o'er the lofty rock,
 Have made earth's foundations tremble with their
 Till, flowing on majestic and free, [shock;
 They joined afar the bosom of the sea.
 Between rich plains, extending far around,
 And gentle hills with verdant foliage crowned,
 Whose sloping sides grow dim in distant blue,
 Niagara river steals upon the view.
 Then, winding slow, the current glides along,
 Its fertile isles and sunny banks among,

Till soon it meets a rough and rocky bed,
And o'er the rapids furiously is sped ;—
Sinks in the hollows, swells and sinks again,
And rolls its billows like the raging main :—
Now the huge breakers raise it to the skies,
Whirlpools revolve, and foaming mountains rise.
New floods behind, the waves before them urge,
Approaching nearer to the giddy verge ;
Till a fair isle the mighty current braves,
And with its front divides the yielding waves.
On either side the mighty waters roll,
And ceaseless hurry to the frightful goal ;
Then from the lofty rocks with awful sound
Fall headlong downward to the vast profound,—
Speed to the bottom, swell the deeps below,—
Rise to the surface, boiling as they flow ;
In eddying circles vent their angry force ;
Then join the current and pursue their course.
Here on the brow the sea-green flood rolls by,
Reflecting all the brightness of the sky,*
While piles of foam, the cataract beneath,
Hang o'er the rocks and round the billows wreath.
There, as the falling torrent meets the air,
White foaming fleeces down the chasm appear ;
And the bright rainbow through the misty spray,
Shines in the sun and gilds the face of day.
And far below, from adamantine beds,
The rocky banks erect their hoary heads ;—
While lofty trees, like dwarfs, above them seen,
Clothe the high cliffs with robes of brightest green ;
Like uptorn Ossa, from its centre riven,
When the fierce giants fought the powers of heaven.

I thought when gazing on this glorious view,
How once the Indian, in his bark canoe,
While fishing far away upon the wave,
Was swiftly buried in a watery grave.
As moored at anchor on the treacherous flood,
He throws his net and line in sportive mood,
How great his horror when at first he hears
The cataract swelling louder on his ears;
When first, beneath the evening's dusky hue,
The mighty rapid breaks upon his view;
And unsuspected, with the currents' glide;
His little boat is carried by the tide,—
While the dim figures seen upon the strand
Move with the stream which bears him from the land!
Then is his angle rod in haste thrown by,
While resolution flashes from his eye;
Then his strong arm, unceasing bends the oar,
His course directing to the nearest shore;
At every stroke he dashes through the foam,
And anxiously seems drawing toward his home.
Row! Indian row! avoid the fearful steep!
Urge the light bark, and o'er the waters sweep!
Too late, alas! the vortex is too strong;
The rapid current hurries him along!
In vain he sees his cabin gleam afar,
Beneath the twinkling of the evening star;—
The shores recede, the hut eludes his sight,
Then fades in distance mid the gloom of night!
And now the breakers swell with lofty waves,
And now his bark their foaming summit braves.
Despair now seizes on his wearied breast,
His oars neglected lie upon their rest;

His dog, unheeded, fawns upon his side,
Then leaps unconscious, in the fatal tide.
One prayer is uttered by his wildered mind ;
Then sits the Indian, silent and resigned,
And in his light canoe with patience waits
The speedy issue of his awful fates.
Now roar the waters, terrible and loud,,
As heaviest thunder from the blackest cloud ;
And now the chasm its awful depth reveals,
And now the bark upon its summit reels ;
Then down the vast abyss is viewless borne,
To depths of darkness, never to return !
The setting sun beheld him far from shore ;
The rising morn shall ne'er awake him more ;
But on the beach his bones unburied lie,
And whiten under many a summer's sky ;
And oft, the Indians say, his spirit roves,
Where once he hunted in his native groves ;
And ever as he flies before the wind,
His faithful dog still follows close behind ;
And oft in loneliness the maiden weeps,
Beside the waters where her hero sleeps ;
And oft the stranger listens to his tale,
And hears the warriors raise his funeral wail ;
While fervent prayers to the Great Spirit rise,
To bless their brother-hunter in the skies.

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Oct.*, 1828.

THE GARLAND.

WRITTEN FOR AND AT THE REQUEST OF A FRIEND, WHO WAS DEEPLY
ENAMORED OF A FAIR LADY.

I've braided thee a garland bright,
Of lovely flowers combined,
An emblem of thy gentle form,
A symbol of thy mind ;
Oh ! may with each returning spring,
Thy hopes as radiant be !
Then wear this wreath upon thy brow,
And still remember me.

I've plucked the mountain evergreen,
A token of thy truth ;
I've decked it with the blooming rose,
The lovely type of youth ;
I've sought the modest violet,
Around the verdant dell ;
I've culled the lily of the vale,
Thy purity to tell.

And brightly will the garland twine
Around thine auburn hair ;
Its roses with thy rosy cheeks
Will beauteously compare ;
The lilies with thine ivory brow
As gracefully will vie ;
And dew-drop gems will sparkle there,
To match thy beaming eye.

Alas ! that flowers so beautiful
Must wither and decay ;
Alas ! that thus the fairest form
Must shortly fade away ;
But may'st thou seek a better part,
A brighter world on high,
And smile to see in death's dark storm
The rainbow of the sky.

Then wear this garland on thy brow,
And think by whom 'twas wove :
Oh ! keep it as the sacred pledge
Of warm, devoted love !
And still with each returning spring
I'll twine fresh flowers for thee,
If thou wilt take this blooming wreath,
And kindly smile to me !

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Oct.*, 1828.

THE HERMIT'S VESPER HYMN.

" 'Twas then by the cave of a mountain afar,
A hermit his song of the night thus began ;
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

BEATTIE.

A HERMIT of the forest wild,
Far from the busy throng
His lonely moments thus beguiled,
And sung his vesper song :

“Eternal Lord of earth and sky !
Thou great unseen, unknown !
Who dwell'st in sovereign majesty,
Omnipotent, alone ;—

“Thou art the source of every good,
My help in every care ;
Thou quell'st the raging of the flood,
And tumult of the air.

“The glittering stars their courses run,
By thy supreme decree ;
The evening moon, and morning sun,
Receive their light from thee.

“By thee the earth is crowned with flowers,
And yellow fields of grain ;
By thee the clouds send down their showers,
And verdure decks the plain.

“To thee all creatures owe their birth,
That swim, or fly, or creep ;—
The fowl of air, the beast of earth,
And monster of the deep.

“And man is thine : his wondrous frame
Was fashioned by thy hand ;
The vital spark, from thee that came,
Departs at thy command.

“Oh ! be my guardian and guide,
My father and my friend,
Till whelmed in death's resistless tide,
My pilgrimage shall end !”

THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY BEARING THIS
NAME, AT THE U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, IN IMITATION OF CANNING'S
"UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN."

MR. PRESIDENT,

Most heartily I wish to see
The onward path of knowledge,
In this renowned Academy,
As well as every College;
And so, I thought that I would try,
By way of a variety,
To write a poem for the Di—
Alectical Society.

Accordingly, I took my pen,
And went to work laboriously,
And wrote a verse or two, and then
Disliked it most notoriously.
My sentiments were all too dry,
Too full of dull sobriety,
To please, or entertain the Di—
Alectical Society.

I next tried to embellish them,
By pruning and by dressing;
And if you do not relish them,
'Twill surely be distressing.

But should they please the critic's eye,
And gain some notoriety,
I shall be grateful to the Di—
Alectical Society.

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Nov.*, 1828.



THE SEA AND THE STORM.

"I have said that the honor of a nation requires it to engage in war for a wise end. I add, as a more important rule, that its dignity demands of it to engage in no conflict without a full consciousness of rectitude. . . In declaring war, it should listen to the voice of duty. To resolve on the destruction of our fellow-creatures without a command from conscience, a commission from God, is to bring on a people a load of infamy and crime."—REV. DR. CHANNING.

THE mist descended from the snow
That whitened o'er the cliff;
The clouds were gathering still and slow
And solemn darkness reigned below
The peak of Teneriffe.

For on that rocky peak and high,
Magnificent and lone,
The awful storm-king of the sky,
Beyond the reach of mortal eye,
Had reared his cloudy throne.

By him the raging winds unfurled,
Swept o'er the prostrate land ;

And thence, above the affrighted world,
The flashing thunder-bolts were hurled
Forth from his red right hand.

Uprising from his cave of jet,
While mists obscured his form,
With streaming locks and vesture wet,
The *Spirit* of the ocean met
The *Spirit* of the storm.

“And why so madly dost thou dare,
Proud Spirit of the sea,
To tempt the monarch of the air,
With the whirlwind’s rage and the lightning’s glare?
What seekest thou of me?”

“I have risen afar from my coral caves,
Where the pearls are sparkling bright,
To roam o’er the isles I have girt with my waves;
And I hurl defiance at thee and thy slaves,
And I challenge thee here to the fight!”

“Take this in return!” and the thunderbolt rushed
From the midst of a cloud of fire;
The tempest forth from his nostrils gushed,
And the island forest his footsteps crushed,
In the burning of his ire.

Now fierce o’er the waters mad hurricanes boom,
And the depths of the ocean uprend;
Now the waves lash the skies as they madly uploom,
And whirlwinds and billows in furious gloom,
Meet, mingle, and fiercely contend.

But the monarch of ocean spurns his thrall,
 And evades his fierce control ;—
 Away in his ice-clad crystal hall,
 He still reigns absolute monarch of all
 That surround the frozen pole.

The day breaks forth, and the storm is past,—
 Again are the elements free ;
 But many a vessel is still sinking fast,
 And many a mariner rests at last,
 In the bosom of the sea !

Even thus when monarchs hostilities wage,
 And the war-cry fills the air,
 When nations are plundered, and armies engage,
 The peaceful and weak fall a prey to their rage,
But what place has justice there ?

WEST POINT, N. Y., Jan., 1829.

TO MY SISTER.

“The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight,—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

“They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth :—
 Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And naught beyond, *oh earth !*”

MRS. HEMANS.

AGAIN beneath our early home,
 I meet thee, filled with hope and gladness ;

But soon, too soon, the time will come,
When tears of joy will change to sadness.
I knew thee once, a beauteous child,
That sweetly in the cradle smiled ;
And I have rocked thee as thou slept,
And o'er thy slumber vigils kept.
And I have heard thee lisp my name,—
And ever loved thee still the same,
And thought of thee when far away
Within the dwelling of the stranger ;
Through lingering eve, and livelong day,
Or in the darkest hour of danger.

I see thee now a vernal flower,
Its hue and fragrancy unfolding ;
And oh ! in spring's delightful bower,
What fairer form is worth beholding !—
But other changes still will come,
And thou wilt leave thine early home ;
And other friends will meet thy gaze,
And other tongues will speak thy praise,
And Providence thy life will bless,
With plenty, peace, and happiness.
Oh then, when I am far away,
And thou art given to another,
Wilt thou among the proud and gay,
Remember still thy distant brother !

Thus on the rapid years will pass,
Till life's bright summer sun be shaded ;
And then thine image in the glass,
Will tell thee how those charms are faded.

And friends will leave thee one by one,
Till all thy intimates are gone ;
And sorrow then will cloud thy brow,
So beautiful and joyous now,
Till all the pleasures known before,
Shall be experienced no more :
And then the final change will come,
And all the ties of life will sever ;
And thou wilt sleep beneath the tomb,
To wake but once again, forever !

And what is life ? 'tis all of time
That to the human race is given ;
A rugged path which all must climb,
That sinks to hell, or mounts to heaven.
'Tis like the flowing of a stream,
Or like the changes of a dream.
The dream that flits across the mind,
Leaves no reality behind ;
The stream is lost beneath the sea,
As time beneath eternity.
Eternity ! a boundless deep,
Devouring time since earth's creation,
Where time and nature both must sleep,
Hereafter in annihilation !

'Tis not the joys that earth can give,
Though good, and pure, and worth possessing,
For which the prudent mind will live,
Or which will prove its greatest blessing.
The path of peace and innocence,
A conscience void of all offence,—

The Christian's faith, the Christian's love,
The gift that cometh from above,
Are higher, nobler ends than this,
And sources of a purer bliss.
Oblivion soon will spread its pall,
Eternity will ope its portals,
Alas to man, if earth were all
Of happiness to dying mortals !

May'st thou, my sister, seek the prize,
That lasts, though poverty assail thee ;
A heritance beyond the skies,
A treasure that will never fail thee.
May peace and plenty deck thy shrine,
Be health and reason ever thine ;
May truth and virtue guide thy ways,
Through life's perplexed and thorny maze ;
And may religion guard thy path,
Through life, and through the gates of death ;
Then, when thy form in darkness lies,
And moulders in its peaceful slumbers,
Serenely may thy spirit rise
Where angels hymn their tuneful numbers !

BURLINGTON, N. Y., *July*, 1829.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

“The star can shine on many brooks ;—
The brook can see no star but this.”

STAR of evening, beaming bright,—
With a never dying light ;
Still thy constant course pursue,
Ever welcome to my view.

Star of evening, I have oft
Watched thy constant course aloft,
When the frequent fleecy cloud
Wrapt thee in its sombre shroud.

I have waited till again
Should thy beams illumine the plain ;
And have seen thy parting ray,
O'er the waters, twinkling, play.

When the sailor's course is lost,
And his vessel tempest toss'd.—
Joyfully he turns to thee,
As thou breakest on the sea.

When thou smilest from above,
In the sacred hour of love ;—
Absent beauty's worshipper
Looks to thee, and thinks of her.

'Neath thy light, the vesper hymn
Peals along the chapel dim ;
And the solemn voice of prayer
Mingles with the dewy air.

'Neath thy beams the shepherds slept,
Or their watchful vigils kept,
When the angels brought to earth
Tidings of a Saviour's birth.

Star of eve ! thy cheerful rays
Waken thoughts of future days,—
Lead our minds to hopes of bliss,
In a brighter world than this.

Thou dost seem to fancy's eye,
Throned in yonder sparkling sky,
Like a home of endless rest,
For the spirits of the blest.

While I wander through the gloom
Which surrounds my mortal doom,
Still, sweet vision, shine afar,
Be thou still my guiding star.

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Oct.*, 1829.

A SWISS TALE.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A VERY YOUNG LADY, OF SWISS DESCENT,
SINCE DECEASED.

FAR in a lonely vale away,
Where Switzerland's blithe shepherds stray ;—
Before the tyrant Gessler fell
Beneath the sword of William Tell ;
Within a green and shady wood
A peasant's cot and garden stood.
Behind it was a lofty mountain,
Beside it was a crystal fountain ;
And thence, adown the garden alley,
A stream meandered through the valley.
Along its banks the flocks would graze ;
And oft the passing stranger gaze,
To see the shepherd with his crook,
Attend the sheep beside the brook.
For he it was, who owned the cot ;
In truth it was a lovely spot ;
The garden was bedecked with flowers ;
The vines had clambered o'er the bowers ;
And there, beside that stream of water,
Himself, and wife, and only daughter
Had lived contented and alone,
By all, save shepherd friends, unknown.
Fair Ellen was a lovely child,
In manners sweet, in temper mild
In conversation always gay,
And quick her parents to obey ;

Her conduct was by all approved,
And all the youth who saw her loved.
Young Henry was a noble youth,
His heart was disciplined in truth ;
His courage oft had been the theme
Of all the hamlets on the stream.
His father lived beneath the hill,
His flocks were pastured by the rill,—
And Henry oftentimes would roam
To spend an hour at Ellen's home.
Her simple song and artless smile
Would oft his tedious hours beguile,
Until at length, in maiden pride,
She gave her vow to be his bride.

It was a glorious day of spring,
When wood and dale were blossoming ;
The sun was shining clear and bright,
On Uri Rothstock's lofty height ;
Its peak, forever white with snow,
Like burnished silver shone below :
And all along its craggy side
The lofty glaciers, steep and wide,
Of massive ice a mighty load,
O'erhung young Henry's fair abode :—
When Henry, sitting by his sheep,
Watching the Rothstock's dizzy steep,
Beheld,—oh direful was the day !
Beheld the avalanche give way,
Break from the hill, and downward dash,
With headlong speed, and horrid crash ;
And taking, with resistless force,
His father's cottage in its course,

Crush it to atoms, and amain
Move thundering onward o'er the plain !
With heart distracted at the view,
Swift toward his cottage Henry flew.
He found his father's mangled form,
Bereft of life, yet bleeding—warm ;
But all the rest were buried deep
Beneath the crushed and ruined heap.
With tears of anguish Henry gave,
All that remained to give, a grave ;
Then slowly turning down the dell,
To Ellen bade a wild farewell ;
And fled afar to seek relief,
Oblivion of his speechless grief.

But now the tyrant Gessler's band
Were ravaging fair Switzerland ;
And many a chief, by many a river,
At midnight filled the teeming quiver ;
And many a freeman aimed his dart
In secret at the tyrant's heart.
Young Henry sought the patriot brave,
“ And rushed to glory or the grave.”
When night and darkness wrapt the sky
And torrents fell, and winds were high,
And Uri bay, with foaming shore
Echoed the billow's fearful roar,—
The patriot heroes, rushing down,
Regardless of the tempest's frown,
Would storm the unsuspecting posts,
Where slept the tyrant's fated hosts,
And deadly vengeance dealt the blow
Which laid the hostile cowards low.

Anon there came a direful tale,
Of threatened crimes in Ellen's vale ;
Of Henry's fame, and Gessler's wrath,
Of flames, and robbery, and death.
Swift as the wind, a trusty band,
Marshall'd at Henry's loved command,
Sped over mountain, stream and fen,
O'er glacier steep and rocky glen,
To save her life, or share the lot
Of Ellen and her father's cot.

They reached the vale, they saw afar
The raging flames, proclaiming war ;
They heard the bell toll out the knell,
While echo caught the solemn swell,
And mingled it with plaintive cries,
Which rose from human sacrifice !

Young Henry saw, and spurred his steed ;—
“ On, soldiers, on ! speed, comrades, speed ! ”
With eyes of fire, and visage fell,
Which flashed with rage unspeakable,
With buckler raised and sabre drawn,
“ Speed, horsemen, speed ! on, soldiers, on !
Charge, warriors, charge ! ” then, vaulting, sprung
The tyrant's thickest ranks among !
His sabre gleamed, and right and left,
On every side a passage cleft ;
The cowards quailed beneath his arm,
Fleeing with haste, and wild alarm ;
His trusty warriors, gathered round,
Hewed down the ranks, hemmed in the ground,
Till all lay bleeding on the field,
And not a foe was left to yield.

But now advancing o'er the plain
Was heard the trumpet's joyful strain ;
And notes of triumph swelled the gale,
From troops advancing through the vale.
Loud rolled the drum, the banners waved :
"Shepherds rejoice ! your land is saved,
The days of anarchy are o'er,
The tyrant welters in his gore ;
Our troops disperse, our tumults cease,
Our country now shall rest in peace !"

It was a lovely day of spring
When wood and vale were blossoming,
And birds were singing, and the trees
Yielded their perfume to the breeze ;
And all the shepherds of the valley
Were ranged beside the chapel alley ;
When, arm in arm, a lovely pair
Passed through the ranks assembled there,—
And, 'mid the joyous festal throng,
With solemn prayer, and sacred song,
Knelt at the altar, side by side ;
And Ellen was brave Henry's bride.

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Oct.*, 1829.

MORNING.

“Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell.”

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR.

MORN's orient beams appear, and one by one,
The weary stars, retiring from their watch,
Quench their bright lamps, and dimly sink to rest.
Blushing Aurora hides before the Sun,
Who yonder comes, upon his fiery car,
To ride his daily circuit through the sky,
Dispensing to the nations light and life.
A flood of glory showers upon the peaks
Of lofty mountains; bursts upon the plains;
Tinges with burnished gold the lifted clouds,
That seem his shady canopy; and lights
His pathway up the heavens. Nature awakes
From drowsy slumber, active and refreshed;
And air and earth are filled with animation.
The lowing herd disperse upon the mead;
The insect myriads murmur forth their joy;
And thousand songsters warble in the grove,
Their notes melodious. A brighter green
Enrobes the foliage, glittering with dew,
And decks the landscape. Risen with the sun,
The cheerful ploughman yokes his patient team;
And while the fresh-turned furrow stripes the soil,
Thinks of his distant harvest. Loudest now
Rings the gay anvil with redoubled blows;

Not amid gloom, as when in Etna's caves
The giant Cyclops forged the living thunder.
How glorious thus at morn to walk abroad,
Inhaling perfume, breathing the fresh air,
Listening to melody ; while all around,
We view, delighted, nature's lovely works.
In mountain, plain or stream, in earth and sky !
Still more delightful, when with beauty's self,
Creation's last and best, and fairest work,
We hold sweet converse on our heedless walk !

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Nov.*, 1829.

•••

EVENING.

“ Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires ; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.”

MILTON.

'Tis evening ; and the sun hath sunk to rest,
Mid purple clouds descending ; and the stars,
Kindling their watchlights from his blazing fire,
With milder radiance fill the vault of heaven ;
Each to the others, in responsive notes,
Singing the praises of their great Creator.
Now the bright moon, above the eastern hill,
Reveals her silver chariot, and anon
Climbs up the empyrean. Tangled oft,

With fleecy clouds; oft bursting into view;
In mellow beauty still she speeds her way.
How soft her beams glance on yon distant lake,—
Save where the falling mist obscures its face,
And curls along its banks until afar
Its shores are blended with the shades of night.
How freshly breathes the air upon the cheek,
Beneath the woodbines of the trellised bower,
After the sultry heat of summer's day;
While sweetest flowers, beneath the stilly night,
Yield forth their perfume! Now the whippoorwill
Wakens the echoes in their viewless caves,
With plaintive music mournful to the soul,
But sweet as memory of days gone by.
Hark! hear the serenade's enchanting notes
Steal o'er the plain, melodious and soft,
And slow approaching, swell upon the ear.
Now they burst forth harmonious and loud,
In lofty chorus; viol and guitar,
Soul-soothing flute, and tuneful flageolet,
And mortal voice, that angels well might deem
Of some blest spirit uttering notes of joy!
List to the symphony! that dying fall!
And now it fades away, soft and more soft,
Sweet and more sweet, in solemn stillness hushed,
Like the Æolian harp, when suddenly
The breeze departs to wake its chords no more.
And why should man repine, when nature thus
Beams often bright with grandeur, beauty, bliss!

THE CONJUROR'S SONG.

SUNG IN THE PART OF A CONJUROR, AT A FANCY BALL.

WHEN dusky night obscures the sky,
I mount my magic car ;
And over the moor and the mountain I fly,
To chase each falling star.
And I take invisible forms,
To mount above the ground,
And gather the lightnings from out of the storms,
While the thunder rolls around.

I delve in the earth and dive in the deep,
Where never was mortal before ;
The tide whirls around, and the mad billows leap,
And the hurricanes loudly roar ;
The stars and the planets retire,
The sun sinks under the main
Volcanoes break out with their torrents of fire,
And earthquakes heave the plain.

Still downward afar I wend my way,
Till I reach my magic hall,
Where goblins, and witches, and elfins gray,
Attend my mighty call :
And I bind them down with the spell,
Of the mystic symbols ten ;
And weave the enchantment that aids me to tell
The hidden fate of men.

But now I'm returned from the ends of the earth,
 With my wand, tiara, and all,—
 To spend a few moments of pleasure and mirth,
 And attend the Fancy Ball:—
 Till my wandering star shall appear,
 And the midnight bell be tolled ;—
 Then, ladies and gentlemen, freely draw near,
 And the book of your fates unfold.

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Feb.*, 1830.

ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS CATHARINE ALDEN; YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF MAJOR R. ALDEN, A MUCH RESPECTED OFFICER OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. SHE DIED AT WEST POINT, SEPT. 29, 1838; AGED TEN YEARS, TEN MONTHS, AND TEN DAYS.

“ Elle était de ce monde où les plus belles choses
 Ont le pire destin ;
 Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
 L'espace d'un matin.”

MALHERBE.

SHE is gone from her home, from her kindred departed ;
 To the dust we resign her, the young and pure-hearted.
 The form that we loved, and the hopes that we cherished,
 Ere yet their bright morning was over, have perished,
 No more to her friends, in this sojourn of sorrow,
 Shall the sweet voice of *Catharine* e'er welcome the mor-

row.

To us was her presence a fountain of sweetness,
Her mortal existence a bright dream of fleetness.
But the chain that had bound her fair spirit is broken,
The final farewell has been mournfully spoken,
And long shall her friends for *her* absence be weeping,
Who now in yon silent green valley lie sleeping.

She is gone to her rest, to her kindred departed,
To the choirs of the angels, so young and pure-hearted.
The Lord hath but taken the gift He had given,
Too lovely for earth, hath recalled it to heaven ;
And the blossom now plucked from the arbor in sadness,
Shall there bloom, unfading, in beauty and gladness.

Then weep, ye who loved her, now lone and forsaken,
But weep not for her whom her Saviour hath taken.
She is gone ere the fragrance of childhood was blighted,
Or the spirit's pure pathway grown dim and benighted ;
And soon shall ye meet her, though now doomed to sever,
To greet, and to dwell with your *Catharine* forever.

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Sept.* 30, 1830.

ISABELLE.

SUGGESTED BY THE TALE OF THE "BROKEN HEART," IN THE "DIARY OF A
LATE PHYSICIAN."

THE sun had set upon the shore,
Which murmured to the Hurlgate's roar ;
Where thousand pennons floated free,
In graceful folds above the sea,

Till dusky twilight's sombre hue
Obscured the beauty of the view.
The island city's busy din,
Where late the noisy crowd had been,
 Subsided in the gloom ;
And dark without, but bright within,
 Grew many a happy home.
To one it was a festal night,
Devoted all to wild delight,
 To merriment and mirth ;
Few are the maids that may compare
With her the loved, the pure, the fair,
 Who called those feelings forth ;
And many bosom friends were met,
In festival to celebrate
 The evening of her birth.
A massive, crystal chandelier,
Illumed with lustre soft and clear,
 That wide and splendid hall,—
Where richly glowed in every part
The painter's skill, the sculptor's art,
With mirror bright and wreathed festoon,
Mingled in that superb saloon,
And hung around the wall.
 The board is set,—
 The guests are met,—
Joy animates the throng ;
And beauty's smiles,
And pleasure's wiles
The varied feast prolong.
 With flashes bright,
 Of dazzling light,

Beams many a lovely eye ;
While the rosy cheek,
And the red lip speak
Of joyous thoughts and high ;
As the spirit of bliss,
In an hour like this,
Had stolen from the sky,
To revel in mirth,
'Mid the sons of earth,
And the minstrel's melody.

Their hearts are warmed with unwonted glow
Their feelings are fed by the freshest flow,
And were it thus ever, the earth might be
A dwelling meet for eternity.

Bland pleasure waves her silken crest,
And sounds her magic shell ;
Responsive wakes, in every guest,
The sympathetic spell ;
Each brow is bright, and every breast
Throbs with ecstasie swell ;
Save hers, the sweetest and the best,
The gentle mistress of the feast,
The lovely Isabelle.

For her lover has rushed at his country's call,
His country's fame to save ;
He has left his home and his father's hall,
To preserve from the angry Lion's thrall
The Eagle of the brave.
He is gone to the West, to the far frontier,
Unto Erie's stormy shore,
Where the warrior at midnight starts to hear
The thundering cannon's roar ;

And the shrieks of the dying pierce the ear,
Till they sleep to wake no more.

Young Duncan loved, as a hero may,
With a fervent, quenchless love;—for they
Who are true to their country's fame,
Will deepest conceal, but will warmest feel
The love but one may claim.

And sad was the hour which saw him depart,
And pronounce the last farewell;
But sadder still thenceforth was the heart
Of the gentle Isabelle.

And now she sat in thoughtful mood,
As if in pensiveness to brood
O'er some impending ill;
While wit and mirth the tables crowned,
And merry voices rang around,
Where she alone was still;
And oft as rose the peals of gladness,
She sank in more absorbing sadness.

The banquet ceased, but more refined,
Remained the banquet of the mind;
While love and friendship strewed the hours
With youthful feeling's choicest flowers;
Till music's notes to rapture rung,
And passion gazed while beauty sung;—
Yet still a deeper sadness fell
Upon the breast of Isabelle.
Her friends, to rally her, in vain
Call forth the lyre's enchanting strain;
Though each in turn the task begin,
With soothing notes her mind to win;

They cannot reach the train of thought,
That lies too deep to be forgot.
At length they call on Isabelle
To sing the strains they love so well.
With many a kind and pressing word,
She sits beside her harpsichord ;
Then solemnly and mournfully,
Pours forth a plaintive symphony ;—
And wild, and wailing, as the grief
To which no time can bring relief ;—
While deep excitement swells each vein,
Sings sweetly this prophetic strain.*

“ He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest !
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

“ The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

* The Coronach, from the “ Lady of the Lake.”

“Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber,
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou’rt gone and forever.”

She paused, and now, as if inspired,
With superhuman visions fired,
A solemn prelude, wild and vague,
Announced the battle piece of Prague.
At first it seems with hurried speed,
The distant troops their marches lead;
While echoing clarions swell the strain,
That leads them to the battle plain.
Then rings the trumpet’s call to arms,
Then beat the doubled drums’ alarms;
Then rank by rank the squadrons wheel,
’Mid cannon’s roar and musket’s peal;
Rush on to the charge, till they break and retire,
’Neath sulphurous clouds, amid flashing fire,
Where the fallen wounded, with groans expire,
While the awful God of War rides thund’ring in his ire!
Thus, as the battle-song progresses,
With vivid touch the keys she presses;
Wakes the deep compass of the notes,
Like thunder from the cannons’ throats,
And strikes—hush—hush,—she stops, she cries.
“Oh mercy, Heaven! my Duncan dies!”
She faints,—she falls!—haste to her aid!—
Bear from the halls the sinking maid!—

Bring water ! perfume, odors rare !
Open the casement to the air !
Away ! bring in the healing art ! . . .
But can it reach the wounded heart ?
Hush ! heard ye not that boding knell ?
Oh ! God of Heaven, save Isabelle !

“ Pardon, dear friends, our broken feast,
A kind good night to every guest ;
And may a happier morning light
Restore the pleasures of this night.”

The guests are departed, the hall is forlorn ;
The maiden beloved to her chamber is borne ;
She rests, on the pillow designed for a bride ;
Her kindred are gathered and stand by her side.
“ Awake, Isabelle ! ’tis your mother who cries,”
And feebly and slowly she opens her eyes,—
Looks briefly to heaven, then murmurs with pain,
“ ’Tis sweet, dearest Duncan, to meet you again !
Farewell, my dear mother, farewell !”—’tis the last ;
Her soul has departed, her trials are past.
Her parents are weeping ; she sheds not a tear ;
Loved voices are calling ; but she does not hear.
She sleeps, with the host that no dream shall awaken,
Till the tomb shall be left by its ashes forsaken ;
She rests from life’s pilgrimage, feels not its sorrow ;—
Her journey is over, she heeds not the morrow.
The hyacinth blossom is plucked from its stem,
The casket is broken, and gone is the gem !
Pale Death, the grim archer, hath bended his bow ;
The arrow hath sped, and the dove is brought low !

Oh! fair was the victim thus fated to bleed,
And well might the spoiler exult in his deed!

And still were they weeping for Isabelle,
When tidings came that young Duncan fell
In the battle's front, mid the enemy's gore,
On Niagara's foam-clad, star-lit shore,—
While bearing the star-spangled banner on high,
And raising the shout of victory!

WEST POINT, N. Y., *Feb.*, 1831.

COOPERSTOWN.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A VISIT TO COOPERSTOWN, AND PARTY ON OTSEGO
LAKE, AUGUST 19, 1831.

VALE of Otsego, ever dear,
Bright are thy scenes to fancy's eye;
And noble bosoms throb sincere,
Beneath thy mellow, radiant sky.
Peace to thy village walks and spires;
Peace to thy waters and thy shades;
Bliss to thy matrons and thy sires;
And bliss to thy unrivalled maids!

Bright is Geneva's lake of blue;
Grand is Niagara's awful roar;
Wild is the Catskill's rugged view;
And sweet Lake George's placid shore.
But bright, and grand, and wild, and sweet,
Thy lake of blue, and hills of green,

Where thousand mingled beauties meet,
To shed a halo o'er the scene.

Nor art thou doomed to waste unknown,
Nor fades thy loveliness untold;
For he, thou claimest as thine own,—
High on the list of fame enrolled,—
Hath pictured in the glowing page
Each scene where mem'ry loves to dwell;
And Gallic youth, and German sage,
In other climes thy beauties tell.

They stand beside the precipice,
And mark the falling of the deer;
They linger o'er the steep abyss,
And tremble for *the Pioneer*.
They rove the mansion's lordly halls,
Where every object brings its charm;
Where, ominous, the pictured walls
Display Britannia's severed arm.*

They wander through the pathless wood,
Where spring renews her leafy bower,
Where Nature, in her solitude,
Exerts her wonder-working power.
They view her now, as in her prime,
She sat in Eden's calm recess;—
Majestic, simple and sublime,
The spirit of the wilderness.

* This alludes to the papering of the mansion at Cooperstown, as described in the "Pioneers," which the writer observed to compare with the description. The figure of the papering represents Britannia, personified as a female figure resting upon an urn; but owing to a fault in the pasting, the arm, which comes on a separate roll, was severed from the body.

They leap on board the light canoe,
They skim across the crystal lake,—
With not a breeze the deep to woo,
With not a ripple in their wake,
Or silent spread the knotted twine,
At evening, from the distant strand ;
Then, gathering in the fatal line,
Bring countless victims to the land.

Thus fancy's wand, the magic pen,
Thy forest charms hath well expressed ;
And mirrored thee as thou wast then,
The model of the rising West.
Happy the author who can claim
A vale so lovely as his own ;
Happy the village that can name
So worthy and so famed a son.

And thou art changed ;—yet sweetly changed ;
In thy maturer garb arrayed ;
More bright, more fair, but not estranged
From those who roamed thy forest glade.
The lofty spires and clustered town,
The meadows wet with early dew,
Add lustre to the mountains brown,
And yield the wave a softer hue.

I marked thee thus, one blissful morn,
When summer breathed its balmy sighs,
When music's cheerful notes were borne
In echoes to the shining skies ;
When gliding o'er the ruffled sea,
Our bark pursued its rapid way,

And maiden's smile, and manhood's glee,
Gave promise of that happy day.

We wandered through the verdant bowers,
We listened to the murmuring rill,
Or on the lawn bestrewn with flowers,
We met to dance the light quadrille.
We rowed beneath the pendant grove,
And cast abroad the tiny hook ;
While many a lovely angler strove
To ensnare the rover of the brook.

We gathered, in the sportive ring,
The merry sylvan games to share ;
We cooled our wine beneath the spring,
And spread our rural banquet there.
We parted when the moonbeam shone
Upon the water's misty breast ;
When twilight music's dying tone
Composed the willing soul to rest.

'Twas thus, as poets tell the tale,
Arcadian shepherds passed the day ;
And thus in Tempe's rivalled vale,
The happy moments flew away.
And mem'ry oft on scenes like this
Shall bid enraptured fancy dwell ;
Or whisper ; waked from dreams of bliss ;
Vale of Otsego, fare thee well.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov., 1831.

TO THE PACKET SHIP * * *

"Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
 Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
 Ventorumque regat pater,
 Obstrictis aliis, præter Japyga,
 Navis, quæ tibi creditum
 Debes Virgilium, finibus Atticis.
 Reddas incolumen, precor;
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ."

HOR. CARMINA.

SPEED, gallant bark, to thy home o'er the wave !
 The clouds gather dark, and the mad billows rave ;—
 The tempest blows o'er thee, and scatters the spray,
 That lies in thy wake, as thou wingest thy way.

Speed, gallant bark, to the land of the free,
 The home of the happy, beyond the wide sea !
 Dear friends and near kindred, the lovely and fair,
 Are waiting, impatient, to welcome thee there !

Speed, gallant bark ! there's a seat at the board,
 Which the dame and the damsel reserve for their lord ;
 And the fond-hearted maiden is sighing in vain,
 To welcome her long absent lover again.

Speed, gallant bark ! richer cargo is thine,
 Than Brazilian gem, or Peruvian mine ;
 And the treasures thou bearest, thy destiny wait ;
 For they, if thou perish, must share in thy fate.

Speed, gallant bark ! though the land is afar,
 And the storm-clouds above thee have veiled every star ;

The needle shall guide thee, the helm shall direct,
And the God of the tempest thy pathway protect !

Speed, gallant bark, though the lightning may flash ;
And over thy deck the huge surges may dash ;—
Thy sails are all reefed, and thy streamers are high ;
Unheeded and harmless the billows roll by !

Speed, gallant bark ! the tornado is past ;
Staunch and secure, thou hast weathered the blast ;
Now spread thy full sails to the wings of the morn,
And soon the glad harbor shall greet thy return !

NEWPORT, R. I., *Nov.*, 1831.



THE GENIUS OF ROMANCE.

The object of this composition was to describe the different classes of romances which have appeared in our language. "Paris-mus and Parismenus," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," "The Three Spaniards," "The Children of the Abbey," and "Tom Jones," are particularly alluded to ; as forming a series gradually leaving the supernatural, and approaching the realities of life ; and the concluding stanzas allude to the novels of Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper.

HAVE you seen the wight, as you may perchance,
Ycleped the Genius of Romance ?
He has travelled every inch of ground,
In the whole of merry England round ;
Has been to Italy, France, and Spain,
And was very glad to return again ;
Till at length he took a notion to come
And see brother Jonathan's notions at home.

He considers the world as a masquerade,
Where all kinds of tricks may be lawfully played ;
And many a mask he has donned and tried,
But his changeable phiz he could never hide.
Of mystery, scheming, and sentiment, full,
He has long been a favorite of old Johnny Bull,
And the very worst scrape in which ever he got,
He was glad to get out of by paying his *Scott*.

A giant of old, in some castle vast,
Far off, in a forest or desert waste,
He would rouse some knight, with enchanted horn,
To rue the day that he ever was born :
For a blow of the giant's ponderous mace
Would fell the knight errant flat on his face ;
And a fiery dragon, winged for flight,
Bear the shrieking damsel away from sight.

Next he came as a goblin grim,
When the castle halls at eve grew dim ;
And many a scream or dismal groan,
At midnight he uttered from dungeon lone ;
Or a pale sad spectre robed in white,
From a gloomy niche he would start upright ;
While the lamps burnt dim with a spectral hue,
And the warder tottered aghast at the view.

Then forth he stalked with a murderer's scowl,
Disguised and muffled in cassock and cowl ;
He knew a false pannel that softly might slide,
He drew his dagger and pushed it aside,
He entered the chamber and warily crept
To the side of the bed where the innocent slept ;

He drew the curtain that sheltered his guest,
And plunged the sharp dagger full deep in his breast.

Anon he appeared as an orphan maid,
In beauty's purity all arrayed ;
By some true lover faithfully wooed,
By lawless passion madly pursued ;
Oppressed by want and the tempter's power,
With naught but virtue for shield and dower ;
Till Heaven, propitious to her distress,
Restored her to love and happiness.

Again, he sprung up, as a random shoot,
A generous scion from noble root,
With faults and foibles like other youth,
But his heart the fountain and mirror of truth,
Who loved and suffered, repented and erred,
Still by his mistress excused and preferred,
Till at length, succeeding to title and land,
The friends of the maiden concede him her hand.

Then he came masked as the Great Unknown,
In a thousand shapes that were all his own ;
Now as the Temple's proudest knight,
Rushing forth to the panoplied fight ;
As the chieftain now that is true in death,
To his king and clan, to his friends and faith ;
Or the haughtiest noble that bends the knee
To the brightest of England's royalty.

Risen again, he appeared to view,
In many a mask of a sombre hue ;

Haunting the market, fair, or race ;
 Sallying forth from his hiding-place ;—
 By evil example led astray,
 A gentleman styled on the king's highway ;
 Disowned and neglected by kith and kin,
 And caught in the meshes of vice and sin.

At length he roved in the Western wild,
 In dress and simplicity Nature's child ;
 O'er verdant prairie or mountain brown,
 Far from the hum of the busy town ;
 Till he heard the woodman's axe resound
 In the midst of the Indian's hunting-ground,
 Then bent his way to a wilder sod,
 Where the white man's foot had never trod.

NEWPORT, R. I., *April 6*, 1832.



THE LAST PRAYER OF QUEEN MARY.

“O DOMINE DEUS ! speravi in te ;
 O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me :—
 In dura catena,
 In misera pœna,
 Desidero te,—
 Languendo, gemendo,
 Et genuflectendo,
 Adoro, imploro ut liberes me.”

TRANSLATION.

O Lord, my God, I have trusted in thee !
 O thou dearest Jesus, now liberate me ;

In rigorous chains,
In misery's pains,
 My desire is for thee;
While languidly kneeling,
In sorrow's deep feeling,
I adore, I implore thee to liberate me.

NEWPORT, R. I., *Oct.*, 1832.



A BROTHER'S MEMENTO.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

"But not in Fashion's brilliant hall,
Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,—
O, think not, think not of me there.

"But when the thoughtless crowd is gone,
And hushed the voice of senseless glee,
When all is silent, still, and lone,
And thou art sad, remember me."

E. EVERETT.

MY SISTER,
Accept the minstrel's token,
And preserve his feeble lay,
When the last fond word is spoken,
And thy brother far away.
While life and strength are left him,
And wherever be his lot,
Till mem'ry is bereft him
Thou shalt never be forgot.

Though hope's bright torch be lighted,
 With devotion from on high,
Or thy fairest prospects blighted,
 Under sorrow's frowning sky ;
Whatever fate befall thee,
 Whatever ills portend,
Whatever fears appal thee,
 Thou hast still in him a friend.

He leaves thee,—not in sorrow :
 Departs,—but not with pain ;
For hope points out the morrow,
 When we shall meet again :
And still on God relying,
 Our minds may always rest,
That in living or in dying,
 His children shall be blest.

Receive his words of kindness,
 And list to wisdom's voice ;
Wakened from nature's blindness,
 Pursue thy happy choice :
Oh ! better far to languish,
 And throw earthly hopes aside,
Than wake to future anguish,
 In perdition's endless tide !

Then court not present pleasure,
 But duty's calls obey,
And gather up thy treasure
 Where it never can decay :
Like the pure blue stream that meets thee,
 May thy holy feelings flow :

Like the bright green vale that greets thee,
Be thy love to all below.

Seek first the bliss of heaven,
Thy earthly cares resign ;
And all things shall be given
To the heir of grace divine.
Then fear not fortune's arrow,
But place in him thy trust,
Who seeth not e'en the sparrow
Fall unnoticed to the dust.

In the gift of His affection,
May thy love to Him increase ;
And beneath His kind protection,
May'st thou live a life of peace ;
And of all his laws observant,
May'st thou hear the joyful word,
" Welcome, thou faithful servant,
To the bosom of thy Lord !"

BURLINGTON, N. Y., *Dec.* 6, 1832.



THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL," COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., AT
THE REQUEST OF ITS ESTEEMED EDITOR.

To you, kind Patrons, on this festal day,
The humble news-boy brings his duteous lay ;
With gratitude the Arab wish he bears,
That each of you may "live a thousand years;"

And every one be passed in constant bliss,
In unalloyed, increasing happiness ;
While he himself would gladly live as long,
Each new year's day to greet you with his song.

With unabating speed, the unwearied sun
Another circuit in the heavens has run ;
And midnight voices, to the waking ear,
Announce the advent of the glad new year.

And, as the traveller on the mountain's brow,
Ling'ring, looks back upon the vale below ;
Marks each bright landscape, each enchanting spot
Of groves and streamlets, left, but not forgot ;
Or forward turns, to seek with anxious glance,
What scenes will meet him as his steps advance ;—
So would we pause, with retrospective thought
Of each event time's rapid course hath brought ;
So mark the sunny hours forever fled,
So weep for friendship withered with the dead ;—
Withered, not blasted ;—wintered in the tomb,
To spring, hereafter, in immortal bloom ;—
So would we strive, by reason's feeble light,
To pierce the future, with prophetic sight :
So choose our path, that, life's brief journey past,
We all may reach one happy goal at last.

Turn we then first to Europe's high career,
And mark her progress through the closing year.

Alas for Poland ! prostrate in the dust,
She long bewailed her spoiler's broken trust ;
Till roused to action by her deep-felt woe,
She turned and grappled with her faithless foe ;
Poured out her life-blood on the battle-plain,
And struggled bravely till the task was vain ;—

Then overpowered, beneath the tyrant's grasp,
Yielded her freedom with her dying gasp!
Ye who have wept o'er Kosciusko's bier,—
For his lost country shed one kindly tear!
Mourn, sons of freedom, for her fallen brave!
Others she helped, herself she could not save.

Where late the lily only bloomed to fade,
See the tri-colored banner now displayed;
A tyrant banished by a nation's voice,
A monarch ruling by the people's choice;
Where nature's rights are better understood,
And power employed to advance the public good.

Now Britain feels the soul inspiring flame,
And wakes, resolved her dormant rights to claim;
Demands her Commons for the people's own,
A barrier 'gainst the aristarchal throne.
Britain! in arts as well as arms the first;
The home in which our ancestors were nursed;
What generous bosom does not welcome thee,
Of lands afar the foremost of the free!

While France and England aid the people's cause,
And advocate the reign of equal laws,—
Though Russia growl, and Holland's monarch frown,
And Pedro strive for Lusitania's crown,—
Though all the hosts of tyranny assail,
The cause of truth and freedom shall prevail.

And though the torch of war in future days
Should kindle Europe in a general blaze;—
Though armies to the battle-thunder rush,
And legions fall, and blood in torrents gush;
Our country, like a *rock*, shall stand unmoved,
By all respected, and by all beloved.

For, true to justice, to our honor true,
To every nation rendering its due,
Unpledged, impartial, liberal and sincere,
Who shall molest ? or what have we to fear ?

Shall hellish discord raise his fiery crest,
And pour his venom in his country's breast ?
Shall the weak limbs, complaining of their share,
Refuse the body's easy load to bear ?
Withhold all sustenance till strength is gone ?
Then find, too late, their strength was all its own !
But see, with justice armed and clothed in might,
The hero comes to enforce his country's right ;
Called by her grateful voice to guard her fate,
To take the helm and guide the ship of state,
His word prophetic makes the promise sure,
"The Union *must*, the Union *shall* endure."

And now with reason's clearest, calmest ray,
He comes to show the wanderers their way ;
By mild persuasion strives their minds to draw,
To see their duty and obey the law ;
Or else in justice's panoply arrayed,
He marches forth to draw the battle-blade
To arrest their course, to stay disunion's flood,
And quell the treason at the price of blood.

What hosts of mortals with the year now fled,
Have tenanted the chambers of the dead !
No more alone 'mid Egypt's catacombs
Champollion, seeking hieroglyphics, roams ;
Nor Cuvier shall nature's depths explore,
Nor Goëthe sing with swan-like sweetness more ;—
Nor young Napoleon, emulous of fame,
Make princes tremble at his mighty name !

How deeply manhood sleeps beneath the sod,
Which yesterday its buoyant footsteps trod !
How many a maiden, clothed in beauty's bloom,
Lies cold and voiceless in the silent tomb !
For lo ! with venom'd wing and breath of flame,
From Eastern climes the fell destroyer came :
Fear went before him, messenger of wrath,
Death stalked beside him,—terror marked his path ;—
Loaded with spoils he passed, and left his urn,—
Grant heaven, in mercy, never to return !

But you, dear patrons, have escaped his fang,
You have not felt for friends the parting pang ;
You have enjoyed the luxury of health,
Improved in knowledge and increased in wealth ;
Your thriving village stands, by all confessed,
Fairest amid the fair ones of the West.
Your barns and granaries are filled with grain,
Your flocks and herds enliven all the plain ;
Your children smile the winter hours away ;
And their improvement crowns the well-spent day.

Then, as with thankful hearts you sit beside
Your happy hearth at sober eventide,
When you pour forth an offering of praise
To Him who thus with plenty crowns your days,
While bleak winds whistle o'er the snow-clad moor,
Oh ! think with pity on the helpless poor ;
In charity extend your kind relief,
Prevent their suffering and soothe their grief.

For you, fair maidens, brighter than the morn,
Whom every virtue, every grace adorn,
What tribute can the humble news-boy bring
Worthy to be a New Year's offering ?

Would new year's day but wait for April flowers,
He'd twine you garlands from the sweetest bowers ;
Or did our streams Golconda's diamonds share,
He'd deck the wreaths with jewels for your hair ;
Or could the falling stars be found in space,
The brightest ones should fill the diamond's place ;
Or could the rainbow, with its tints so varied,
Be folded up and in a band-box carried,
He certainly would send for one express,
To make you all a handsome new-year's dress ;
But seeing fate has otherwise decreed,
He hopes you'll take the intention for the deed ;
And since his gift to wishes is confined,
He hopes you'll meet with husbands to your mind ;
That you, young gentlemen, may pass your lives,
With prudent, loving, amiable wives ;—
In short, he wishes, gentle patrons dear,
Always, to all of you, a happy year.

NEWPORT, R. I., *Dec.* 19, 1832.

A LOVER'S APPEAL.

“As a beam on the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below ;
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
While the cold heart runs darkly to ruin, the while.”

MOORE.

THE winter moon is beaming
From her clouded throne on high,
The stars are dimly gleaming
From the borders of the sky,

While wandering on the lonely beach,
I list the ocean's roar,
And mark the crested billows reach
The far extended shore ;
Or watch the dim discovered sail
Beyond the breaker's foam,
The laden ship with prosp'rous gale,
Advancing to her home :—
Joyful as she the land espies,
And speeds along the sea,
So joyfully my spirit flies,
To seek its rest with thee.

I mingle in the giddy dance,
Where love proclaims its power,
And gaze on beauty's witching glance,
In that attractive hour ;
Soft voices warble in my ear,
While lovely forms are nigh ;
And sunny smiles that well might cheer
And win the coldest eye ;
Yet, when I mingle with the bright,
The gay, and beauteous throng,
Thy form is ever in my sight,
Thy name upon my tongue :—
My listless eyes undazzled rove,
My heart is fancy free ;
It only feels the throb of love,
Whene'er it beats for thee.

They say that I am heartless,
And know not how to feel ;

Because I would be artless,
Yet deepest love conceal ;
I cannot talk of flames and darts,—
Make love a transient theme,—
Nor trifle with deserving hearts,
That claim my high esteem.
Their noble worth each passing day
In brighter lustre shows,
And gladly would this heart repay
The gratitude it owes ;—
But though mine eye returns a smile,
When others smile to me,
My bosom fondly burns the while,
With constant love to thee,

Thy cherished image charms me now,
As when at first we met ;
And that warm smile upon thy brow,
I never can forget.
It mirrors forth thy gentle mind,
Thy feelings pure and high,
Within the loveliest form enshrined,
That blesses human eye.
That form so bright and beautiful,
Seems given from above ;
That heart so warm and dutiful,
Inspires my fervent love ;
And nightly, as I humbly bend,
To heaven the willing knee,
I pray that blessings may descend
On thine, my love, and thee.

Then bid me not depart and weep,
In solitude and gloom,
O'er cherished hopes and feelings deep,
All blighted in their bloom :
Oh ! leave me not in loneliness,
Thy coldness to deplore ;
Mourning the wreck of happiness,
Thou only couldst restore ;
But fix my fond selection,
And make me wholly thine ;
Return my warm affection,
With love as deep as mine ;—
So gently shall the current flow,
Of life's uncertain sea ;
And constantly, in weal or woe,
My heart shall be with thee !

NEWPORT, R. I., *Feb.*, 1833.

THE SUN HAS SET.

IMPROMPTU IN REMEMBRANCE OF A SAILING PARTY.

THE sun has set, the sky is clear,
The breeze is gently blowing ;
The light waves ripple on the ear,
The boatmen all are rowing ;
The landscape still is bright and fair ;
The ocean lies before us ;
The lighthouse lamp, and evening star
Are gently beaming o'er us.

Anon is heard the evening bell,
For day departed, tolling;
And echo bears the solemn knell,
Along the waters rolling:
And vocal music sweet and soft,
Is on the surges dancing;
In mournful strains indulging oft,
And oft with joy advancing.

And yonder, now the beacon's blaze,
On distant hill-top burning,
Illumes the water with its rays,
Like light of day returning;
While bonny boats are gliding by,
With cheerful kindred voices,
Whose every note of sympathy,
The willing heart rejoices.

'Tis just the hour when fancy flies,
As fades the light of even,
To seek a dwelling in the skies,—
A brighter home in heaven.
Oh! who would change a scene like this,
So pensive and so holy,
For transient scenes of heartless bliss,
Or thoughtless hours of folly!

NEWPORT, R. I., *June* 27, 1833.

THE PARTING.

WRITTEN ON TAKING LEAVE OF NEWPORT.

THE twilight sky is glowing,
Across the summer sea ;—
The balmy breeze is blowing ;
But its breath is not for me ;—
For when the morning rises,
While others greet the day,
From all, this spirit prizes,
Shall I have passed away.

My soul, suppress thy sorrow !
My wandering heart, be still !
Thy consolation borrow
From thy Maker's holy will !
Let not thy footsteps falter,
'Mid darkness and despair ;
But kneeling at his altar,
Seek light and comfort there.

With gratitude and meekness
Address the heavenly throne,
Acknowledging thy weakness,
Trusting in God alone ;—
Thy sins and faults confessing,
Implore his pardoning grace,
And ask the Saviour's blessing,
On all thy fallen race.

Pray for the carnal minded,
That thirst for fame and gold ;
The spiritually blinded,
The thoughtless and the cold ;
Pray for the sad and sighing,
That Heaven may soothe their woes,
Pray that the sick and dying
From thence may find repose.

Pray for the friends thou lovest,
For all thou holdest dear,
Though far from them thou rovest
While fresh the parting tear ;
That whether joy or mourning,
Through life may be their doom,
Their lamps, all trimmed and burning,
May shine beyond the tomb.

Friends of my choice, we sever !
But though sorrow dimmed its fire ;
Within this bosom never
Shall friendship's flame expire !—
Ye venerable towers,
Fast fading from my view ;
Ye island-vales and bowers,—
Home of my heart—adieu !

BOSTON, MASS., *July 24, 1833.*

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

This name was given, during the war of 1813 and 1814, to a Prussian corps of volunteers, commanded by Major Lützow, and composed of young gentlemen of the highest talents and patriotism. The poet Körner was a member of this corps, and has celebrated it in this song, which is to the Germans what the Marseilles Hymn is to the French, or Hail Columbia to the patriot of America.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the splendor of day ?

Hark ! hear its wild din rushing nearer !

It hither approaches in gloomy array,

While loud sounding horns peal their blast on its way,

The soul overwhelming with terror !

Those swart companions you view in the race,—

Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

What swiftly moves on through yon dark forest glade,

From mountain to mountain deploying ?

They place themselves nightly in ambuscade,

They shout the hurrah, and they draw the keen blade,

The French usurpers destroying !

Those swart Yagers bounding from place to place,—

Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Where, midst glowing vines, as the Rhine murmurs by,

The tyrant securely is sleeping ;—

They swiftly approach, 'neath the storm-glaring sky

With vigorous arms o'er the waters they ply ;

Soon safe on his island-shore leaping !

Those swarthy swimmers whose wake you trace,

Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !

Why sweeps from yon valley the battle's loud roar,
 Where swords in thick carnage are clashing ?
 Fierce horsemen encounter, 'mid lightnings and gore ;
 The spark of true freedom is kindled once more,
 From war's bloody altars out-flashing !
 Those horsemen swart who the combat face,
 Those are Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !
 Who smile their adieu to the light of the sun,
 'Mid fallen foes moaning their bravery ?
 Death creeps o'er their visage,—their labors are done ;—
 Their valiant hearts tremble not ;—victory's won ;
 Their fatherland rescued from slavery !
 Those swart warriors fallen in death's embrace,
 Those were Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !
 The wild German Yagers,—their glorious careers
 Dealt death to the tyrant oppressor !
 Then weep not, dear friends, for the true volunteers,
 When the morn of our fatherland's freedom appears ;
 Since we alone died to redress her.
 Our mem'ry transmitted, no time shall erase :—
 "Those were Lützow's roving, wild, venturous chase !"

GEORGE'S L., BOSTON HARBOR, *Nov.* 23, 1833.

ANOTHER ENIGMA.

Could the fair forms delineated on canvas or ivory but smile,
 or speak, how life-like they would seem !

"JE suis enfant de l'art, aussi de la nature,
 Le plus vrai que je suis, je suis plus imposture,

Quoique de longues années ne peuvent me flétrir,
Je deviens trop jeune, à force de vieillir ;
Souvenir du temps passé, je le fais oublier,
Et souvent, quoique présent, je suis trop éloigné.”

TRANSLATION.

Nature my model of beauty afforded,—
Art the bright model in beauty recorded.
I cherish the traits that fond fancy did weave you,
Though the more I am faithful, the more I deceive you.
Time does not wither nor render me colder ;
I only grow too young as I become older.
The past I recall but to cause it to vanish,
And soon will my presence all thoughts of me banish.

BOSTON, MASS., *Feb.*, 1834.

CONSOLATION.

TO A FRIEND BEREAVED OF HIS WIFE.

WEEP not for her, who, like the day,
When sunset gilds the tranquil scene,
With lingering radiance passed away—
In cheerful hope and joy serene.
Another day the sun will greet,
And friends so dear again shall meet.

Weep not for her, who meekly led
A life of piety and love,

Whose unassuming virtue shed
A hallowed influence from above.
The fallen dew-drop needs must dry,
Exhaled into its native sky.

Weep not for her, who now at rest
Where care and pain no more annoy,
Has reached the haven of the blest,
And realized immortal joy.
Her spirit smiles from that bright shore,
And softly whispers, "Weep no more!"

FORT WARREN, BOSTON HARBOR, *June 23, 1835.*

BAGATELLE.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A SAILING PARTY, WHICH WAS INTERRUPTED AND
DELAYED BY A SUDDEN STORM, AND BY THE BREAKING OF A CAR-
RIAGE.

You ask me, lady, for a lay
Of accident and trial;
And lady's wish, the poets say,
Should never meet denial.
But hard the task which thus you ask,
To be the sad recorder
Of woes that mount, in long account,
To "*seventhly*" in order.

Æneas ne'er had woes like these,
Nor suffered half so badly,

Although he braved the stormy seas,
And though they used him sadly.
True, he escaped from Troy's attack,
Through flames that sorely tried him,
And took his father on his back,
His wife and child beside him.
His sorrows in their fiery course,
He bore without complaining;
But ours were from a higher source,
Occasioned by its raining.
It is enough to make one weep,—
Prepared to take a sail thus,
To see a squall come o'er the deep,
With wind, and rain, and hail, thus !
But 'tis a great deal worse than this,
The wind and rain abating;
When just in view of fancied bliss,
Still to be kept in waiting !
Alas ! how bitter is the pain,
When plans are thus concerted,
To wait for friends so long in vain,
And then to be deserted.

Æneas fled from home at night,
While Troy was redly glaring;
And reached the shore by that dread light,
Depressed but not despairing.
He launched upon the lurid wave;—
Celestial wrath pursuing;
While Juno, with resentment grave,
Was bent on his undoing.

Then Æolus sent forth his blast,
By fiercest fury quickened;
And wild, and wide, and far, and fast,
The storm around him thickened:
Black night came brooding o'er the main,
Sky, ship, and sea confounding;
The thunder's crash, the lightning's chain,
And yawning gulfs surrounding.
See, on the foaming billow borne,
Yon bark, dismasted, flying!
The shrouds all snapped, the sails all torn,
And spars around it lying!
Æneas even, wrecked and tossed,
The sport of every danger,
Exhausted, on an unknown coast
Beholds himself a stranger.

But here the parallel must fail;
For fate at least befriended,
And we had quite a pleasant sail,
After the storm was ended.
And, lady, as time's rapid wing
The voyage of life shall measure,
Wilt thou one fond remembrance fling
On that brief voyage of pleasure?

FORT WARREN, MASS., *Aug.* 6, 1835.

THE APOLOGY.

TO A LADY, ON BEING PREVENTED FROM ATTENDING HER BIRTH-NIGHT
BALL.

"Et moriens, dulces reminiscitur Argos."

VIRGIL.

LADY, since Fate's austere behest
Forbids thy friend to be thy guest,
To mingle with the festal throng,
Or twine the dance, or list the song;
This note, vicarious, presents
An absentee's kind compliments,
And tenders thee a simple lay,
In honor of thy natal day.

Thy halls, this eve, are glittering bright;
Thy heart is throbbing with delight.
The young, the gay, the fond, and fair,
In buoyant hope assembled there,
With many a cheerful word and smile,
Thy swift-winged vesper hours beguile,
And gather round, in rich array,
To greet thee on thy natal day.

I may not speak the greeting word,
My voice with theirs may not be heard;
I may not watch thy sparkling eye,
Nor drink thy murmuring melody;
But none could greet thee, more sincere,
And none will prize thy worth more dear,

Of all who anxious strive to pay
Their tribute to thy natal day.

A sterner lot is mine to bear,—
Not sad, nor yet devoid of care.
Prompted, adventurous, to roam,
Leaving dear kindred, and sweet home,
Another land these feet may tread,
A milder sky be o'er me spread,
And duty call me far away,
Ere shall return thy natal day.

But each revolving year will bring
Long time to thee a brighter spring ;
Nor winter chill thy blooming powers,
Nursed in affection's fondest bowers,
Till summer shall mature the mind,
Thus early cultured and refined,
And intellectual fruits display,
Each *autumn*, with thy *natal day*,

I would not ape the Laureate's task,
I may not wear the flatterer's mask ;
But, gentle lady, may'st thou live
Long in all bliss that earth can give,
Till soft as fades life's twilight even,
Regenerate, thou smile—in heaven.
Thus ever will the minstrel pray
For blessings on thy natal day.

FORT WARREN, MASS., *Sept.*, 30, 1835.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

This sublime appeal to patriotism is said to have been composed in one night, together with the music, by M. Joseph Rouget de L'Isle, while an officer of the engineer corps at Strasbourg, early in the French Revolution. It was originally called *L'Offrande à la Liberté*, but subsequently received its present name, because it was first publicly sung by the Marseilles confederates in 1792. (See article *Marsellaise Hymn*; Enc. Am.) The object of the following translation was to give, as nearly as possible, a literal version of the original.

Sons of your country, on to her aid!
The day of glory now appears;
Lo! Tyranny 'gainst you arrayed,
His blood-dripping standard uprears!
See your fields teem with war's dread alarms;
Hear the soldiers' boisterous roar!
They venture even to your arms,
Your sons and your wives to engore.
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Your marshalled banners wave!
March on! march on! their blood impure
Our battle-field shall lave!

What would with us the slavish horde,
Of traitors leagued, and kings combined?
Their chains and their manacles stored—
For whom are these fetters designed?
Frenchmen, for us this deep disgrace!
What transports in our hearts should burn!

'Tis we whom thus they dare menace
To ancient slavery to return !
To arms ! etc.

See cohorts vile, from foreign lands,
Seek to rule, unswayed, our realm ;
And the phalanx of hireling bands
Would our warriors fierce overwhelm !
Mighty God ! this manacled crew
Our necks beneath the yoke would bend !
On hateful despots then anew
Our lives and fortunes would depend !
To arms ! etc.

Tyrants, beware ! and ye false clans,
Whom opprobrious all regard ;
Be aware that your parricide plans
Shall at length undergo their reward !
All are soldiers against you to fight ;
And if our young heroes should be slain,
New forces France would soon unite,
In battle to engage again.
To arms ! etc.

Frenchmen, magnanimous, forbear,
Circumspectly deal your blows ;
Those unhappy victims spare,
Who became your unwilling foes.
But yon bloody despot force,—
On them the heaviest wrath descend,*

* To avoid an unnecessary and perhaps too severe personality this line is changed from the original, but still retains its spirit.

Those tigers who without remorse,
 The bosom of their mother rend.
 To arms! etc.

Love of our country, sacred flame,
 Our avenging arms protect!
 Oh Liberty! long cherished name,
 Thy defenders aid and direct!
 Our ensigns for battle unrolled,
 At thy call may Victory crown;
 Till dying enemies behold
 Thy triumph and thy sons' renown!
 To arms! to arms, ye brave!
 Your marshalled banners wave!
 March on! march on! their blood impure
 Our battle-field shall lave!

BOSTON, MASS., *Jan.* 23, 1836.

CANZONET.

"I fill this cup to one made up
 Of loveliness alone;
 A woman, of her gentle sex
 The seeming paragon;
 To whom the better elements,
 And kinder stars have given
 A form so fair that, like the air,
 'Tis less of earth than heaven."
 E. C. PINKNEY.

DEAREST and brightest,
 My visions of thee

Are the purest and lightest,
That fond dreams can be ;
And the spirit that hovers,
From purity's shrine,
To watch o'er thy lover's—
That spirit is thine.

I met thee all smiling,
Where beauty's gay throng
Fleet hours were beguiling,
With dances and song :
I met thee as never
New meetings can be,
To love thee forever,
And live but for thee.

I saw thee attended
By proud ones and gay,
The wealthy, and splendid,
Their homage to pay :
But though they have striven
Thy chosen to be,
Thou freely hast given
Thine own love to me.

That love is my treasure ;
And oh, I resign
All else for the pleasure
Of calling thee mine ;
Through joy and through sorrow ;
Or grief's brighter day,
Or hope's bitter morrow,
Mine own, and for aye !

And are not my feelings
All fondly thine own ?
Thought's deepest revealings,
Affection's low tone ?
The vows, truly plighted,
Shall never decay,
Of hearts thus united,
Forever and aye !

BOSTON, MASS, *April*, 1836.



I THINK OF THEE.

WRITTEN AS A RESPONSE TO THE SONG,

"Pensez a moi, mon cher ami."

FROM my richest treasure torn,
On the raging billows borne,
'Mid the dangers of the sea,
Dearest, still I think of thee !

In the city's crowded street,
Ever filled with busy feet,
Clang of cars, and tones of glee,
Dearest, still I think of thee !

Roving wild 'mid rural bowers,
Songs of birds, and breath of flowers,
On the hill, or on the lea,
Dearest, still I think of thee !

When, at sabbath, I repair
To the holy house of prayer,
While to Heaven I bend the knee,
Dearest, still I think of thee !

When the morning wakes the earth
With its cheerfulness and mirth,
Though the morn is bright to me,
Dearest, still I think of thee !

When the night, to wearied eyes,
Veils the earth, and gems the skies,
Then from care and labor free,
Dearest, still I think of thee !

LEWES, DELAWARE, *July*, 1836.

THE COMMUNION.

“Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?”

WATTS.

WHILE the sons of earth, retiring,
From the sacred temple roam ;
Lord, thy light and love desiring,
To thine altar fain we come.
Children of a Heavenly Father,
Friends and brethren would we be ;

While we round thy table gather,
May our hearts be one in thee.

Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famished souls with food ;
He the banquet spreads before us
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet ! bread of heaven !
Wine of gladness flowing free !
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

In thy holy Incarnation,
When the angels sung thy birth,
In thy fasting and temptation,
In thy labors on the earth ;
In thy trial and rejection,
In thy sufferings on the tree,—
In thy glorious resurrection,
May we, Lord, remember thee !

All thy love and mercy feeling,
All our weakness would we feel ;
Humbly at thine altar kneeling,
For thy pardon we would kneel.
All our passions sacrificing,
As thy sacrifice we see,
May we, from thine altar rising,
Consecrate our lives to thee.

By thy Holy Spirit leading,
Gently draw us on the road ;

By thy boundless merit pleading,
Reconcile us to our God.
Tossed on life's eventful ocean,
Changing though our life may be,—
When its billows cease their motion,
May we find our rest in thee !

When the heavens shall be shaken,
As thou comest from on high ;
When the dead from death awaken,
To attend thee in the sky ;
When the mighty seals are broken,
And the mountains, trembling, flee,
When the final doom is spoken,
May we refuge find in thee !

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., *Oct.* 16, 1836.

EPITHALAMIUM.

“I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged by the rising sun,
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so gently to the west.”

BRAINARD.

AND so, dear lady, Cupid's dart
Has pierced, at length, a manly heart
Of winning virtue ;
And then it seems, with wily craft,
The blind boy sent another shaft,

Too keen to hurt you ;
And thus, with silken net, enraptured,
Coy game, choice game, the god has captured.

And Hymen soon will light his torch,
Beneath the amaranthine porch
Where vows are plighted ;
And there, before the holy shrine,
The rose shall with the laurel twine,
For aye united,
While dearest friends, around thee pressing,
Will all pronounce the nuptial blessing.

'Tis good to view the glorious sight,
When lofty twin-born souls unite,
Before the altar,
To link their fates, for mutual aid,
Nor ever, 'mid life's storm or shade,
To swerve or falter,
Repelling cares, surmounting sorrows,
By love that lends the light it borrows.

It is not well on life's wide sea,
A lonely voyager to be,
With storms to wrestle ;
But better far, ere yet too late,
To sail in company, as mate
Of larger vessel,
Whose lofty trim and gallant bearing,
May make its colors worth the wearing.

This voyage of life we all must make ;
And they who one kind partner take,

To share its dangers,
Are happier,—if I may judge,—
Than those who coldly, or in grudge,
Sail on as strangers,
Unfit to give or gain assistance,
By wandering out of speaking distance.

And, lady dear, may this, thy choice,
Sanctioned by hope and reason's voice,
By earth and heaven,
Be blest, through each revolving year
With bliss unblighted, love sincere,
Till life's last even,
When thoughts of love, and its bereavement,
Shall be the sole and last aggrievement.

May each the other's burden bear,
Thus lightening every earth-born care ;
Thy home the centre
Of every good the heart can claim,
And each fond tie the tongue can name,
Till thou shalt enter
Where bliss eternal opes its portals,
To welcome heaven's blest immortals.

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., *Dec.*, 1837.

TO MY FIRST BORN.

“ And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father ;
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.”

My daughter ! how shall words express
The thrill this bosom knew,
When thou wert given from heaven to bless
Thy longing parents' view ;
When first upon thy face I gazed,
And heard thy feeble tone ;
When first to me thine eyes were raised,
My beautiful, my own.

It was an overwhelming sense,
That o'er my being stole,
Of anxious hope, of joy intense,
And love that spurned control.
The throbbing gush of feeling rose,
Impetuous in its course ;
And still the sacred current flows
With calm, but steady force.

I love thee for thy mother's sake ;
Herself now doubly dear ;
To whom the fleeting moments make
Thy likeness yet more clear :
I love thee for thy helplessness,
Thine innocence from guile ;
Thy beauty and thy gentleness,
Thy winning look and smile.

Awake, thy watchful eyes display
The opening germs of thought,
As each new object they survey
With curious study fraught :
Asleep, thou seem'st, in quiet dream,
Such visions bright to see,
That well, the angels, might we deem,
Are whispering to thee.

The rose, just budding on its stem,
When spring renews its form ;
The rainbow's nascent diadem,
Above the cloud and storm ;
The morning light from east to west,
O'er hill, and tower, and tree ;
The young bird, in its downy nest,—
They all are types of thee.

Then nestle in thy mother's arms,—
My beautiful and bright,—
Till time hath well matured thy charms,
And fledged thy wings for flight.
Heaven spare thee long, to bless our love,
Till called at last, on high,
Thou spread thy pinions, soar above,
And seek thy native sky.

THE MISSION OF THE GOSPEL.

“Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.”—ST. MATTHEW, xxviii. 19, 20.

I.

- THE mighty mandate has gone forth,
The eternal fiat has been spoken :
The heavy chain that bound the earth,
Of sin and slavery, is broken.
The Son of God, the Eternal Word,
Whose word upholds the vast creation,
Still by the sons of men is heard,
Charging the heralds of salvation :
“Go ye forth, my chosen band,
Messengers to every land ;
Go, and all the nations teach,
Everywhere repentance preach,
Peace and pardon from above,
Mercy, and redeeming love.
Who the tidings will receive,
And with willing heart believe,
’Them baptize ye in the name,
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Fear ye nothing, flood nor flame,
Fear not Satan’s raging host :
Still in me ye have a friend,
I am with you to the end.

II.

Thus spake the incarnate Son,
Good news to sinful men;
As now, the task of mercy done,
He rose to heaven again.
The apostles, at his feet,
In rapt attention hear;
Gladly the great commission greet
The welcome burden bear;
Beholding, with astonished eyes,
Their Lord ascending to the skies.

III.

Who are those venerable men,
With furrowed brows of thought;
With looks of more than human ken,
Or human kindness fraught?
Pilgrims and wanderers they seem,
Engrossed with some absorbing theme.
From land to land their way they speed,
Nor wait the rising sun;
Nor storms, nor adverse seasons heed,
Nor deem their labor done,
Though darkness, with its shadows grey,
O'ertake them on their weary way.
With ceaseless toil, and anxious care,
Some message wonderful they bear;
And faithfully, with matchless skill,
Their constant errand they fulfil,
With burning zeal, and words of might,
With lifted hand, and visage bright,

Impressing all, and winning some, with eloquence sublime ;—
Who are those lonely travellers, in many a cheerless
clime ?

IV.

They are the heralds of the cross,
Who bear the gospel's greeting ;
Who count the world itself but loss,
Its riches worthless as the dross,
Its honors vain and fleeting ;
So God may grant them power to win
Immortal souls from death and sin.
For this, they yield the tender ties
Which bind all human sympathies :
For this they leave their friends and home,
In earth's remotest lands to roam ;
Braving alike, in going forth,
The scorching south and freezing north ;
Now wandering over mounts of snow,
Now 'mid the desert's burning glow ;
Then rocking on the ocean wave,
In danger of a watery grave ;
In perils both by sea and land,
By pagan rage and ruffian hand ;
They toil, they bleed, and suffer, but unceasingly proclaim
Salvation to their persecutors, thus, in Jesus' name.

V.

“ Turn, superstitious worshippers, who bow to wood
and stone,
Yet build a nameless altar, and confess a God unknown.

That God, enthroned in majesty, above all human view,
But worshipped now in ignorance declare we unto you.
God taketh not the form of idols graved by human art;
He dwelleth not in temples, save the temple of the heart!
His word evoked the universe, and formed the cherubim;
Then what are man's devices, in comparison with Him!
Yet we are all His offspring,—with his image are im-
pressed;

And by a power divine His laws are stamped upon our
breast;

Our conscience bearing witness, as your altars testify,
That guilt needs expiation, or the soul that sins must die,
But holocaust and hecatomb, on thousand altars slain,
Can ne'er avert the sinner's doom, nor take away his stain;
Justice unsatisfied remains, still thundering from the sky,
Though incense rise from thousand fanes, the soul that
sins must die.

VI.

How wondrous, then, the love
Which God to us hath shown;
Who sent His Son from realms above,
To make His goodness known!

Resigning his celestial power, incarnate here to dwell;
In sorrow and temptation, to resist the host of hell;

All our human frailties sharing,
All our burdens meekly bearing;
Sins forgiving, sickness healing,
Precepts pure of life revealing;

Till, into impious hands betrayed, and crucified and slain,
He rose, triumphant over death, at God's right hand to
reign!

For us that sacrifice was made,
For us that wondrous love displayed.
For our redemption Jesus bled;
Then rose to heaven, our glorious Head.
And will ye then reject his love,—his pardoning grace
refuse?
And will ye still go on in sin?—his mercy still abuse?
Beware, ye vain despisers, lest on you his wrath be
hurled,
When coming in the clouds of heaven, his word shall
judge the world!
Believe, repent, and be baptized, in token of his grace;
Then joyfully, in that dread hour, behold your Saviour's
face."

VII.

Thus the men whom Jesus sent
Preached the gospel as they went.
Steadfast, in their high resolves,
Meek as lambs 'mid ravening wolves;
Seized and scourged, reviled and scoffed,
Oft in chains,—in prison oft;
Even with tortures piecemeal torn,
Still their pangs were meekly borne;
Or by raging flames devoured,
Grace their dying pangs o'erpowered;
Freely they endured the shame.
Glorying in Jesus' name.
Through their faith their doctrines flourished;
By their blood the Church was nourished;
On other Christian teachers the apostles' mantles fell;
The martyr spirit triumphed over all the host of hell;

While conquering, and yet to conquer, through their
mighty Head,
The Saviour's glorious missions o'er the earth his gos-
pel spread.
Grim Baal heard the tidings, and his altars ceased to
blaze ;
No more on great Diana did the rapt Ephesians gaze ;
Forsaken were the temples of the famed Olympian Jove ;
The oracles were silenced of Apollo in the grove ;
Osiris, 'mid his massive columns, trembled at the sound ;
And idol gods innumerable crumbled on the ground.
One Lord, one faith, one baptism, prevails o'er all the
world ;
And above the Roman Eagle is the bannered Cross un-
furled.

VIII.

Wondrous are the ways,—
Past our penetration,—
Which the omniscient God displays
In each varying form and phase ;
Of the vast creation.
Nature has its times and tides,
All its orbs controlling ;
Now it swells, and now subsides,
Raging still and rolling ;
Till the heaven-appointed hour,
When its strife shall cease ;
When the Almighty sovereign power,
Wisely ordering all events,
Shall bring the jarring elements
To harmony and peace.

IX.

Man is also born to change ;
Weak, alas ! and failing ;
While the tides of passion range,
O'er the heart prevailing.
Now to heaven his soul aspires ;
Faith his flight attending ;
Now it yields to base desires,
Back to earth descending ;
And vainly dreams of cherishing
A taste for heavenly joys ;
Yet grovels, even while perishing,
Amid delusive toys.

X.

So, the ancient church of God,
Still on earth sojourning,
Wandering from the narrow road,
And holy precepts spurning,
Felt its early love decline ;
And its glory ceased to shine ;
Till, forgetting its dependence on the arm that placed it
here,
And neglecting strict attendance on the duties of its
sphere ;—
It sunk in sloth and ignorance, while pride assumed the
sway ;
Then slumbered on for ages, in the precincts of decay.
The pseudo-prophet in the East, a warlike host obeyed ;
While, in the West, the mystic beast his wide dominion
swayed,

And the incubus of error, with its dragon wings out-
spread,
By its enginery of terror, held the Christian world in dread.
Thus, fallen is Jerusalem! her courts a wreck remain;
Though pilgrim warriors visit them, to rear those walls
again.

XI.

But lo! a voice, a light!
The drowsy nations warning!
Breaking the shades of moral night,
To bring a glorious morning!
The gospel trump is loudly blown,
To wake a sleeping age;
The word of sacred truth is shown,
And nations scan the page.
Once more, the willing world to bless,
Appears the Sun of Righteousness,
With balm of healing on his wings,
And comfort in the light he brings;
To rise and shine with brightening ray,
Increasing till the perfect day.

XII.

The church again revives,—
Waked by the light, cheered by the thrilling sound,
And earnestly she strives
Again to seek the living fount,
Again to climb the sacred mount,
And plant her footsteps firm on holy ground.

Again the cause of missions, in the Saviour's name commands,

"Go forth, and preach the gospel unto all the heathen lands!

"Go spread the joyful tidings, to earth's remotest race ;

"Proclaim to them salvation, through God's forgiving grace ;

"And bid them freely welcome to the Saviour's proffered love,

"Who died for their redemption, and invites them from above."

XIII.

Forth, at the mighty call,

The ardent missionaries urge their way,

Leaving their home, their clime, their earthly all ;

Nor trials daunt, nor dangers them appal,

Nor sorrowing friends can tempt them to delay.

They go on mercy's errand, to benighted lands afar,

Where morning sheds her earliest beams, or shines the latest star :

Evangelists and ministers from heaven's Eternal King,

His freely offered pardon they to rebel mortals bring.

His works of power and wisdom proclaiming far and wide,

His word their great commission, and His Spirit for their guide,—

• They seek the post of duty, and every hardship brave,
Or in the savage wilderness, or on the swelling wave.

XIV.

And have their efforts been sustained

By brethren who at ease remained ?

And did the church at home afford
 Abundant means to spread the word ?
 Alas ! how feeble was the aid,
 How small the needed contribution !
 How cold the interest displayed,
 How slight the sacrifices made
 For souls in utter destitution !
 But hoping still, and undismayed,
 Those faithful preachers onward pressing,
 Labored, and taught, and wept, and prayed,
 And struggled for the promised blessing.
 They heard the heathen world appeal
 To Christian love, and Christian zeal ;
 They heard the Macedonian cry,
 " Come o'er, and help us, ere we die ! "

XV.

That cry was heard,—that aid was given.
 And are those deeds in vain recorded !
 Forbid it, hope ! forbid it heaven,
 By whom those toils have been rewarded !
 At length appeared the presage, and the promise of
 success ;
 The missionaries' message at length prevailed to bless ;
 And where of yore was darkening the depth of woe and
 crime,
 The heathen tribes are hearkening to words of truth •
 sublime.
 See Afric's gladdened faces the welcome news receive,
 And Asia's tawny races at length with joy believe ;
 The Islands of the ocean their accordant voices raise,
 Uniting in devotion, and attempting notes of praise ;

While Indian hunters, roaming over mountain, vale, and
flood,
Welcome the Gospel's coming, and adore the Son of
God.

XVI.

Shall not the joyful tidings each Christian heart inspire ?
Arrest our own backslidings, and fan the sacred fire ?
Shall we neglect the blessing,—the glorious boon resign,
While heathen lands are pressing, to seek for joys
divine ?
Oh ! freely as for brothers, may our sacred offerings flow ;
And by the love of others, may our own, enkindled, glow ;
Till every heart is thrilling, by ardent zeal inflamed,
The prophecies fulfilling, in ages past proclaimed ;
Till over every land and sea the light of truth is spread ;
Till Jew and Gentile, bond and free, are one in Christ,
their Head ;
Till once again appearing, the great Messiah come,
To reign on earth in glory, and to call his heralds home !

PHILADELPHIA, PENN., *April* 24, 1839.

FOR AN ALBUM.

“Should sorrow o’er thy brow
Its darkened shadows fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth,
Fade like the lines of even,
Turn thou away from earth,—
There’s rest for thee in heaven.”

J. H. BRIGHT.

If it be true of human schemes,
That life is but a book of dreams,
Fair lady, may thy album be
A type of life itself to thee!

Its title-page, in beauteous dress,
May well thy youthful hopes express;
And as it now is free from stain,
So may it evermore remain.

As friendly hands these pages fill
With words of wisdom and good-will,
So be thy heart, in every line,
Inscribed with wisdom all divine.

May these fair groups of pictured flowers
Be emblems of thy happy hours;
But be the flowers more thickly spread
Along the path which thou shalt tread.

As time, while hastening on his way,
Turns o’er a new leaf every day,

May every page, in letters bright,
Convey instruction and delight.

And when the pages all are penned
With choice selections to the end,
May life itself an album be,
To keep through all eternity !

POMFRET, CONN., *Nov.*, 1843.

THE BARK OF LIFE.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

"The youth whose bark is guided o'er
A summer stream by zephyrs' breath,
With idle gaze delights to pore
On imaged skies that glow beneath :
But should a fleeting storm arise
To shade awhile the watery way
Quick lifts to heaven his anxious eyes,
And speeds to reach some sheltering bay."

W. LEGGET.

ONCE, in a waking dream,
Saw I a gliding stream,
Lit by the morning's beam ;—
Gentle its motion ;—
Sprung from a distant source,
Rolling with constant force,
Speeding with rapid course,
On, to life's ocean.

Since the creation's prime,
Till the last night of time,

Ever, with march sublime,
That current floweth :
Broader its waters be,
Ere to the mighty sea,
Lost in eternity,
That river goeth.

Watching each sail so white,
Spread to the morning light,
I spied a shallop bright
Daintily laden ;
Hope, love, and joy were there
Striving with constant care,
Down the broad stream to bear
One gentle maiden.

Hope told her flattering tales,
Whispering of balmy gales,
Wafting her taper sails
Rapidly seaward ;
Joy, with a rosy smile,
Did the rapt hours beguile,
Love looking back the while
Aye to the leeward.

Knowledge, with aspect staid,
Ever before the maid,
On a rich page, displayed
Learning's choice treasures ;
And with a winning eye,
Heaven-seeking piety
Showed her, beyond the sky,
Infinite pleasures.

Thus, on the flowing tide,
Did the fair shallop ride,
Many a full sail beside,
 Blythely and gaily ;
Many a loving one
Watching its rising sun,
Pleased with its course begun,
 Blessing it daily.

'Twas a glad sight to view,
How the bark lightly flew,
Bright as the morning dew,
 O'er the deep waters ;
Each vessel passing by,
Hailing with merry cry ;
Time bore them joyously,—
 Earth's gentle daughters.

Long may the voyage last ;
Safely each harm be past,
Aye from the hurtful blast
 Be they defended !
Thus, as I warmly prayed
For the young blue-eyed maid,
Fast did the vision fade ;
 There the dream ended.

THE TWO DREAMS OF MOHAMMED.

THIS POEM IS A PURE FICTION, FOUNDED SIMPLY ON IMAGINARY
POSSIBILITIES.

MOHAMMED dreamed, as he drowsed alone,
In a secret, sombre cave,
O'erarched by the white stalactite stone,
And its mouth with the cactus overgrown,
By the Red Sea's sparkling wave.
Soft and solemn was the moan
Which the rippling waters gave.

He dreamed that he saw, on the pall of night,
A new and glorious star,
Uprisen with majestic might,
And shining with supernal light
From its tranquil home afar
It seemed, to the dreamer's ravished sight,
A celestial avatar.

And he watched its course till a crescent flame
Shone on his startled eye ;
With a lurid, baleful blaze it came,
Climbing the orient's vaulted frame,
And illuming half the sky ;
The harbinger of a dreaded name,
Betokening wonders nigh.

He shuddered, then, with a sense of fear,
And vainly strove to flee ;

Till a hollow voice he seemed to hear,
Which faintly whispered in his ear,
 " That Crescent is for thee."
The dreamer woke ;—no voice was near,
 But the moaning of the sea.

Twelve years elapse, and an armed band
 Ride from Medina's gate.
With sword and spear, and torch and brand,
A phalanx trained to stern command,
 Their leader's voice they wait :
And a Crescent banner in his hand,
 Controls their willing fate.

O'er fields of danger, toil, and blood,
 That banner led the way :
And pressing onward like a flood,
The foeman's onsets it withstood,
 With warriors fierce as they.
" Allah il Allah ; God is good !"
 They shout as they seize their prey.

They push their conquests East and West,
 Beneath that potent sign :
Arabia nods at his behest,
And the warlike leader stands confessed,
 A prophet all divine.
A glow of rapture fills his breast,
 As " the world," he cries, " is mine."

The scene is changed. In a curtained room,
On a gorgeous, broïdered bed,
Beneath a canopy's gilded gloom,
Inhaling the breath of the rose's bloom,
The Prophet rests his head ;
And he feels that it is his hour of doom,
With a summons to the dead.

Again he sleeps ; again he dreams ;
And upward turns his eyes :
Fading the light of the Crescent seems
Till anon it falls, with fitful gleams,
Extinguished from the skies ;
While o'er the wreck, the radiant beams
Of the Star of Bethlehem rise.

With a fearful start, MOHAMMED woke,
And yelled a fearful yell !
He felt that the hollow voice which spoke
In the cave of old, and his slumbers broke,
Was a tempting imp of hell !
A dying groan,—a ghastly look,—
And he bade the world farewell !

POMFRET, CONN., *June*, 1844.

TO LITTLE CLARA.

IN MEMORY OF CLARA PARK; WHO DIED IN POMFRET, CONNECTICUT,
DEC. 21, 1845; AGED ELEVEN MONTHS.

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

“Sure, to the mansions of the blest
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit’s flight attends.”

J. Q. ADAMS.

SLEEP on, our gentle darling, sleep
In calm and placid rest!
Why should thy lonely parents weep
That thou art with the blest!
No bitter tears for thee be shed!
What more could we desire?
’Tis but a sainted spirit fled
To join the heavenly choir!

Oh! what can fill the aching void
With which our hearts must yearn!
What happy hours with thee enjoyed
Can never more return?
Thy beauteous form, so fair and bright,
Though now like marble cold;
Thy smiles, like holy beams of light,
No more may we behold!

One day we heard thy prattling voice,
And harmless, infant glee,

To bid our trusting hearts rejoice,
And bind our souls to thee.
One night, and oh ! what scene of woe
Presaged that awful morn,
When half our treasure here below
Was from our bosom torn !

Thou ne'er canst feel what we have felt,—
That agony of soul,—
When round thy quivering frame we knelt,
And nature spurned control.
Yet, though we bear thee to the grave,
We will not dare repine :
The gift our Heavenly Father gave,
To Him we now resign !

We know that our enduring loss
Is thine exceeding gain :
Since Christ, to save thee, bore the cross,
Then why should we complain ?
Oh, Lord, preserve us, by thy grace,
That we at last may rise
To meet our loved one, face to face,
Triumphant in the skies !

CHRISTMAS EVE.

“How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever !
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked, no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.”

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

I.

CALM is Judea's evening sky,
The winter's wind is still ;
The stars are shining gloriously
On Tabor's lofty hill.
The landscape yet is passing fair,
The pastures still are green ;
So mild and balmy is the air,
The prospect so serene,
That autumn seems to linger yet,
And yield her place with fond regret.

II.

Mount Carmel towers above the sea
In majesty sublime ;
Beyond the Lake of Galilee,
Mount Hermon's summits climb ;
And Jordan flows, with gentle fall,
Along the balmy plain,
Beneath Gilboa's mount, where Saul
And Jonathan were slain ;

Where still the balm trees seem to shed
Sweet tears for the departed dead.

III.

The sentinel is pacing round
On Zion's lofty towers ;
The watchman too, with solemn sound,
Proclaims the passing hours.
And Zion's maidens sing their songs
As maids are wont to sing,
While Zion's youth, with honeyed tongues,
Their acclamations bring ;
And pilgrim bands with offerings wait,
In silence at the temple's gate.

IV.

Yet, many hearths are left alone,
Though many hearts are gay ;
And many travellers are gone
To distant towns away.
Each Hebrew to his proper tribe,
So runs the great decree,
Until the register inscribe
His name and pedigree ;
That Rome's proud sovereign may behold
The power of conquered states enrolled.

V.

Hushed is the recent, busy din
Of Bethlehem's transient throng ;

And strangers, crowded from the inn,
That weary night and long,
Are resting 'neath the massive walls
Each dull and dreamy head,
Or sheltered in the empty stalls
Where late the oxen fed.
There is no other place for them
In David's town of Bethlehem.

VI.

Around, in solitary dales,
'Mid overhanging rocks,
The gentle shepherds tell their tales
And guard their quiet flocks,
Each gaily striving to beguile
His weariness away,
Each in his turn to rest awhile
Till comes the rising day,—
All heedless of that vision bright
Which bursts on their astonished sight.

VII.

A glow, a gleam of heavenly rays !—
Sure, night not yet doth end !—
A spreading and increasing blaze !
What can the sky portend ?
A glorious halo spreads around ;
And 'mid its radiant sheen,
With rays of vivid brightness crowned
An angel form is seen !
'Tis Azrael,—from the Almighty,—come,
To usher in the day of doom !

VIII.

But hark ! that voice of sweetest tone,
What speaks it to their ears ?
How soon it makes its message known,
And quells their rising fears !
Shepherds, rejoice ; good news I bring
To you and all the earth ;
This night your great, eternal King,
Messiah, takes his birth !
In Bethlehem's manger go seek, and behold
The Prince and the Saviour by prophets foretold.

IX.

“To you, in David's town, this day
“Is born of David's line
“A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
“And this shall be the sign ;
“The heavenly babe you there shall find
“To human view displayed,
“All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
“And in a manger laid.
“Go, shepherds, be joyful, dispel all your fears,
“For Jesus your Saviour in Jewry appears.”

X.

And yet the prospect brightens,
Resplendent from on high ;
Celestial glory lightens
The earth and ambient sky :
And at the thrilling symphony
Amid th' ethereal fire,

With notes of heavenly harmony
Appears the seraph choir,
Praising God and sweetly singing,—
Heaven's eternal arches ringing,—
"All glory be to God on high, and to the earth be
peace,
"Good-will henceforth from heaven to men begin and
never cease."

POMFRET, CONN., *Dec.*, 1846.



THE SNOW.

"He giveth snow like wool: He scattereth the hoar frost
like ashes."—PSALM cxlvii. 16.

I.

Ho! ho! the wintry snow!
Welcome again to this world below!
How beautiful it glideth down,
Resting on the mountain's crown,
On the meadows, sere and brown,
Or 'mid the streets of the busy town,
When the wind is hushed on ocean's breast,
And the angry waves have sunk to rest.
Softly, gently, see it fall,
On the roof and on the wall,
Crusting, with many a crystal flake,
The surface of the icy lake,
Or melting in the briny sea,
As time is lost in eternity.

II.

Hard it is, when fierce winds blow,
To brave the gusts of driving snow ;
When it comes like a volley of icy shot,
And batters the windows of palace and cot ;
In all its fury rushing forth
From the frozen realms of the gloomy north ;
The dusky air its winged steed,
Driving on with a demon's speed
 Over tower, and over tree,
 Over land, and over sea,
Sweeping by the lofty dome,
Hissing on the white wave's foam,
Awful darkness all surrounding,
Angry billows loud resounding,
While the sailor clings to the flapping sail,
Shivering and sad in the fearful gale.

III.

Oh how beautiful is the snow,
Glistening in the moon-beams' glow ;
Covering the earth with mantle white,
Pure as an angel's robe of light,
Each unsightly shape concealing,
Every beauteous form revealing ;
While the hills, so richly dressed,
Swell beneath their snowy vest,
As if the fair terraqueous globe
Had donned her choicest bridal robe,
Hoping, by so rare display,
Back to win the Lord of day.

IV.

Grand and gorgeous in the show,
When icy gems are set in snow ;
When the chilling rain in pendant drops
Is frozen on the high tree-tops,
Sparkling from every twig around,
And crystallized o'er all the ground,
Hanging from the shining caves,
Like stalactites in eastern caves,
 Lucid as the costly gems
 Set in royal diadems,
Flashing light of every hue,—
Ruby, purple, green, or blue,
Till the eye is dazzled, and faintly turns
From the noontide blaze that round it burns.

V.

Rich it is, when a moonlight eve,
From life-long cares brings short reprieve,
While children sport on the smooth hill-side
Over the snow-clad hills to ride ;
When the merry bells their notes ring out,
With laugh and song and joyous shout ;
When every steed is bounding free,
And every heart is full of glee ;
When every voice prolongs the sport,
And time and space seem all too short,
Till the crescent moon, in the fading west,
Warns to return at the hour of rest.

VI.

And then, how useful is the snow,
When wintry north winds fiercely blow ;
Guarding the earth with its fleecy fold
From the piercing power of frost and cold ;
Sheltering the grass, with its downy wing,
Safe till the genial hour of Spring ;
Cheering the night with reflected light,
Speeding the winter's tardy flight,
Helping the traveller on his way,
To reach his home ere the close of day,
While the patient ox, o'er the glassy road,
Trudges along with his heavy load.

VII.

When autumn fades, with its fruits and flowers,
And the leaves are gone from groves and bowers ;
When winter comes with its gloomy pall,
And erst the white flakes gently fall,
Borne upon the breeze's breath,
Robing the earth in a shroud of death,
Warning us of the hour to come,
When we must quit this mortal home,
And in the silent grave be laid,
In death's habiliments arrayed,—
With thoughts like these our souls should glow,
And God be thanked for the welcome snow !

A DEDICATION.

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM, BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

YOUR beauteous album, lady fair,
So pure, and so inviting,
Is worthy of the poet's care,
And studious inditing.
I would that mine were fancy's power,
With richest inspiration,
To cull each muse's choicest flower,
For this, its dedication.

I fain would sing of days of old,
The days of love and glory ;
Of ladies bright, and warriors bold,
Whose deeds survive in story ;
Of magic tales, and fairy lands,
The weird enchanter's potion,
Or gnomes that delve in golden sands,
And peris of the ocean.

I fain would sing of days to come,—
Their various scenes unfolding ;
A peaceful and a happy home
With prophet's eye beholding ;
With loving hearts, and smiling friends,
And joys around thee clinging ;
And hope divine, that upward tends,
Along thy pathway springing.

But fancy fails, and strength declines,
 Although the heart be willing ;
 And thus I pen these simple lines,
 My friendly task fulfilling ;
 To claim for genius, love, and truth,
 This volume's fairest pages :
 Invoking blessings on thy youth,
 Through time's remotest ages.

POMFRET, CONN., *Jan.*, 1849.



WAYSIDE MUSINGS.

" For whether clogged with sadness,
 Life's brief moments pass us by,
 Or winged with joy and gladness,—
 Still, my Delius, we must die !"

HORACE.

How frail and transient is our brief existence,
 In this uncertain world of sin and woe ;
 While empty shadows, flitting in the distance,
 Allure us with a momentary glow !
 Hope beckons onward, with her glittering pinions,
 And with her wreath conceals the fatal urn ;
 Yet leaves us oft in sorrow's dark dominions,
 To mourn the days that never can return.

Youth's morning hour, with brightest prospects gleaming,
 Leads swiftly on, to manhood's highest noon ;
 And rapidly that sun's meridian beaming
 Gives place to evening's solitary moon :

Spring's verdant groves have scarce put forth their flowers,
And summer skies matured the golden grain,
Ere autumn follows, with its chilling showers,
And life's pale winter darkens o'er the plain.

Yet there's a bliss, past all imagination,
Awaiting those who use life's moments well,
Who steadfast walk the pathway of salvation,
And still in virtue's arduous toils excel :
Then courage ! faithful follower of the Saviour,
And upward press, along life's devious way !
He will requite thee ; for thy meek behavior,
In the pure realms of everlasting day !

POMFRET, CONN., *June*, 1849.



FRAGMENTARY INSCRIPTIONS.

THE FIRST OF THESE INSCRIPTIONS WAS WRITTEN IN A BIBLE : THE
OTHERS WERE DESIGNED FOR BOOK-MARKS.

I.

THE Book of God's Word, may you never despise it,
But mark its behests, and acknowledge its power ;
The Book of God's Word, may you reverently prize it,
And make it the guide of your life's every hour.
The Book of God's Word, may you ponder and read it ;
Receive it with meekness, and cherish with love ;
The book of God's Word, if you carefully heed it,
Will bring you to mansions of glory above.

II.

Good deeds to men, are precious, fragrant drops,
Poured from the crystal goblet of the soul,
Which, though they disappear, are never lost;
Gently exhaling to their native sky.

III.

THERE'S not a joy to mortals given,
In pleasure's brightest day,
But tells of boundless bliss in heaven,
And thither points our way.

IV.

THE dial numbers not the hours unless they are serene;
So we should count the moments lost, when heaven cannot be seen.
The ocean mirrors not the stars, when rough the billows roll;
So fades the hope of heavenly joys, when sin disturbs the soul.

V.

IF sorrow oppress thee, thy patience display;
Though sore it distress thee, 'twill soon pass away
If pleasure entice thee, oh heed not its sway;
Remember, this also will soon pass away.

VI.

TRANSGRESSION is a fearful thing
Sin causeth sorrow :
A day of guilt will surely bring
A painful morrow.

POMFRET, CONN., *June*, 1849.



THE INFANT SPIRIT'S ADIEU.

IN MEMORY OF THOMAS FREEMAN PERRY ; WHO DIED IN POMFRET,
APRIL 5, 1851, AGED NINE MONTHS.

“ That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.”—1 THESS. iv. 13.

SORROW not for me, dear father ;
Mother, weep for me no more :
Though the storm of grief may gather,
And its billows round you roar.
Could you know the spell that bound me,
Jesus' sweet and loving voice ;
Could you know what joys surround me,
You would triumph and rejoice.

Mortal life is dark and fearful ;
Care is stamped upon its brow ;
Mortal life is sad and tearful,
As yourselves must feel it now.
But the disencumbered spirit,
In a brighter world than this,
Shall with sainted hosts inherit,
An eternity of bliss.

Tell me, then, my loving father,
Would you call me back in vain ?
Tell me, mother, would you rather
See me on a bed of pain ?
Though your arms no more uphold me,
Or in love around me twine,
Think the Saviour's arms enfold me,
Tenderer than even thine.

Dearest parents, cease from weeping,
Calm your troubled hearts to rest :
Think your babe is only sleeping
On the Saviour's hallowed breast.
Lamb of God, you often name him ;
Shepherd, he has been to me :—
Mother dear, oh do not blame him,
If he takes his lamb from thee !

May that gentle Shepherd lead you
Where the living waters flow ;
May he guard, and guide, and feed you
Where the heavenly pastures grow.
Seek him always ; praise him ever ;
Trusting to his boundless love ;
Till at length, no more to sever,
We shall meet in realms above !

POMFRET, CONN., *April*, 1851.

EUTHANASIA.

IN MEMORY OF MISS ALICE A. MASON; WHO DIED IN THOMPSON, CONN.,
FEB. 6, 1853, AGED THIRTEEN YEARS.

"They whom the gods love, die young."

SHE has gone to her peaceful rest,
Where the loved shall never die;
To the beautiful land of the bright and blest,
And the mansions of the sky.

She has left this world of care,
Of fitful change and gloom;
She has gone to live in a world more fair,
Though its portal was the tomb.

She is with the happy, now,
Where grief is no longer known;
And she kneels with the host of saints that bow
Before the Almighty throne.

She has joined the countless throng
Who bask in the Saviour's love;
And she mingles her notes in the grateful song
Of the seraphim above.

Then weep for her no more,
Who hath ceased on earth to roam;
Her spirit has reached that happy shore
Which alone is that spirit's home.

Plant flowers around her grave,
The choicest flowers of spring;
There let the drooping willow wave,
And the birds their carols sing.

Oft, in the twilight hour,
You will deem her footstep near;
Oft, with a strange, mysterious power,
Her voice you will seem to hear;

A voice that will speak of bliss,
Of love that can never die,
And will call you away from a world like this,
To a brighter world on high.

Then choose the heavenly road,
And the path which she hath trod;
It will lead you on to the blest abode
Of our Saviour and our God!

RACINE, WIS., *Feb.*, 1853.

COMMENCEMENT HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST COMMENCEMENT AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG
AT EACH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF RACINE COLLEGE

ALMIGHTY God, enthroned above,
Eternal Source of light and love,
To Thee our joyful lips would raise
A solemn song of grateful praise.

Beyond all temples built by art,
Thy dwelling is the pious heart;
Thy Spirit in our hearts enshrine,
And make them temples, wholly thine.

Help us to bear the lamp of truth,
To light the steps of eager youth;
And be that light on others shed,
When we are numbered with the dead.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life,
Oh, guard us from the way of strife;
Be Thou our light, direct our way,
And guide us to celestial day.

RACINE, WIS., *July*, 1853.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, RACINE.

"While angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!"

CHRISTIAN children, raise your voices,
In a glad and grateful song:
Heaven is gracious, earth rejoices,
Heaven and earth the strain prolong.

Lift your thoughts to that bright morning,
When in eastern lands afar,—
Earth with radiant beams adorning,—
Shone the light of Jacob's star.

To the shades of night descending,
From his high celestial home.
Yet, with heavenly guards attending,
Lo! the Son of God is come.
Angel hosts, with tuneful numbers,
On that great auspicious morn,
Rouse the shepherds from their slumbers,
With the tidings, "Christ is born."

He displays no regal splendor,
Wears no jewelled diadem;
Our Redeemer, our Defender,
Is the Babe of Bethlehem.
Yet, supreme o'er all creation,
Glorious is the rank he brings;
His the sacred appellation,
"Lord of lords, and King of kings."

Not in clouds of gloom and terror
Seeks he now this darkened earth;
To redeem the world from error
Is the object of his birth.
Hark! the herald angels, singing,
Waft the news to human ken,
And the welkin still is ringing,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Let us go and fall before him,
Bringing gifts of balm and gold ;
In humility adore him,
With his chosen flock enrolled.
He will guard us, he will lead us,
As he led his tribes of yore,
And with heavenly manna feed us,
Till we land on Canaan's shore.

Soon, in majesty resplendent,
Shall his banner be unfurled ;
Soon, with pomp and power transcendent,
He shall come to judge the world
May we then, upborne to glory,
In his blissful courts above,
Sing anew the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's love.

RACINE, WIS., *Dec.*, 1853.

IN MEMORIAM.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY B. PARK; WHO DIED IN RACINE, WIS., OCTOBER 23, 1854, IN THE FORTIETH YEAR OF HER AGE.
(SEE THE MEMOIR AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THIS VOLUME.)

"Thy pure heart was trusting and true,
While Pain told each fast-failing breath,
A sweet smile of Love spoke thy latest adieu,
And songs were the accents of Death.

* * * *

"Mine eye may not gaze upon thine,
While in Earth's shaded valley I dwell:
Till we meet then, for aye, 'mid the glories divine,
Sweet spirit, oh, sweetly farewell!"

REV. C. W. EVEREST.

WE are parted, my Beloved! Death has summoned
thee away,
And thy form, once robed in beauty, now lies mouldering
to decay;
In the silent grave reposing, by that lake's resounding
shore,
Thou hast oft so fondly gazed on, but wilt gaze upon no
more.

We are parted, my Beloved! 'Twas a dark and dreary
night,
When the King of Terrors suddenly appeared in awful
might;
But though crossing the Dark River, I am sure thy steps
were led
To the Distant Hills of glory, by a bright, unbroken
thread.

We are parted, my Beloved, and thy task on earth is
done ;
Thou wast watchful, thou wast faithful, and thy race was
swiftly run ;
While I must wait with patience, till the appointed time
shall come,
When joy shall crown our meeting, in a bright, eternal
home.

We are parted, my Beloved, but thine image still is near,
And thy last serene but sad farewell, yet lingers in my
ear ;
And oft a voice from heaven declares, "The dead in
Christ are blest,
For their works of love do follow them," to seal their
final rest.

We are parted, my Beloved ! And my future life must
seem
Like a strange, fleeting vision, or a wild, wandering
dream.
But a bright and beauteous spirit-form has led me
through the past—
Oh! be thou still my guiding star, and lead me to the
last!

We are parted, my Beloved, but thy memory remains,
A solace in my lonely hours, a balm to soothe my pains.
'Tis a casket full of fragrancy around my pathway
shed,
And by it still thou speakest from the mansions of the
dead.

We are parted, my Beloved ! But from off that parent stem,

Four immortal buds are blooming, and thou livest still in them.

Lord ! assist me so to train them, in the light of truth and love,

That we all may meet hereafter, in Thy blissful courts above !

We are parted, my Beloved, and the darling we had lost,

Thou hast found among the cherubs, in that bright, ransomed host ;

But the babe thou wouldst have taken to the spirit-land with thee,

I would fain and fondly cherish, as thy parting gift to me !

We are parted, my Beloved ! But the time will swiftly glide,

As it bears my anxious bark along its ever-rolling tide, And I trust that thou art waiting, on that bright celestial shore,

Where all whom thou hast loved and left, shall meet to part no more !

RACINE, WIS., *Nov.* 23, 1854.

THE BIBLE.

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”
—PSALM cxix. 105.

IN a lofty, sea-girt tower,
Burns a lantern, bright and clear,
Shining forth, with piercing power,
In the midnight's lonely hour,
Through the mist so damp and drear,
Cheering many a lonely stranger,
Warning many a ship from danger
Of the breakers rolling near ;
Ceasing only when the morning
Supersedes its nightly warning.

Such a light, of God's bestowing,
Is the Bible, book divine.
Ever are its pages glowing,
Truths of boundless import showing ;
Ever does it brightly shine :
Thus from snares of sin it frees us,
Setting forth the lowly Jesus,
Pattern pure, in every line ;
Guiding us through darksome years,
Till the light of heaven appears.

RACINE, WIS., *May* 1, 1855.

THRENODIA.

In memory of Helen Park; who died of brain fever, in Racine, Wis., Oct. 14, 1855; aged seven years and six months. A deeply bereaved father desires to make brief mention of this lamb of Christ's flock, called thus early, to join her sainted Mother, and an infant sister, in the Paradise of the blest. Of intelligence beyond her years, of great personal beauty, and of a most affectionate disposition, she was all that a fond parent could desire in a child of her age; and seemed already ripe for heaven, like a spring flower which cannot bear the rude blast of autumnal winds. Already had she given full proof of practical piety; and her earnest request to receive confirmation, and make a public profession of her Christian faith, was only postponed on account of her tender age; knowing that the will would be accepted in place of the deed. She was too pure, and too good for this world; and during her last painful illness, which she bore with admirable patience, she expressed her entire willingness to depart to the Saviour's bosom, where she is doubtless now at rest,

"From sorrow, care and pain
Forever free."

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love."

J. T. FIELDS.

A LIGHT from our dwelling forever is fled!
Our beautiful Helen lies low with the dead!
Our hope's fairest blossom, in all its young bloom,
Is plucked from our bosom, and laid in the tomb.

No form could be fairer, no features more dear,
No charms could be rarer, to bless and to cheer.
Her smile ever pleasant, her eye ever bright,
Seemed constantly present, a dream of delight.

Her words so refining, so gentle and free,
Her thoughts often shining, like gems in the sea,
Her glowing affection, like gold from the mine,
Our fond recollection will ever enshrine.

In taste unpretending, in manners matured,
In purpose unbending, though pleasure allured,
No motive could move her from rectitude's ways;
None knew but to love her, none named but to praise.

Thus docile, and truthful, and ripened for bliss,
Her spirit, too pure for a world such as this,
Hath vanished from earth, like the dew from the fern,
And now shines in glory, no more to return.

Oh what a blest moment, in mansions above,
When met by her Mother, with transports of love,
Their arms were enfolded in raptured embrace,
And both sang triumphant the wonders of grace.

How bright it is there,—and how dim here below!
How brief the enjoyment which mortals can know!
How often the storm-cloud rolls over our way,
And darkens with sorrow our life's fleeting day.

Oh spare, heavenly Father, the pangs that we dread,
While tempests thus gather and beat on our head!

Grant *us* consolation who wait for thee here,
And may thy salvation in mercy appear!

We feel our condition, but shrink from the grave;
We know the Physician who only can save;
We plead for acceptance, through Jesus, thy Son,
And pray thee to pardon the ills we have done.

We thank thee for comforts thy goodness hath lent;
We bow to the trials thy wisdom hath sent.
Our hearts' richest treasures are creatures of thine,
And what thou requirest we meekly resign.

Farewell, gentle darling! we leave thee to rest!
And light lie the turf on thy innocent breast,
Until the last trump shake the earth and the sea;
And then, be it ours to awaken with thee;

With thee may we rest, and with thee may we rise,
To meet our Redeemer, and soar to the skies,
To join with the angels, and swell the glad strain
Of glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain!

RACINE, WIS., *Oct.* 16, 1855.

PALINTHRENODIA.

IN MEMORY OF BALDWIN PARK, WHO DIED IN RACINE, WIS., OCT. 19,
1855, AGED ONE YEAR AND FIVE DAYS.

It was the earnest prayer of his sainted Mother, on her death-bed, that she might take him with her, to the mansions of rest. After a brief delay, that prayer has been answered; and we mourn not for him as those who have no hope; "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
Oh blest, departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away."

MRS. HEMANS.

A BUD lay drooping,
Untimely severed from its parent stem;
And lo! a white-winged angel, gently stooping,
Bore it away to glitter like a gem
Upon the Saviour's priceless diadem.

A Mother praying
That her dear babe might follow her to rest;
Her gracious Lord, a little while delaying,
Complacent took, and laid it on her breast,
To share with her the glory of the blest.

A Father, weeping
That those he loved, so soon are called away,
Weeps not for that dear babe so sweetly sleeping,
To wake in rapture on the final day,
But mourns for hopes now buried in decay.

Bright cherubs, smiling,
Welcome the new-born spirit to the skies;
While seraph hosts, its dying pangs beguiling,
On viewless pinions soaring, with it rise
To the unfading bowers of paradise.

A Saviour's blessing
Awaits it in those blissful realms above,
And two fair sainted sisters, each caressing,
Teach it to warble, like the murmuring dove,
The tuneful hymn of God's redeeming love.

Eternal glory,
Power and dominion to the Lamb belong;
Shout, ye redeemed, and tell the wondrous story!
With angels join, to sing the ecstatic song,
And chant His praise, 'mid heaven's triumphant
throng.

RACINE, WIS., *Oct.* 22, 1855.

HYMN OF REDEMPTION.

“Which things the angels desire to look into.”—1 ST. PETER, i. 12.

God hath spoken! God hath spoken!
Shout, ye angel hosts above!
Lo! a universe created,
And a happy pair are mated,

Down in Eden's balmy grove !
Oh ! how beautiful the token
Of our Heavenly Father's love.

Fatal error ! Fatal error !
Man hath dared to disobey !
Fully warned, but sorely tempted !
Now no more from sin exempted,
He to death becomes a prey.
Oh what anguish, and what terror,
Springing from that gloomy day !

Glorious message ! Glorious message !
Christ hath come, our race to save.
Angels hymned the heavenly stranger ;
He hath cradled in the manger ;
He hath washed in Jordan's wave ;
And his coming is the presage
Of a life beyond the grave.

Satan rages ! Satan rages !
Christ is nailed upon the cross.
But for this he came so lowly ;
This alone could make us holy,
This alone remove our dross ;
And the traitor's cruel wages
Soon shall work his utter loss.

Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Death hath fettered him in vain :
And, by angel guards attended,
He to heaven hath ascended,

There in majesty to reign.
He hath burst our spirit's prison,
And revived us from the slain.

Life is fleeting ! Life is fleeting !
And the time will shortly come,
When our souls, released from anguish,
Shall no longer pine and languish,
And our lips no more be dumb !
Oh how blest will be our meeting,
In that bright eternal home.

MILWAUKEE, *Christmas*, 1855.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser, men become,
As they draw near to their celestial home :
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

WALLER.

AROUND the theatre of time,
I gaze upon a scene sublime,
And glance from earth to sky ;
My restless thoughts would scan the whole,
Survey the earth from pole to pole,
Then seek a nobler, surer goal,
In brighter realms on high.

I see the starry worlds above
In fixed primeval order move;—
Magnificent array!—
But soon the clouds, in terror drest,
Uprising from the darkening west,
Obscure the sun, with sable vest,
And hide the face of day.

I see the ocean sparkling bright,
With gleamings of the morning light,
And many a whitening sail;
But ah! how soon the billows roar,
And dash with fury on the shore,
And round each bark, in madness, pour,
While trembling in the gale.

Along the beach, in sunny lands,
A noble city smiling stands,
With spires and turrets high;
Until the earthquake's awful sound
Is heard beneath the heaving ground,
And tower and temple, far around,
In mingled ruin lie.

I hear the clangor, and the jar,
And muttering thunder from afar,
Announce the impending doom;
I see the trembling earth subside,
The swelling of the mighty tide,
And all that city's pomp and pride
Whelmed in a watery tomb.

Far c'er the plain, to yonder bay,
A gentle river winds its way,
 'Mid banks of living green ;
But when the fierce and driving rain
Inundates all the verdant plain,
That river swells a mighty main,
 And changes all the scene.

Beyond that plain, uprising still,
A forest crowns the distant hill
 With cooling shade and breath ;
Yet there the savage tiger prowls,
And there the gaunt wolf nightly howls,
While flitting bats and screeching owls
 Give boding signs of death.

And as in nature, so in art ;
Deceitful is the human heart,—
 A net with many snares ;
The tongue may charm, with promise sweet,
And lure us to a haunted seat,
While yet the trap beneath our feet
 Shall take us unawares.

I mark the scowl of jostling herds ;
I hear the sound of angry words ;
 I see the falling tear ;
I know that many a bosom feels
A wound that pride in vain conceals,
A wound that passion oft reveals ;
 And finds no comfort here.

I see the devotees of wealth
Oft sacrificing ease and health
For ill-contracted gains ;
I mark the votaries of fame,
How oft they miss their highest aim,
And win, at last, an empty name,
For all their toils and pains.

I see the nations rise in wrath,
While fierce destruction marks their path
With rapine, sword, and fire ;
I hear the crash of bursting bombs,
I see the smoke of flaming domes,
I hear the wail from ruined homes,
'Mid consternation dire.

I hear the battle's awful cry,
The shout, to conquer or to die,
The shock of serried hosts ;
I hear the cannon's iron throats
Ring out their thunder-booming notes,
While o'er the sulphurous ether floats
A throng of parting ghosts.

There is no peace, no settled calm ;
There is no certain healing balm,
For nature's sad unrest ;
The world without, like that within,
Deformed by strife, and marred by sin
Reflects alike the clang and din
Which vex the human breast.

Or if there be a quiet nook,
Where, hermit-like, with cross and book,
 I might, awhile, repair,
Within that seeming safe retreat
Which tempts my weary, wandering feet,
Some lurking, reptile form I meet,
 To mar my pleasure there.

Or if I find a bosom friend
Whose heart with mine would fondly blend,
 As rills together flow,—
Some rocky chasm impedes our course,
Whose waters, with resistless force,
The mutual current soon divorce,
 And plunge my soul in woe !

And is there, then, no sunny spot,
No happy valley, glen, or grot,
 Or island of the sea,
Where discord, care, and sorrow cease,
Where nature brings entire release,
And mortals dwell in halcyon peace,
 From sin forever free ?

No ! no, my heart ! seek not for this !
Hope not for pure and perfect bliss,
 On time's uncertain shore !
But though thy bark be tempest driven,
Thine anchor lost, thy canvas riven,
Look up, and seek for rest in heaven,
 When time shall be no more.

In that blest world of boundless joy
No pains molest, no cares annoy,
 No carking grief can come ;
For there the sky is ever bright,
With neither tempest, cloud, nor night,
But one long scene of clear delight
 In that eternal home.

There angels walk the golden streets,
And saints repose on crystal seats,
 In amaranthine bowers ;
By jasper walls encircled round,
With diadems of glory crowned,
And bearing harps of sweetest sound,
 To charm their blissful hours.

For them the living water flows,
For them the fruit perennial grows
 Of Eden's balmy grove :
They gaze upon their Saviour's face,
They rest within his loved embrace
And sing the wonders of his grace,
 And praise his matchless love.

Above them, and around them, shine
The beams of majesty divine,
 From God the Father's throne,
He is the Source of bliss ; and thence
The Spirit's sevenfold influence
Fills every eye, charms every sense,
 And makes them all his own.

Then rise, my soul, no more delay !
Expand thy wings, and haste away
To reach that world on high !
Think of thy spirit's heavenly birth ;
Forsake the tinsel toys of earth ;
Aspire to joys of higher worth,
And soar beyond the sky !

Loved voices call thee, even now ;
The seal of God is on thy brow,
His unction on thy breast :
A trumpet tone sounds in thine ear,
Each moment brings its echoes near,
And soon the summons thou shalt hear
Which calls thee to thy rest !

RACINE, WIS., *Dec.*, 1855.

LONELY HOURS.

“ All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest ;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall ;—
The flower that droops in springing ;—
These, alas ! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.”

MOORE.

I HAVE thoughts too sad for the heart to tell,
Which often haunt my breast,
Of those that I loved, and who loved me well,
Now gone to their final rest.

There's a lonely void by the silent hearth,
Through all the toilsome day ;
And I sigh that the rarest gems of earth
Must soonest pass away.

I have thoughts too bright for the heart to tell,
Too pure for the earth's alloy,
Of those that I loved, and who loved me well,
Now robed in eternal joy.
And I long to reach that world of peace
And dwell on that happy shore,
Where sorrow, and pain, and sin shall cease,
And friends shall part no more.

RACINE, Wis., *July 9, 1856.*



MY ABSENT LITTLE SON.

WRITTEN ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HIS HAIR.

GOLDEN-HAIRED Rosy,
Beautiful boy,
Bright as a sunbeam
Sparkling with joy ;
Fresh as the dew-drop,
And brimming with glee—
Golden-haired Rosy
Is precious to me.

Golden-haired Rosy,
Though far away,
Soothes me on waking,
Cheers me by day :

In his fair features
His Mother's I see—
This makes my darling
Still dearer to me.

Golden-haired Rosy,
Long may he live,
Tasting each blessing
Heaven may give ;
Venturing never
On sin's fatal sea,
Lest he forever
Be lost unto me.

Golden-haired Rosy,
Never be thine
Pangs or bereavements
Bitter as mine ;
Firmly endeavor
Christ's soldier to be,
So shalt thou ever
Be precious to me !

RACINE, WIS., *Oct.* 15, 1856.

THE PROFESSION.

IN MEMORY OF THE CONFIRMATION OF FORTY-FOUR CANDIDATES, BY
BISHOP KEMPER, IN ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, RACINE, ON SUNDAY, JAN-
UARY 16TH, 1857.

I SEE them still, as then they stood,
On that delightful day,
A meek, devoted brotherhood,
In beautiful array.

I hear them by the Spirit led,
The Spirit's aid to woo,
Repeating each, as then they said,
The solemn words, "I do."

They do believe the Christian creed,
Renouncing every sin,
They will essay, by thought and deed,
Eternal life to win.

I see them kneel as then they knelt,
Around the chancel rail;
Enjoying still, what then they felt,
The faith which cannot fail.

And then the Bishop's hands are laid
On each one kneeling there,
And over each devoutly prayed
The confirmation prayer,

That God would guard them by His grace,
And bless them with His love,
Till they behold His smiling face,
In realms of bliss above.

Toil on, strive on, ye faithful band,
The narrow path pursue ;
And soon the promised heavenly land
Shall burst upon your view.

Heed not the world, fear not your foes,
Their day will soon be past,
You shall prevail, though hell oppose,
And triumph at the last.

March onward, then, in Jesus' strength,
Till all your cares are o'er,
Until you all shall meet, at length,
On Canaan's blissful shore.

RACINE, *Jan.* 21, 1857.

RESIGNATION.

“In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”—ST. JOHN, xiv. 2.

THY name, O God, is holy,
Thy ways are just and true ;
Thou guid'st the meek and lowly
Life's devious journey through.

Thy wisdom still directeth,
Though dark our pathway be,
Thy Providence protecteth
All those who trust in Thee.

The human heart is erring,
In manhood as in youth ;
Too oft the wrong preferring
To innocence and truth.
The obstinate and wilful
Must surely go astray,
When even the wise and skilful
Oft miss the better way.

But those who seek thy favor
And lift their thoughts above,
Who earnestly endeavor
To win Thy perfect love,
Will shun each bland seduction
That tempts the wayward soul,
Surmounting each obstruction
That bars them from the goal.

In danger and in weakness
We wander every hour ;
In diffidence and meekness
Our trust is in Thy power.
The stubborn and the surly
Grove blindly after rest ;
But they who seek Thee early
Are more than doubly blest.

The light of life is fading,
Eternity is near ;
And through its twilight shading
The lights of Heaven appear.
Oh guard us, weary mortals,
And guide us by Thy care,
That, through the shining portals,
We soon may enter there !

RACINE, *Feb.* 3, 1857.

NOTES TO “JERUSALEM.”

[The numbers refer to the sections into which the Poem is divided.]

1. THE Poem here presented, is intended to be simply historical and religious. Therefore it has been the writer's aim to conform strictly to facts, throughout,—according to the best authorities within his reach; and to follow a strictly chronological order. It will be seen that the History of Jerusalem is wonderfully suggestive; being, in fact, the nucleus of the History of the World. It is linked with the History of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria; with that of Persia, Greece and Rome; with that of the Mohammedan conquests in the East; and with that of the Christian nations in the West, at least through the Middle Ages. And its Prophetic History doubtless reaches to the Millennium; as it is also a type of the New Jerusalem, so glowingly described in the concluding chapters of the Apocalypse.

3. See Genesis, chapter xiv.; from the third verse of which it appears that the cities of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboïm were situated in the vale of *Siddim*; at the southern extremity of which was the city of Bela, or Zoar; and by the destruction of the former cities, and submersion of their site, this valley was converted into the Salt, or Dead Sea.—The name of *Melchizedek* is derived from the Hebrew words, *melech*, king; and *zedek*, righteousness: and the name *Salem*, is the Hebrew word for peace; whence comes the oriental salutation, “*Salaam*,” i. e. “Peace be with you.” (See Hebrews, vii. 1, 2.)—The learned Bishop Patrick, in his

excellent Commentary, maintains that the Salem above referred to, was not Jerusalem, but a town on the east side of the river Jordan, called *Salim* in St. John's Gospel, chap. iii. v. 23. But Josephus, in his Jewish War, Book vi., chap. x., expressly declares that Melchizedek built Jerusalem; (according to Calmet, 2023 B. C.;) and this is the statement most commonly received.

4. See Genesis, chap. xxii. That the *Moriah* here referred to, is the same on which the temple was afterwards built by Solomon, is expressly declared by Josephus, in his Antiquities of the Jews, Book i., chap. xiii. This mountain was then no part of Jerusalem, though near it, and afterwards included within its walls. The designation of this place for the sacrifice of Isaac, was doubtless a divine intimation of the holy use to which it should afterwards be applied.—The virtual sacrifice of Isaac took place, according to Archbishop Usher's Chronology, which is commonly received, 1872 years before the Christian Era; but according to Dr. Jarvis, whom we prefer to follow, it took place 1885 B. C.

5. See Joshua, chap. x.; also chap. xv., 63; and Judges, xix. 10. Calmet, in his Dictionary of the Holy Bible, article Jerusalem, states that the Jebusites captured this city, about a century after its foundation, and built a citadel on Mount Zion.—The similarity of the names of Melchizedek and of Adoni-zedek, (king of righteousness, and lord of righteousness,) affords a strong presumption that as the latter was a king of Jerusalem, so also was the former.—The city was taken by Joshua, 1450, or according to Dr. Jarvis, about 1463 B. C.—Calmet has a long argument to prove that Jerusalem was regarded as a holy place before it became the site of the temple; and Josephus says that Melchizedek gave the city its present name. But the name *Jerusalem* first occurs in Joshua, chap. x.; and, as Bishop Patrick observes,

appears to have been given to the city by the Israelites. The name is probably derived from the Hebrew, *Jeru*, they shall see; and *Salem*, peace: but the Greek form of the name, Hierosolyma, is evidently compounded of the word *hieros*, holy; probably by a corruption of the Hebrew, to make it significant. (Anthon, Class. Dict.)

6. See 1 Samuel, xvii. 54; and xxi. 9. The ark of the Lord appears to have been kept at this time in the house of Abinadab, in *Gibeah*, which signifies *the hill*, of Kirjath Jearim; (2 Sam. vi. 3, and 1 Chron. xiii. 6, 7;) but Ahimelech, the high priest, resided at Nob, near Kirjath Jearim, and north-west of Jerusalem, where the holy tabernacle was probably then standing, as Ahimelech could only furnish David with show-bread, taken from the holy table. (1 Sam. xxi. 6.) The stronghold of Zion was taken, for David, by Joab, 1048, or according to Dr. Jarvis, 1062 B. C. (1 Chron. xi. 6.) This was about fifteen years after the death of Goliath.

8. See 2 Samuel, ch. xxiv.; 1 Chronicles, ch. xxi.; and 2 Chron. iii. 1. That Mount Moriah should have been divinely appointed as the place for David's sacrifice, is another proof of its holy character, both retrospective and prospective. Araunah is thought to have been a descendant of the ancient royal family of the Jebusites; and Calmet, (Art. Jerusalem,) conjectures that the name Ornan was given to him by the Israelites.

9. See 1 Kings, chapters v., vi., and vii.; and 2 Chronicles, chapters ii., iii., iv., and v. The silence observed in building the temple was doubtless significant of God's operation in the human heart, as also of the peace and quietness which should prevail in the Christian church. (1 Kings, vi. 7.)

10. The blowing of the Sabbath horn is mentioned by

Josephus in his "Jewish War," Book iv., ch. ix. It took place at the beginning and end of the Sabbath day; that is to say, at sunset, on Friday and Saturday evenings.—The cloisters of the temple are supposed to have presented high walls on the exterior, enclosing a large square; while on the interior they were open, with roofs supported by colonnades, forming a covered walk all around the enclosed courts. The typical character of the furniture of the temple is too evident to need argument, while it adds dignity to the place itself. For a more full description of the temple, see the Commentaries, or Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Bible; as also Josephus, Calmet, etc. The name *Shechinah*, (or *Shekinah*,) signifying the *dwelling*, or *abiding*, is nowhere found in the Bible, but is much used by Jewish writers to denote the visible manifestation of God's presence by a cloud of supernatural light, such as appeared above the mercy-seat in the temple.

11. See 1 Kings, ch. viii.; and 2 Chronicles, chapters vi. and vii. The temple was seven years in building, and was completed 1004, or according to Dr. Jarvis, 1018 B. C.

12. *Shishak* is called Sesonchis by the Greeks, and She-shonk on the Egyptian monuments; one of which, at Karnac, represents him carrying the Jews into captivity. (Enc. Am.) This event took place 971, or according to Dr. Jarvis, 983, B. C. See 1 Kings, xiv. 25, 6; and 2 Chron. ch. xii.—Joash, king of Israel, is also called Jehoash; and he began to reign before the death of Joash, king of Judah, who was the father of Amaziah. See 2 Kings, xiv. 8–20; and 2 Chron. xxv. 14–28.

13. The destruction of Sennacherib's army took place 712 B. C. See 2 Kings, ch. xviii. from verse 13; and ch. xix.; also, 2 Chron. xxxii. to verse 23; and Isaiah, chapters xxxvi. and xxxvii. Manassch was carried away to Babylon about 676 B. C. according to Calmet, and Dr. Jarvis. See 2 Chron.

ch. xxxiii. Josiah fell at Megiddo, 610 B. C. See 2 Kings, xxiii. 29; and 2 Chron. xxxv. 20-5. Pharaoh Necho, (or Neko,) on his way returning to Egypt, took Jerusalem, and imposed a fine upon it, in consequence of Josiah's rash interference.

14. See 2 Kings, chapters xxiv. and xxv.; and 2 Chron. ch. xxxvi. It will be seen that Nebuchadnezzar twice humbled Jerusalem before destroying it. Eliakim, who had been placed on the throne by Necho, under the name of Jehoiakim, was threatened with captivity, but allowed to remain on the throne by paying heavy tribute; and his son and successor, Jehoiachin, was carried away to Babylon, before the final rebellion of Zechariah, the last king of Judah.

15. Jerusalem was finally taken and devastated, by Nebuchadnezzar, 586 B. C.

16. See the beautiful lamentation of the captive Jews, in Psalm cxxxvii.

17. Belshazzar was slain, and Babylon taken by Cyrus, 536 B. C. See Daniel, ch. v., observing that Cyrus commanded the army of his uncle, Darius the Mede; on whose death, soon after, he became sole monarch of the Persian empire. The seventy years of captivity, foretold by Jeremiah, (Jer. xxv. 11-2, and xxix. 10,) and revealed more explicitly to Daniel, (Dan. ix. 2,) may be dated, as the writer thinks, from 605 B. C., when Jerusalem was first taken by Nebuchadnezzar, and ceased to be independent, to 535 B. C., the year in which the Jews probably returned to the Holy Land, rather than in 536. See Ezra, i. 1, where the first year of Cyrus may naturally extend into the year 535, though he conquered Babylon in 536. Or else we must suppose that Jerusalem was taken 606 B. C., instead of 605, which does not accord so well with the best chronologists.

By a remarkable coincidence, it was also just seventy years from the destruction of the first temple, 576 B. C., to the completion of the second temple, 516 B. C. See Ezra, ch. vi.

18. See Josephus, "Antiquities of the Jews," Book xi. ch. viii. His account of the visit of Alexander to the temple in Jerusalem, has been doubted by some writers; but, as it would seem, without sufficient cause. That visit was made 332 B. C.

19. See Josephus, "Antiquities of the Jews," Book xii., chapters i. and ii. The account of the Septuagint translation has also been doubted; but it is substantially adopted by the highest authorities, including Dr. Jarvis, in his admirable work, "The Church of the Redeemed." Ptolemy Soter, the son of Lagus, took Jerusalem, 312 B. C., and the Septuagint translation was made under Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 280 B. C. (Dr. Jarvis.)

20. See Josephus, Antiquities, Book xii., chapters v–ix. inclusive; also 1 Maccabees, chap i., and 2 Maccabees, chap. v. Antiochus Epiphanes took Jerusalem, 169 B. C.: but it was recovered by Judas Maccabeus, and the temple worship restored, 165 B. C.; Antiochus dying in the following year.

21. See Josephus, Antiquities, Book xiv. chapters iii., iv., viii., xii., xiv., and xvi. Pompey the Great took Jerusalem, 63 B. C.; but was himself defeated by Julius Cæsar, at Pharsalia, 48 B. C., and assassinated the same year. (So say most chronologists; though Dr. Jarvis places these events one year earlier.) Antipater, the father of Herod the Great, gained the favor of Julius Cæsar by assisting him in his war against Egypt, after the death of Pompey. Julius Cæsar was himself assassinated, 44 B. C.; and Herod, by the favor of Mark Anthony, was proclaimed by the Roman Senate king of the Jews, 40 or 41 B. C.; three years after which he took the city of Jerusalem. And although Anthony was defeated at

Actium, 31 B. C., still Herod had the address to obtain the favor of Augustus; and thus he continued to be the king of the Jews, until his death, two years, or according to Dr. Jarvis, four years before the vulgar Christian Era, from which we reckon time. It should be remembered that our Lord Jesus Christ was born four years, or according to Dr. Jarvis, in the sixth year before the Christian era; which was miscalculated by Dionysius Exiguus, who first introduced the use of it, about the year of our Lord 526; so that Herod died *before* the Christian Era, but *after* the birth of Christ, and massacre of the babes of Bethlehem.

22. See St. Matthew, chap. ii. Bethlehem was about six miles south of Jerusalem; and near it was the tomb of Rachel; who might thus well be represented as weeping for her children. (See Genesis, xxxv. 19.) The original prophecy, Jeremiah, xxxi. 15, doubtless referred to the Babylonian captivity; but was here fulfilled anew. Ramah was about six miles north of Jerusalem; but as the name *ramah*, in Hebrew, signifies a *hill*, it may here refer to the hill or high ground where Rachel was buried.

23. See St. Matthew, chap. xxi.; and the parallel passages. The name *Immanuel*, is compounded of *El*, a contraction of *Elohim*, signifying God; and *immanu*, signifying *with us*; the termination *nu*, being the Hebrew suffix for *us*.—The word *Hosanna* is compounded of the verb *hosea*, to save; and the particle *na*, used in solicitation, and signifying *now*, or *I pray you*: hence it was probably used as a prayer to the Saviour, rather than *for* him.—*Hallelujah*, (Greek form *alleluia*,) is compounded of *hallelu*, praise ye, from the verb *hallel*, to praise; and *Jah*, contracted from *Jehovah*, the Lord. See Haggai, ii. 7; and Habakkuk, ii. 20.

24. See St. Matthew, chapters xxvi. and xxvii., and the parallel passages. The crucifixion of our blessed Saviour

took place A. D. 33; or according to Dr. Jarvis, in the 28th year of the vulgar Era, (A. D. 28.) About seven years afterwards, Pontius Pilate was removed from his office by Vitellius, prefect of Syria; and sent to Rome to answer the charges against him for cruelty and extortion; but arriving there after the death of Tiberius, he was banished by Caligula to Vienne, in Gaul, on the river Rhone, and there he is said to have committed suicide, A. D. 40. (Calmet, and Enc. Americana.) The tradition that Pilate died on Mount Pilatus, near Lucerne in Switzerland, is doubtless a mistake, originating in the name of the mountain; a name probably derived from the Latin, *pileus*, a cap, because it is so often capped with clouds.

25. See St. Matthew, chap. xxviii., and parallel passages, including Acts, ch. i. See also Psalms lxviii. 17, 18, and xxiv. 7-10; and 1 Corinthians, xv. 24, 25.

26. See Josephus, Jewish War, Book vi., chap. v., for an account of these wonderful omens; which are also strikingly portrayed in Croly's "Salathiel."

27. The incident here introduced, is almost the only one in the Poem, which rests on no historic authority; but for which poetic license is solicited.

28. This section of the Poem was written many years since, in Philadelphia; and then laid aside, owing to the writer's conscious inability to do justice to the subject; until he ventured recently to resume it. The "flaming sword," here referred to, is that mentioned by Josephus, as last above quoted.

29. See Eusebius, Eccl. History, Book iii. chap. v. Pella, to which the Christians retired, was a town east of the river Jordan and south-east of the Sea of Galilee; being one of

the *Decapolis*, or ten associated cities in the neighborhood. This retreat of the Christians was in accordance with our Lord's directions; St. Matthew, xxiv. 15-17, and parallel passages.

30. The topography of the environs of Jerusalem, here introduced, rests chiefly on the maps in the "Comprehensive Commentary," and the "Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge," giving the ancient Hebrew names of the surrounding objects; corroborated by Palmer's "Bible Atlas." Calmet's map, strangely, represents the brook Cedron as turning south-westward, on leaving Jerusalem; whereas its course is nearly eastward. The skeleton maps in Horne's "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," and in Butler's "Classical Atlas," represent Jerusalem most nearly as it was in the days of our Saviour's mission, with the walls and towers built by Herod. (See Josephus, Jewish War, Book v., chapter iv.) Catherwood's map, representing the modern city, from actual survey, is doubtless the most accurate yet published. (See Supplement to Compr. Commentary, end of Concordance.)

31. Josephus, "Jewish War," Book vi., ch. ix., in summing up the number of Jews who perished in Jerusalem by this siege,—which number was eleven hundred thousand,—expressly states that they had come up from all the country to the feast of the passover, and were suddenly shut in by the Roman army.

33. See Josephus, "Jewish War," Book iv., chapters iii. and vii.; and Book v., ch. iii. John of Gischala here appears as one of the most odious compounds of tyranny and vice which can well be imagined.

34. See as above, Book iv., ch. ix., and Book v., ch. vi. Simon Ben Gioras, on Mount Zion, was a fit counterpart of John of Gischala in the temple.

35. See as above, Book v., chapters x. and xii., and Book vi., ch. iii. Thus, at last, was fulfilled the awful prophecy recorded in Deuteronomy, xxviii. 53-7.

36. See as above, Book v., ch. vi., which is also authority for the next section.

38. See as above, Book v., ch. vii. The main attack appears to have been from the west, where the wall was double.

39. See as above, Book vi., ch. i. The tower of Antonia, adjoining the north-west corner of the courts of the temple, was both a castle and a palace, built by Herod the Great, and named by him in honor of his friend, Mark Anthony. (Antiquities, Book xv., ch. xi.)

40. See as above, Book vi., ch. ii. The conduct here attributed to John, is in accordance with his character, as previously drawn by Josephus.

41. See as above, Book vi., ch. iii. Lucius was the soldier who attempted to receive Artorius in his arms, from above, and so perished.

42. See as above, Book vi., ch. iv. Dr. Jarvis states that the temple was burnt on Sunday, July 16, A. D. 69. (Church of the Redeemed, p. 585.)

43. See as above, Book vi., chapters viii. and ix. Simon was condemned to death as the chief commander, having been master of the greater part of the city, and with a much larger force than that of John. The date commonly assigned to the destruction of Jerusalem is A. D. 70; but according to Dr. Jarvis, it took place A. D. 69, and the triumph of Titus was celebrated in Rome in the following year.

44. See as above, Book vii. ch. i., which is also an authority for the statement next following.

45. See the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia," and Enc. Americana," on Jerusalem. The three towers referred to stood on the northern brow of Mount Zion, and were named by Herod, Hippius, Phasaëlus, and Mariamne; in honor of a friend, a brother, and a wife. (Jewish War, Book v., ch. iv.) The chief leader of the Jewish insurrection was Bar Chochebas, an adventurer who took this name, signifying *the son of a star*, in reference to the prophecy of Balaam, Numbers xxiv. 17. He claimed to be the Messiah, and revolted from the Roman government, A. D. 136, but was soon defeated and put to death. When the emperor Adrian rebuilt Jerusalem, about this time, or somewhat earlier, he gave it the name of *Ælia* from his own family name *Ælius*, and *Capitolina* from a temple which he built there to Jupiter Capitolinus. The name Jerusalem was restored by Constantine the Great. (Calmet, on Bar Chochebas, and *Ælia Capitolina*.)

46. The empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and is said to have found the true cross on which Christ was crucified; though this may well be doubted. (Murdock's Mosheim, i., 259, note.) She built the church of the Holy Sepulchre, about A. D. 326, and Julian the apostate attempted to rebuild the temple A. D. 363. (Calmet on Jerusalem, and the Encyclopædias on Julian.) The fact concerning the eruption of fire-balls, rests not only on the testimony of contemporaneous Christian writers, but is confirmed by Ammianus Marcellinus, a heathen historian, and friend of the emperor.

47. Jerusalem was taken by Chosroes, A. D. 613, and recovered by Heraclius, A. D. 627. (Calmet, and Ed. Encyclopædia, on Jerusalem.)

48. Jerusalem was taken by the caliph Omar, A. D. 636. (The same, and Murdock's Mosheim, i. 440, note; which makes Omar's conquest one year later.) Ahned, the Turkish

sovereign of Egypt, took Jerusalem from the caliph of Bagdad, A. D. 868. (Calmet.)

49. Togrul Beg, the khan of the Seljooks, from Turkestan, took Bagdad A. D. 1055, and thus Jerusalem fell into his hands. (Enc. Am. ii. 412, and Ed. Encyclopæ., on Bagdad and the Crusades.)

51. The first Crusade was led by Peter the Hermit, a fanatic monk of Amiens, in France, under the patronage of pope Urban II., A. D. 1096. (See Mosheim and the Encyclopædias and Histories generally, on the Crusades; especially Robbins, ii., 129, for the incident last mentioned.)

52. Godfrey of Bouillon led his army through Germany and Hungary, while Robert of Normandy led his forces through Italy, and crossed the Gulf of Venice to Greece; but they met in Constantinople, and, passing into Asia, took Nice, in 1097; Antioch, in 1098; and Jerusalem, A. D. 1099. (Murdock's Mosheim, ii., 142.)

54. The name *Paynim*, though derived from the Latin *paganus*, a pagan or worshipper of idols, is chiefly, if not solely, applied to the Mohammedans.

56. The second crusade was preached by St. Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, in France, under the auspices of pope Eugene III., and it took place A. D. 1147; though the monarchs Conrad III. of Germany, and Louis VII. of France, did not reach Jerusalem until the following year. (Murdock's Mosheim, ii., 212.) Their armies were successively defeated in the neighborhood of Laodicea, partly, as it is thought, through the treachery of Manuel, the Greek emperor.

57. Saladin, (or Salaheddin,) succeeded his uncle, Siracouh, as commander of the Syrian army in Egypt; of which country he soon made himself master. Thence, attacking

the Christians in Palestine, he defeated them, and took prisoner their king, Guy of Lusignan, in the fatal battle of Tiberias, near the river Jordan, A. D. 1187. He took Jerusalem, the same year. (Mosheim, as above; and Ed. Encyclopædia, on the Crusades, and Egypt.)

59. It needed all the influence of pope Clement III., to induce the sovereigns of Europe to commence the third crusade. Frederick I. the emperor of Germany, surnamed Barbarossa, from the red color of his beard, took the field, A. D. 1189; and died in consequence of bathing in the river Cydnus, in Cilicia; or, as others say, in the Calycadnus; and other authorities say in the river Salef, (or Saleph,) near Seleucia, in Syria. (Blake's Biog. Dictionary; Gieseler's Eccl. History; Ed. Enc. on the Crusades; Robbins' History; Enc. Am. on Frederick; and Mosheim.)

60. Philip Augustus, king of France and Richard Cœur-de-Lion, king of England, united in the third crusade, A. D. 1190. Richard stopped on the way, to subdue the island of Cyprus; but joined Philip, and the remnant of Frederick's army, at Acre, in the same year. (Enc. Am. on Philip, and Richard.)

61. Ptolemais is better known by its modern name of Acre, or St. Jean d'Acre, having reference to the knights of St. John, of whom it was long the chief seat. It is a seaport north of Mount Carmel, and memorable for having been besieged in vain by Bonaparte,

62. Baldwin, count of Flanders, in the fourth crusade, sailed with his army to Constantinople, A. D. 1203; but having obtained the control of that city, as emperor, in the following year, he went no farther.—The fifth crusade appears to have been commanded at first by Andrew, king of Hungary; but, on his withdrawal, the command was given to

Count John de Brienne, who had received the title of king of Jerusalem; and who took Damietta, A. D. 1220. (Worcester's Elements of History, Mosheim and Ed. Enc. on the Crusades.)

63. Frederick II., emperor of Germany, surnamed Hohenstaufen, having married the daughter of the Count de Brienne, sailed to Palestine, and by a negotiation with Al Camel, or Melic Camel, sultan of Egypt, he obtained possession of Jerusalem, A. D. 1229; and was crowned there as its king. (Mosheim, and Ed. Enc. on Egypt, and the Crusades.)—Louis IX. of France, known as St. Louis, led a crusade against Egypt, A. D. 1248; and against Tunis, A. D. 1270, where he died of the plague; his ultimate object, in each instance, being the recovery of Jerusalem, which had now fallen into the hands of the Tartars.

64. Ptolemais, now Acre, the last town in Palestine held by the Christians, was taken from them by the sultan of Egypt, A. D. 1291; and thus ended the Christian kingdom in the holy land. (Murdock's Mosheim, ii. 281.)

66. Tamerlane, the Tartar conqueror, defeated and captured Bajazet, the Turkish sultan, in a great battle near An-cyra, in Galatia, A. D. 1402. (Enc. Am. on Bajazet.)—A great battle was fought near Aleppo, where the Turkish sultan Selim defeated the sultan of Egypt, Tuman Bey, and thus became master of Jerusalem and the Holy Land, A. D. 1517. The present walls of Jerusalem were built by Solyman, the son of Selim, in 1534. (Calmet, on Jerusalem; and Ed. Enc. on Egypt.)

67. The Muezzin is the crier who summons the Mohammedans to prayer. For a description of Jerusalem as it now is, see the accounts of various modern travellers, some of which are quoted by Calmet, and the Encyclopædias; and especially

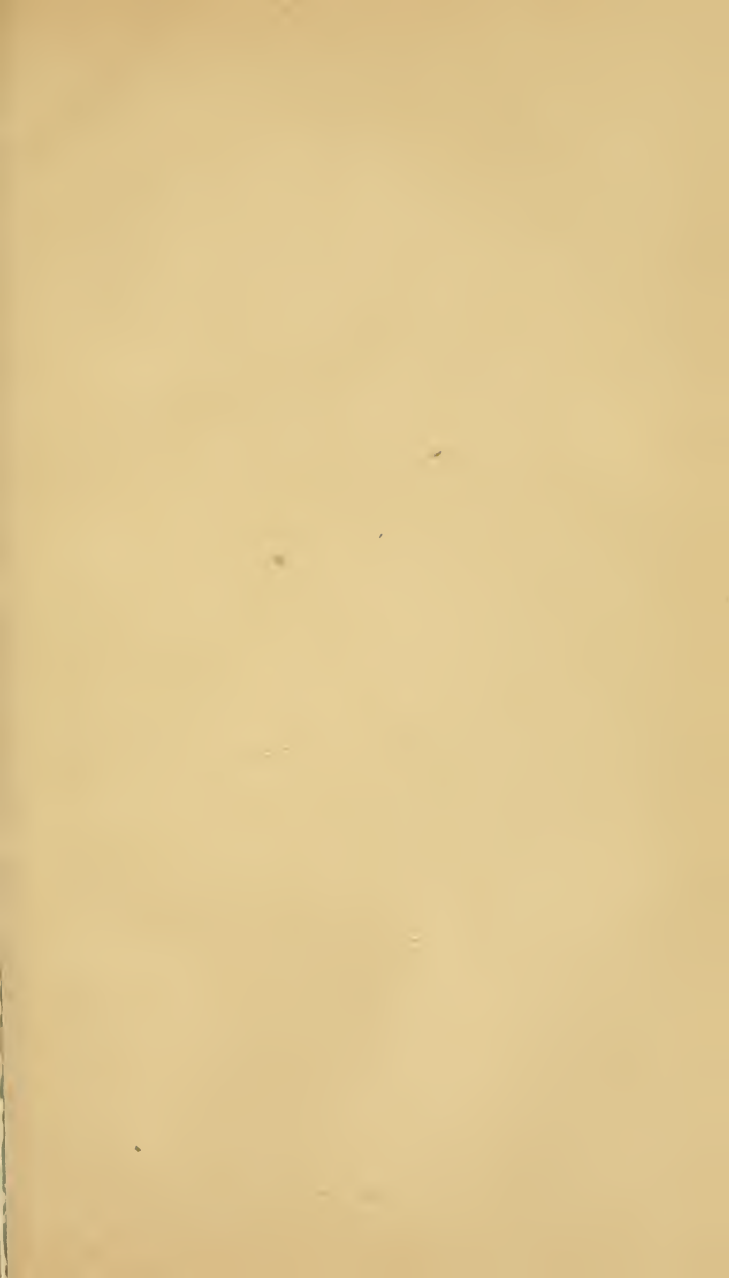
see "The Pathways and Abiding Places of our Lord," by the lamented Bishop Wainwright.

68. See Psalm cxlvii. 2; and Isaiah, li. 3, and lx. 8-10. It is here assumed, at least as a probability, that Jerusalem shall yet be rebuilt; and that the prophecies of its future glory shall be literally fulfilled. Are there not indications to this effect, in the events now transpiring in the East?

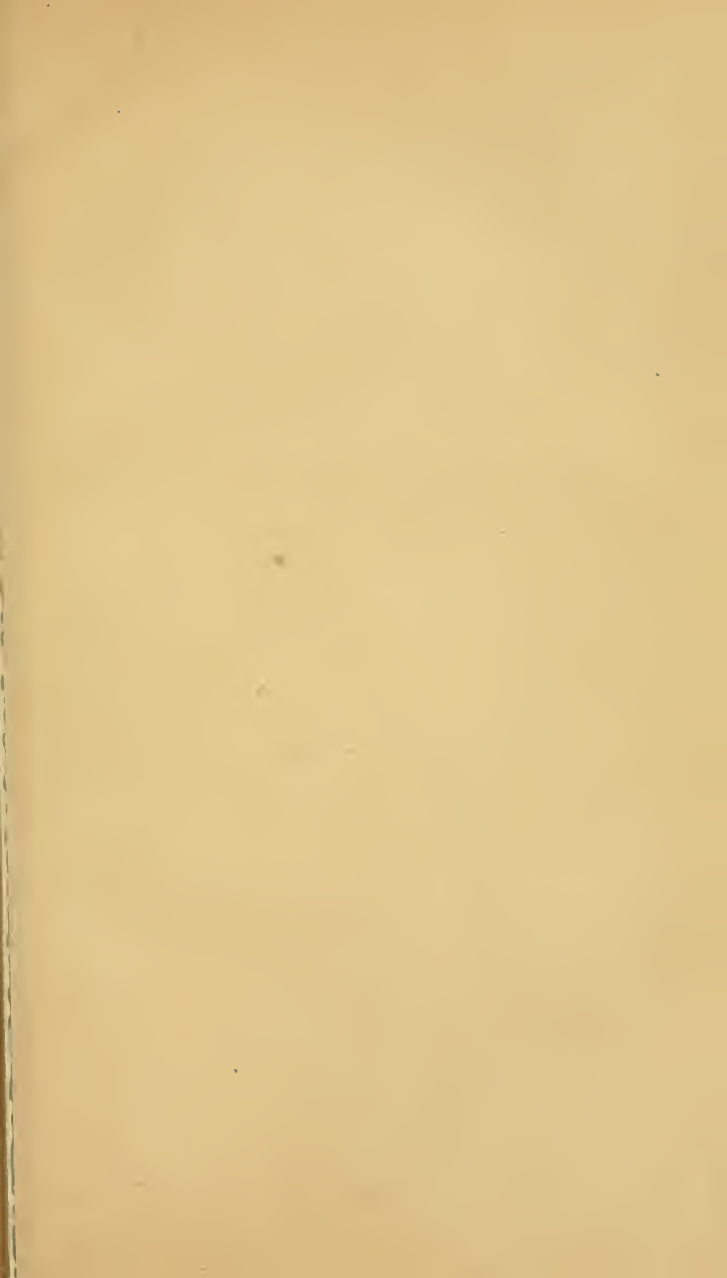
69. See Isaiah, chap. lx., especially verses 17 and 18; and various other prophecies harmonizing with the same.

70. See the description of the new Jerusalem in the book of Revelation, chapters xxi. and xxii., of which this part of the Poem is designed to be simply a transcript.

THE END.



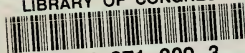








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